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THE CANTICLES,

WITH THE

'E DEUM, OFFICE OF HOLY COMMUNION, AND OTHER SERVICES OF THE CHURCH.

WITH MUSIC.

EDITED BY

THE REV. CHARLES L. HUTCHINS, M.A.

The Church Press:
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1872.

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PREFACE.

THE design of this little book of Chants is to furnish, in connection with the "Church Hymnal" already published, a complete collection of music for all the ordinary services of the Church. It is hoped that congregational praise will thereby be promoted. The people should be encouraged and taught to join in all the musical portions of the service. There is no music in this collection which an ordinary congregation cannot readily learn. The Chants selected are those generally familiar in parishes where the Anglican Chant is used. Their selection has been guided by their merit of simplicity, or fitness, or by their being established favourites. Their variety is sufficiently great (there are sixty-four *single* and forty *double* chants given), to satisfy the tastes of all, except those who prefer the extremes of the florid, or "the plain song."

Besides the Chants for the Te Deum, three more elaborate adaptations are given for festival occasions. When used by a choir or congregation not divided into two portions for alternate singing, the syllables DEC. and CAN. should be considered to indicate *piano*, and the word FULL, to denote *forte* passages. The same direction may be followed in the other parts of the service to which it is applicable.

The music for the Office of the Holy Communion is for the most part well known; but that which is new will be found none the less worthy of the position assigned it.

While the "Musical Card" which precedes the Chants for Morning Prayer will supply considerable information to those not instructed in music, it will not be out of place, in this connection, to add a few "Directions for Chanting," which, if followed, will help to further the work to which the Church seems now to have fairly pledged herself, viz., that of promoting the common and hearty praises of the Sanctuary.

1. An Anglican Chant consists of two sections:—the first contains *four notes*, two being minims; the second contains *six notes*, four being minims. Corresponding with this division each verse of a Psalm likewise consists of two sections; the first ends at the colon; the second at the close of the verse.

2. The first note of the Chant is the *reciting note*, and takes all the words of the Psalm to the first bar. This bar is not intended to indicate a rest after the recitative, but only the beginning of the melodic portion of the Chant.

3. Those words or syllables which are italicised mark the rallying points upon which the voice should dwell, before proceeding to the remaining portion of the chant. There may be a slight pause for the purpose of taking breath where a comma occurs.

4. The final *ed* should be pronounced as a separate syllable.

5. Each verse should be taken up immediately after the preceding one, producing a continuous effect, as if, indeed (to a listener), the whole Psalm was one long verse.

6. Care should be taken neither to hurry nor drawl. Good chanting is simply correct musical reading. Emphasis, distinctness, expression, etc., should all be regarded as in reading.

In now completing the musical work connected with the "Church Hymnal," I beg to make my heartfelt acknowledgments to the many friends who, by valuable contributions of music, and no less valuable suggestions, have shown their interest and greatly aided me in my labours.

CHARLES L. HUTCHINS.

LENT, A.D. 1872.

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4	"	D	Earl of Mornington.
5	Single	G	Lee.
6	"	G	W. Hine.
7	"	G	Gregorian.
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96	"	D	
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98	"	A	
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3 "	G	Gregorian.

ANTHEM.

"I heard a voice from heaven," etc.

In key of E ..... J. J. Elemendorf.

MUSICAL CARD,

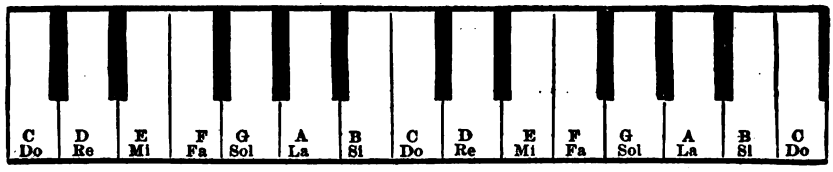
CONTAINING

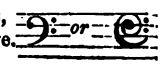
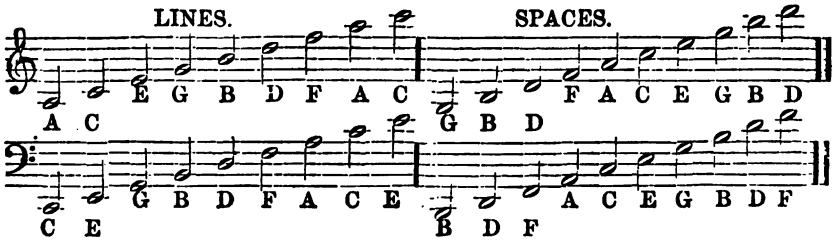
The Elements of Vocal and Instrumental Music,

BY THE

REV. C. C. WAMBEY, M. A.

MUSICAL Sounds are represented by Notes, named after the first seven letters of the alphabet: or, by the following syllables, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si. Subjoined is a diagram of a portion of the key-board of an organ, harmonium, or pianoforte, with the names of the keys.



These Notes are written on five parallel lines, (called collectively a Stave,) or in the four spaces between them. Extra lines, however, both above and below the Stave, are often required. There are two Clefs in general use; the Treble, or G Clef, written on the second line of the Stave, and the Bass, or F Clef, written on the fourth line; thus, One of the Clefs is written at the beginning of every Stave. 

The short lines above or below the Stave are called Leger Lines, and the spaces they enclose, Leger Spaces.

OF TONES AND SEMITONES.

Each white key on the key-board is a tone from the next white key, if there is a black key between them; but only a semitone, (half-tone,) if there is no black one between them. Thus, C is a tone from D, but a semitone from B. The black keys are always a semitone from the next white ones.

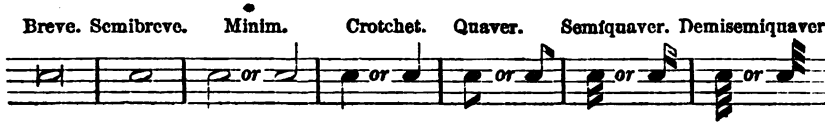
The sharp ♯ raises a note a semitone, the double sharp 𝄪 raises it a tone. The flat ♭ lowers a note a semitone, the double flat 𝄫 lowers it a tone. The natural ♮ restores to its original state a note that has been altered by a sharp or flat. Sometimes the white keys serve for sharps or flats; thus, C is equivalent to B sharp, and B to C flat. The same black key may serve for a sharp or flat, according to circumstances; for instance, F♯ is the same as G♭. When a note is made sharp, flat, or natural, out of the regular order, it is called an accidental.

OF INTERVALS.

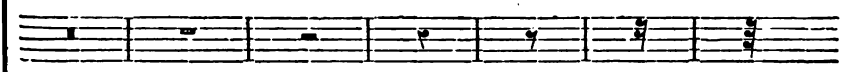
The distance from one sound or note to another is called an interval; thus, from C to D above, is an interval of the second; to E an interval of the third; to G an interval of the fifth; to C the interval of the eighth or octave, and it contains twelve semitones. Notes having the same sound or pitch are said to be in unison. The intervals of the third, fifth, and octave, are of very great importance in music. Together they constitute the common chord, which plays so prominent a part in harmony.

N.B. A chord is the union of different sounds. Harmony is a succession of chords arranged according to certain rules.

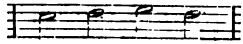
LENGTH OR TIME OF THE NOTES.

The relative amount of time, during which the notes are kept sounding, is shown by their forms, of which the principal are these, each being twice as long as the next after it.

N.B. The Breve is rarely used except in sacred music.

Each of these has also a Rest to denote silence, of the same length as itself. The Semibreve Rest is used for the Rest of a whole bar, whatever it may contain.

Breve Rest.	Semibreve Rest.	Minim Rest.	Crotchet Rest.	Quaver Rest.	Semiquaver Rest.	Demisemiquaver Rest.

A Dot placed after a note makes it half as long again; thus, a Dotted Minim is equal to three Crotchets. Similarly, a Dot after a Dot makes that half as long again.

OF TIME.

Every tune or melody is divided into Bars or divisions, made by upright strokes dr through the Stave;  these upright strokes are also called B There are two kinds of Time, Common or even, and Triple uneven. Of both these there are two kinds, Simple and compound. At the beginning of a t there are usually two figures, one above the other; these show in what kind of time the t is. The lower figure shows into how many equal parts the semibreve is divided, and the per how many of these parts there are in a Bar, thus, $\frac{2}{4}$ indicates that the semibreve is di ed into four equal parts, or crotchets, and that there are $\frac{2}{4}$ two, (or their equivalents,) in e Bar.

Simple Common Time, however, is generally represented thus, $\frac{4}{4}$ or $\frac{2}{4}$ (the latter so times called half Common Time). Compound Common Time is represented in this w $\frac{6}{8}$ or $\frac{12}{8}$ Simple Triple Time is indicated thus, $\frac{3}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ and Compound Triple thus, $\frac{9}{4}$ Every Bar of the melody must contain the same total, made up of Notes, Rests, or D Double Bars divide a tune into parts or strains. Dots on one side of a Double denote that the strain on the side of the Dots is to be repeated. Dots on b sides show that the strain on both sides is to be repeated.

OF COUNTING AND BEATING TIME.

In Simple Common Time we usually count four in a Bar; in Compound Common Time, s in Simple Triple Time, three. In Simple Common Time beat four in a Bar; first downwar second to the left, third to the right, fourth upwards. In Simple Triple Time beat three i Bar, first downwards, second to the right, third upwards.

OF SCALES.

A gradual succession of Notes, ascending or descending, is called a Scale. The Natural Diatonic Scale, which is either major or minor, contains five tones and two semitones; semitones occur in the major scale between the third and the fourth, and between the seve and eighth notes, ascending or descending. In the minor scale ascending, the semitones between the second and third, and between the seventh and eighth notes; but descendi between the third and second, and between the sixth and fifth.

The first note of the Scale is called the Tonic, or Key Note. In the Key of C major and A minor descending, the tones and semitones are naturally in their proper places; all ot Keys require Sharps or Flats for this purpose. For instance, the Keys of

G major and E minor require F♯					F major and D minor require B♭						
D	"	B	"	F♯ C♯	B♭	"	G	"	B♭ E♭		
A	"	F♯	"	F♯ C♯ G♯	E♭	"	C	"	B♭ E♭ A♭		
E	"	C♯	"	F♯ C♯ G♯ D♯	A♭	"	F	"	B♭ E♭ A♭		

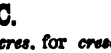
The necessary Sharps or Flats are always placed at the beginning of the Stave immediat after the Clef, and are called the Signature. The Keys of C major and A minor have Signature. Major and Minor Keys, which have the same Signature, are called Relative. I example; G major and E minor having the same Signature, namely F♯, are Relative. minor Key is always a minor third (three semitones) below its relative major.

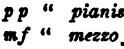
Besides the Diatonic Scale there is another called the Chromatic Scale, which ascends a descends by semitones only.

N.B. The change from one Key to another is called Modulation.

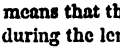
EXPLANATION OF CERTAIN CHARACTERS AND WORDS IN MUSIC.

f for *forte* means loud.
f f " *fortissimo.* " very loud.
p " *piano* " soft.
p p " *pianissimo* " very soft.
m f " *mezzo forte* " rather loud.
D.C." *Da Capo* " return to the beginning.
Tr. " *trillo* signifies the shake.

cres. for *crescendo*, or this mark  means that the sound is gradually to increase.
dim. for *diminuendo*, or indicates that the sound is gradually to decrease.
shows that the sound is gradually to increase and then decrease.

A Bind over two notes of the same name means that the Note is to be sounded only once, but that the sound is to be continued during the length of both notes; for instance,  the first C is not to be repeated, but to be sustained during the length of both. If placed over two or more notes of different names it is then called a Slur, and shows that the notes must be sung or played smoothly. The word *legato* means the same thing. The word *staccato*, or these marks, • • ! ! over the notes denote that they are to be sung or played short and distinct. Three notes written thus are called a Triplet, and they are to occupy the time of two; sometimes the figure 3 is omitted.

The Pause over or under a note or rest intimates that it must be continued longer than its usual duration. The Pause over a Double Bar shows the end of the piece. These signs, ∧ ∨ > or the letters *sf. rf. rfz.* show that a stress is to be laid on a particular note. 8va. signifies that the notes must be played or sung an octave higher.

adagio means slow and expressive.
ad libitum " not in strict time.
allegro " quick.
al segno " return to the mark. 
andante " slow.
a tempo " in time.

fine means the end.
presto " very quick.
rallo, for *rallentando*, or *ritando*, for *ritardando*, } signifies that the speed is to be gradually decreased.

OF LEARNING TO SING.

The Pupil should begin by singing each note of the Diatonic Major Scale ascending and descending, to the extent of about an octave and a half, commencing the notes softly, gradually increasing and then diminishing the tone. This has a tendency to bring the voice under control. He should next familiarise himself with the different intervals, (especially the third, fifth, and octave.) When perfect in these, he may proceed with the Minor Scale in the same way as he has done with the Major. He will now be in a position to attack the Chromatic Scale, first, note by note, ascending and descending, and then the various intervals. The greatest care should be taken to sing every note *in tune.* It is a good plan to distribute among the members of a class the parts of a common chord and its inversions, and to make them sing the parts in harmony. This will initiate them in Part Singing. Straining the voice, and all violent efforts to clear the throat, should be carefully avoided. Many a fine voice has been ruined by a neglect of this precaution. The above are mere general rules; in carrying out the details of instruction in Singing, much is necessarily left to the discretion of the teacher.

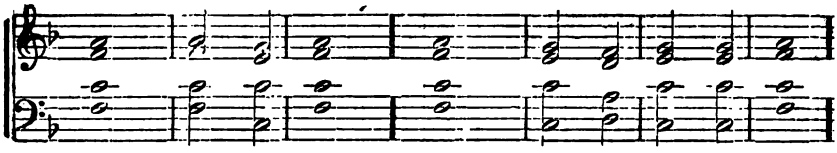
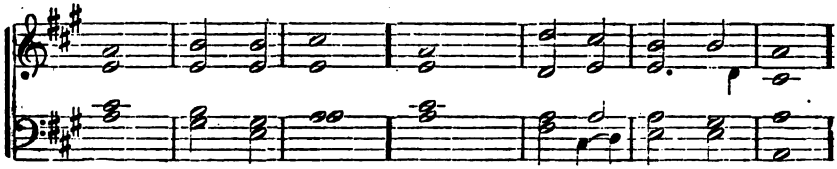
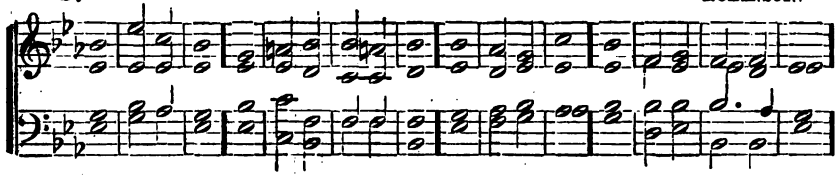
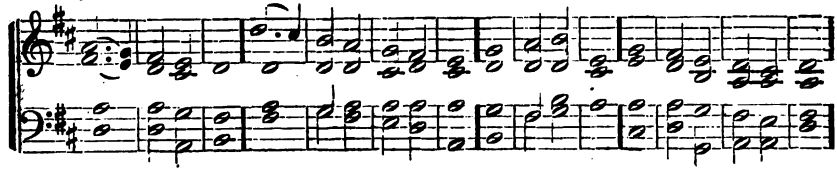
CHANTING.

(*From the " Cantica Ecclesiastica," by Thos. Ions, Mus. Doc., Oxon.*)

Chants are of two descriptions, Single and Double. A Single Chant is composed of two parts or strains, the first consisting of three bars and the last of four. The Single Chant occupies one verse. The first note in each strain is the reciting note, by which we adapt long as well as short verses to the same music. A Double Chant is simply what may be termed two Single Chants added together, which, of course, occupies two verses of a Psalm, and prevents the monotony which might arise from the repetition of a Single Chant to each verse of a long Psalm. Wherever an odd verse occurs at the end of a Psalm, the last two strains of the Double Chant are repeated, in order to begin the Doxology with the first strain.

That portion which is recited must never be given in a loud, noisy manner, but in a quiet, and subdued style, holding on the designated syllable, as a preparation for singing the remainder of the strain *in correct time and in a devotional style.*

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

1. TALLIS.

2. TURNER.

3. ROBINSON.

4. MORNINGTON.

O COME let us *sing* un- | to · the | Lord: let us heartily re*joice* in the | strength · of | our · sal- | vation.

Let us come before His pre*sence* with | thanks · = | giving: and show ourselves *glad* | in · = | Him · with | psalms.

For the *Lord* is a | great · = | God: and a great *King* a- | bove · = | all · = | gods.

In His hand are all the cor*ners* | of · the | earth: and the strength of the *hills* | is · = | His = | also.

The sea is *His*, | and · He | made it: and His *hands* pre- | pared · the | dry · = | land.

O come let us wor*ship* | and · fall | down: and *kneel* be- | fore · the | Lord · our | Maker.

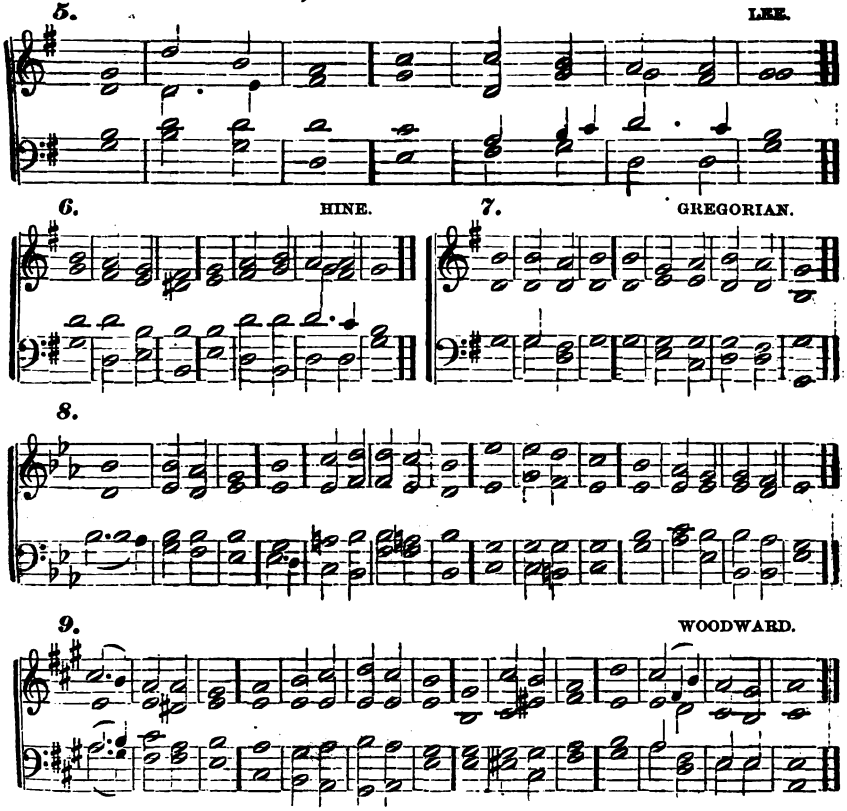
For He is the *Lord* | our · = | God: and we are the people of His pasture, *and* the | sheep of | His · = | hand.

O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness: let the whole *earth* | stand · in | awe · o | Him.

For He cometh, for He come*th* to | judge · the | earth: and with righteousness to judge th world, *and* the | peo-ple | with His | truth.

Glory be to the *Father*, | and · to the | Son: *and* | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be: *world* | with-out | end. A- | men

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

O COME let us *sing* un- | to · the | Lord: let us heartily re*joice* in the | strength · of | our · sal- | vation.

Let us come before His pre*sence* with | thanks · = | giving: and show ourselves *glad* | in · = | Him · with | psalms.

For the *Lord* is a | great · = | God: and a great *King* a- | bove · = | all = | gods.

In His hand are all the cor*ners* | of · the | earth: and the strength of the *hills* | is · = | His · = | also.

The sea is *His*, | and · He | made it: and His *hands* pre- | pared · the | dry · = | land.

O come let us wor*ship* | and · fall | down: and *kneel* be- | fore · the | Lord · our | Maker.

For He is the *Lord* | our · = | God: and we are the people of His pasture, *and* the | sheep · of | His · = | hand.

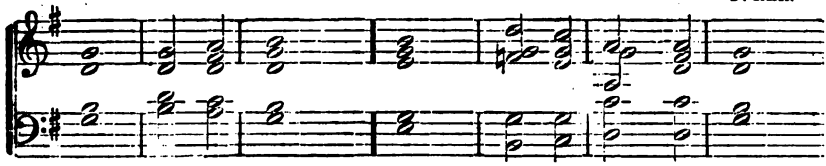
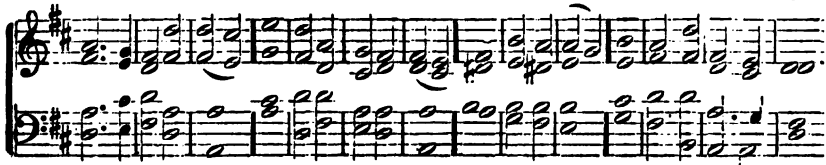
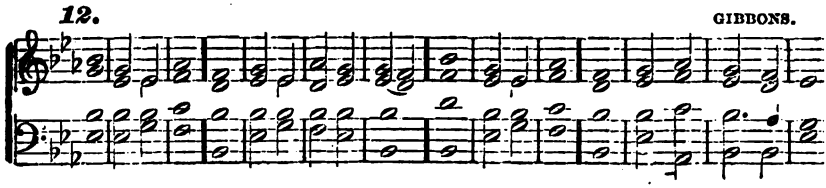
O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness: let the whole *earth* | stand · in | awe · of | Him.

For He cometh, for He come*th* to | judge · the | earth: and with righteousness to judge the world, *and* the | peo-ple | with His | truth.

Glory be to the Fa*ther*, | and · to the | Son: *and* | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

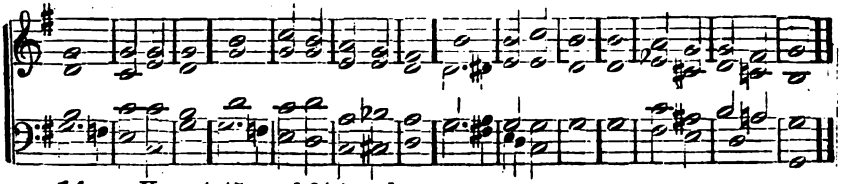
As it was in the *beginning, is now, and* | ev-er | shall be: *world* | with-out | end. A- | men.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

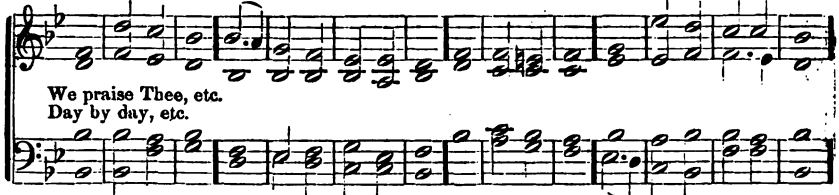
10. TURLE.

11. CLELAND.

12. GIBBONS.

1. WE praise *Thee*, | O · — | God: we acknow*ledge* | Thee · to | be · the | Lord.
2. All the *earth* doth | wor-ship | Thee: the Fa*ther* | ev-er- | last · — | ing.
3. To Thee all An*gels* | cry · a- | loud: the *Heavens*, and | all · the | powers · there- | in.
4. To Thee Cheru*bim* and | Se-raph- | im: *con-* | tinu-al- | ly · do | cry.
5. Ho*ly*, | Ho-ly, | Holy: *Lord* | God · of | Sa-ba- | oth;
6. Heaven and earth are *full* of the | Ma-jes- | ty: *of* | Thy · — | glo · — | ry.
7. The glorious compa*ny* | of · the A- | postles: *praise* | — · — | — · — | Thee.
8. The goodly fellowship | of · the | Prophets: *praise* | — · — | — · — | Thee.
9. The noble army | of · — | Martyrs: *praise* | — · — | — · — | Thee.
10. The holy Church throughout | all · the | world: *doth* | — · ac- | knowl-edge | Thee;
11. *The* | Fa · — | ther: *of* an | infi-nite | Ma-jes- | ty;
12. *Thine* ad- | ora-ble, | true: *and* | on · — | — · ly | Son;
13. Also the | Ho-ly | Ghost: *the* | Com · — | — · fort- | er.
14. Thou *art* the | King · of | glory: *O* | — · — | — · — | Christ.
15. Thou art the ever- | last-ing | Son: *of* | — · the | Fa · — | ther.
16. When Thou tookest upon *Thee* to de- | liv-er | man: Thou didst humble Thy*self* to be born · — | of · a | Virgin.
17. When Thou hadst over*come* the | sharpness · of | death: Thou didst open the Kingdom *Heaven* to | all · be- | liev — | ers.
18. Thou sittest at the right *hand* | of · — | God: in the glo*ry* | of · the | Fa · — | ther.
19. We be*lieve* that | Thou · shalt | come: *to* | be · — | our · — | Judge.
20. We therefore pray *Thee* | help · Thy | servants: whom Thou hast redeem*ed* | with · Thy pre-cious | blood.
21. Make them to be numbered | with . Thy | saints: in glo*ry* | ev-er- | last . — | ing.
22. O *Lord*, | save · Thy | people: *and* | bless · Thine | her-it- | age.
23. *Gov-* | — · ern | them: *and* | lift · them | up · for | ever.
24. *Day* | by · — | day: *we* | mag-ni- | fy · — | Thee.
25. And we wor*ship* | Thy · — | Name: *ever* | world · with- | out · — | end.
26. Vouch*safe*, | O · — | Lord: to keep *us* | this · day | with-out | sin.
27. O Lord, have mer*cy* up- | on · — | us: *have* | mercy · up- | on · — | us.
28. O Lord, let Thy mercy *be* up- | on · — | us: *as* our | trust · — | is · in | Thee.
29. O Lord, in *Thee* | have · I | trusted: let me *never* | be · con- | found · — | ed.

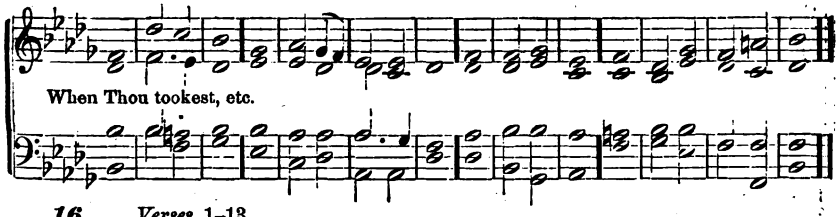
TE DEUM.

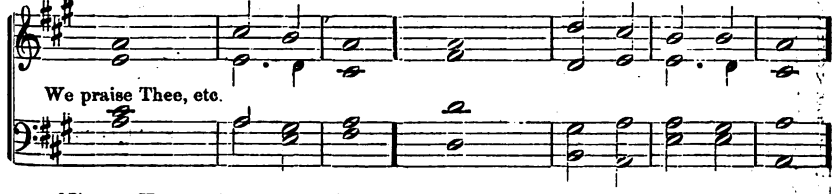
13.

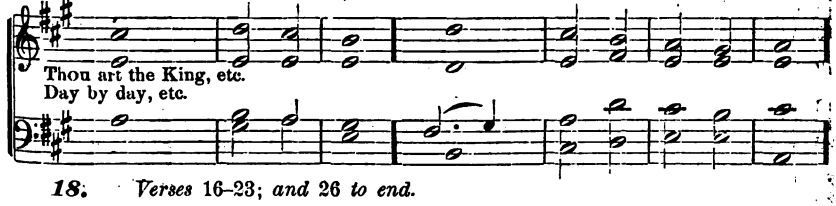


14. *Verses* 1–15: *and* 24 *to end.* H. LAWES.

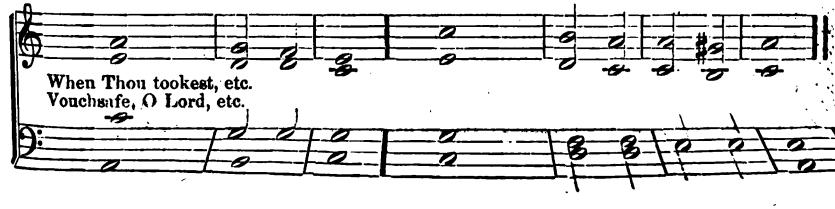
We praise Thee, etc.
Day by day, etc.

15. *Verses* 16–23. R. COOKE.

When Thou tookest, etc.

16. *Verses* 1–13.

We praise Thee, etc.

17. *Verses* 14–15: *and* 24, 25.

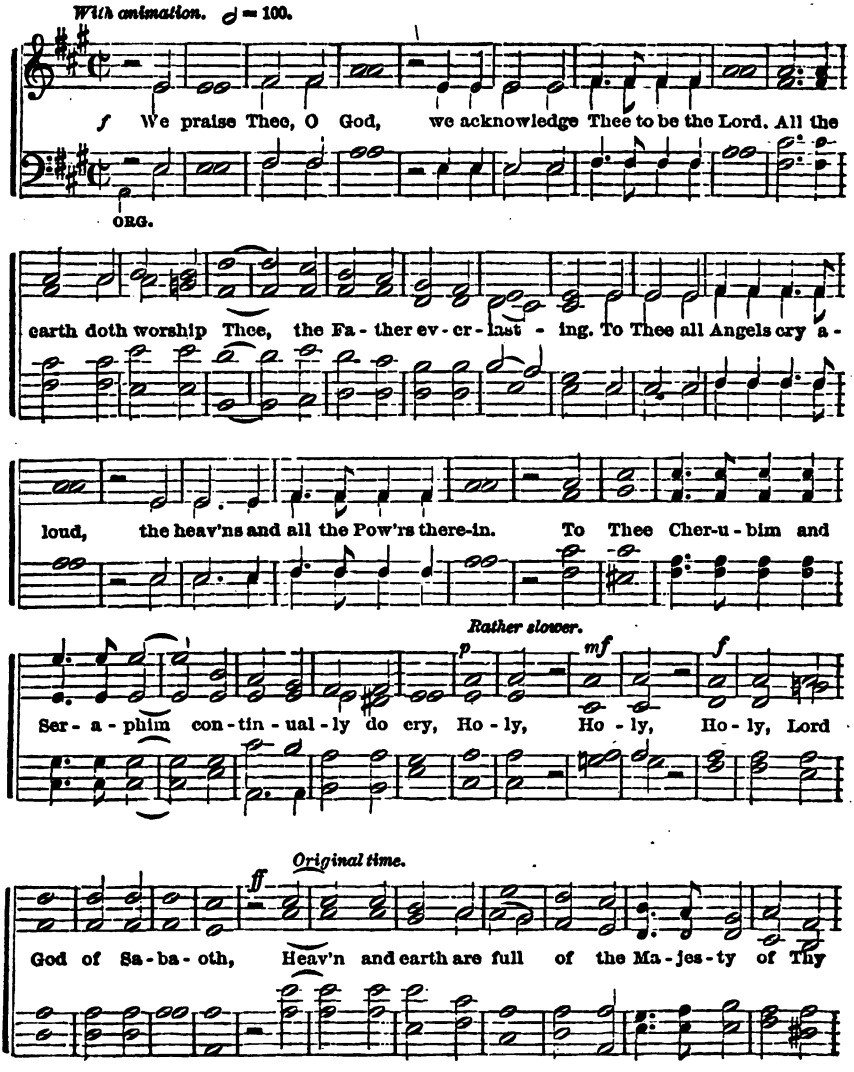
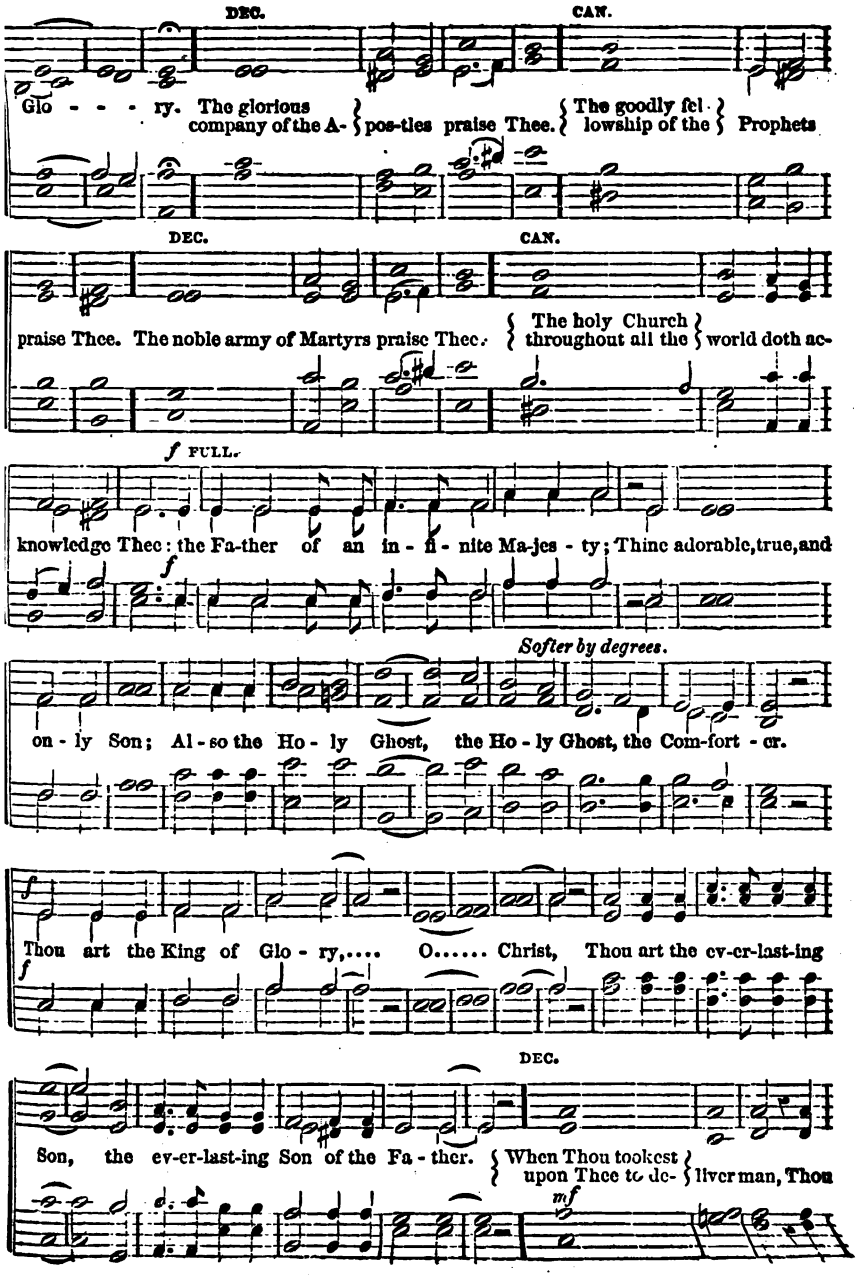
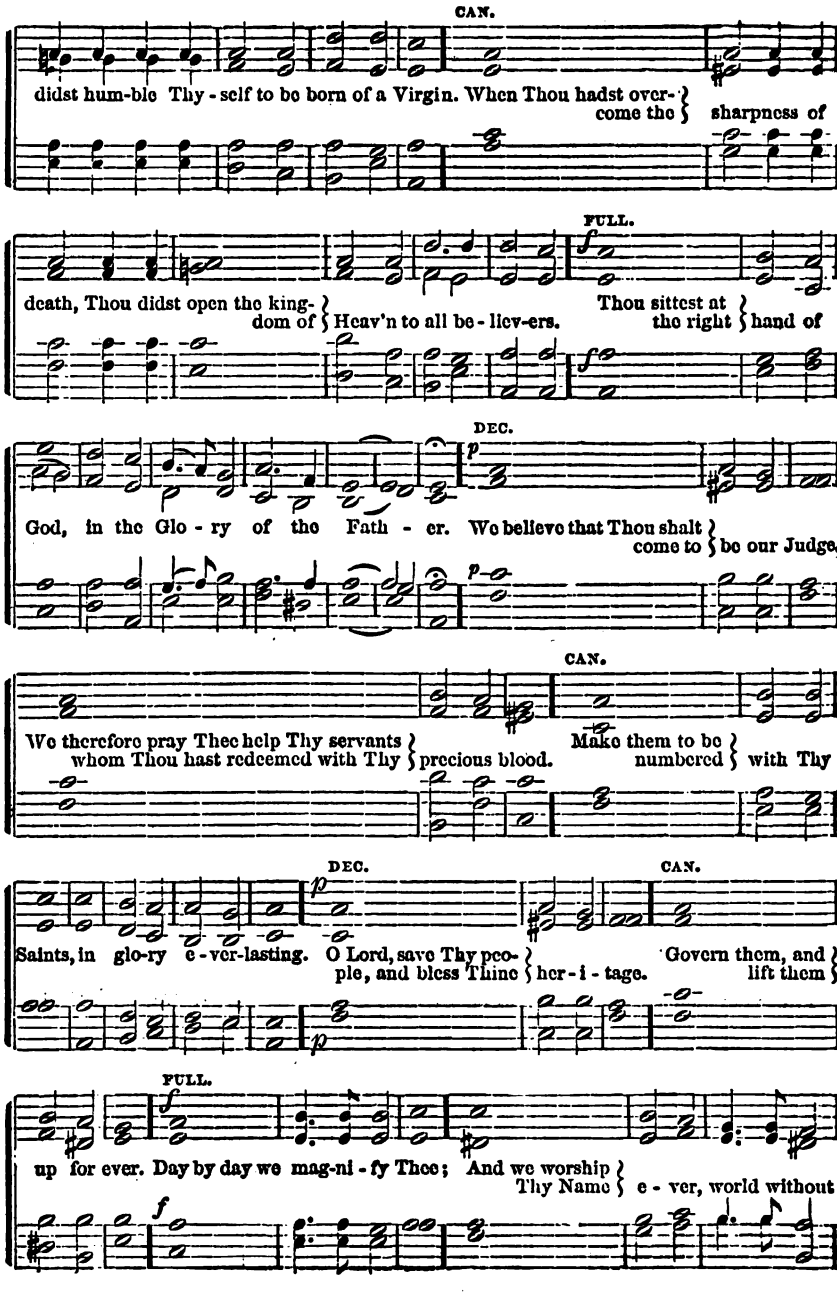
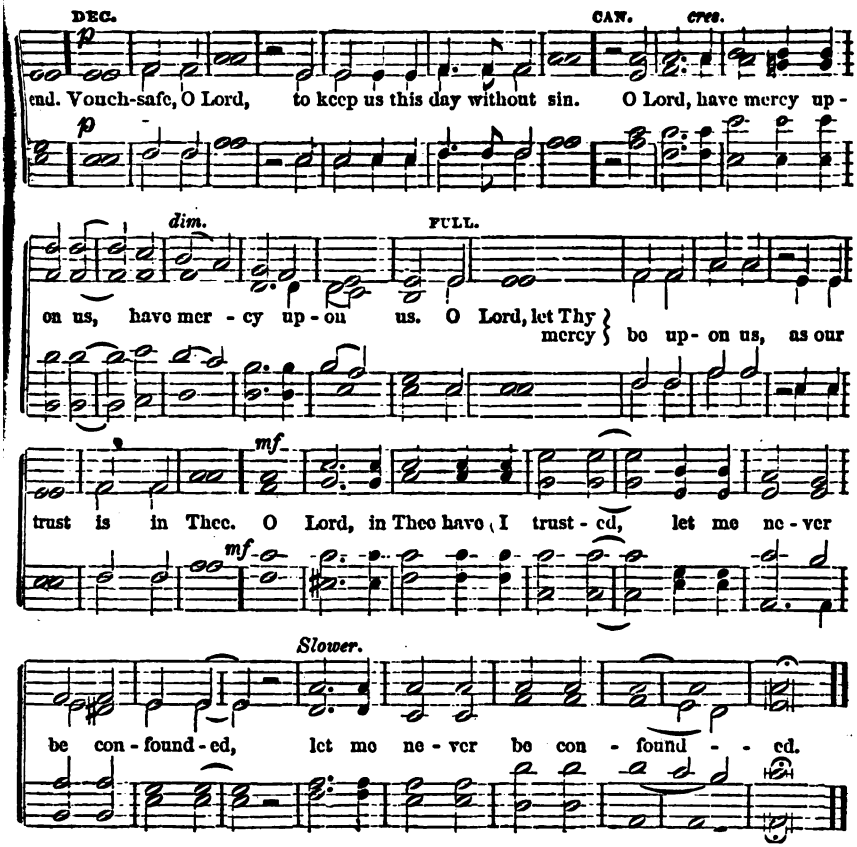
Thou art the King, etc.
Day by day, etc.

18. *Verses* 16–23; *and* 26 *to end.*

When Thou tookest, etc.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, etc.



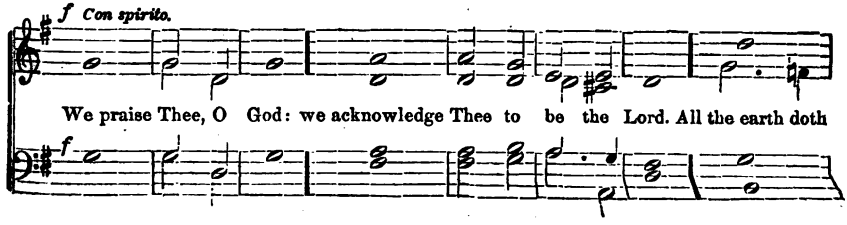
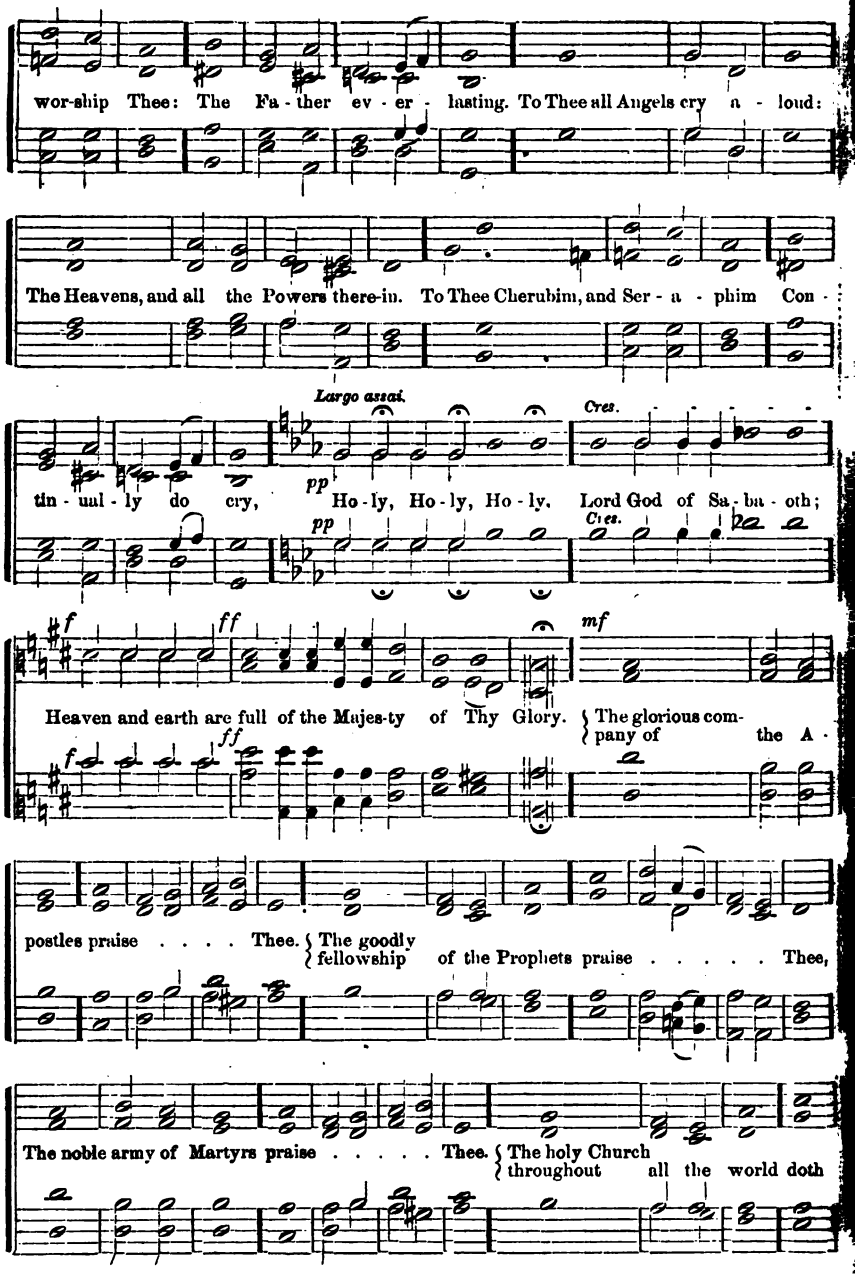
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

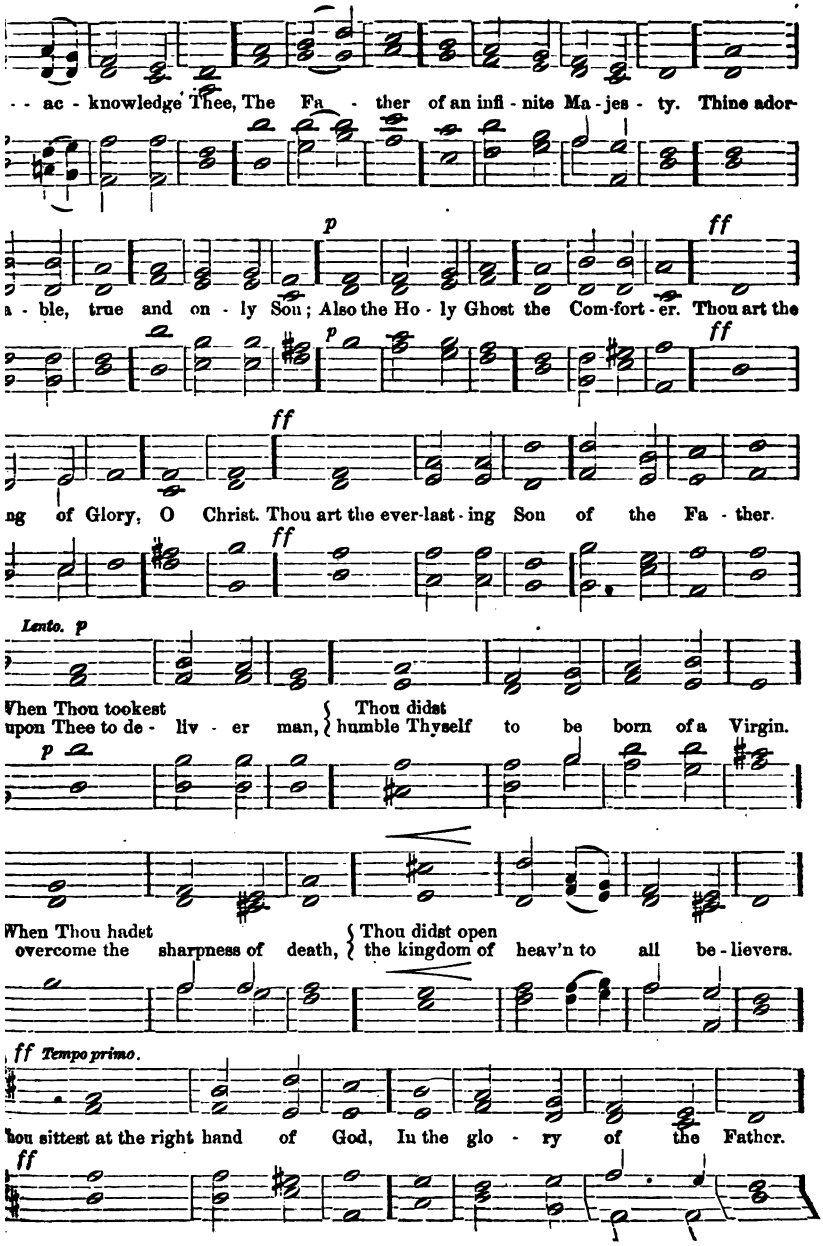
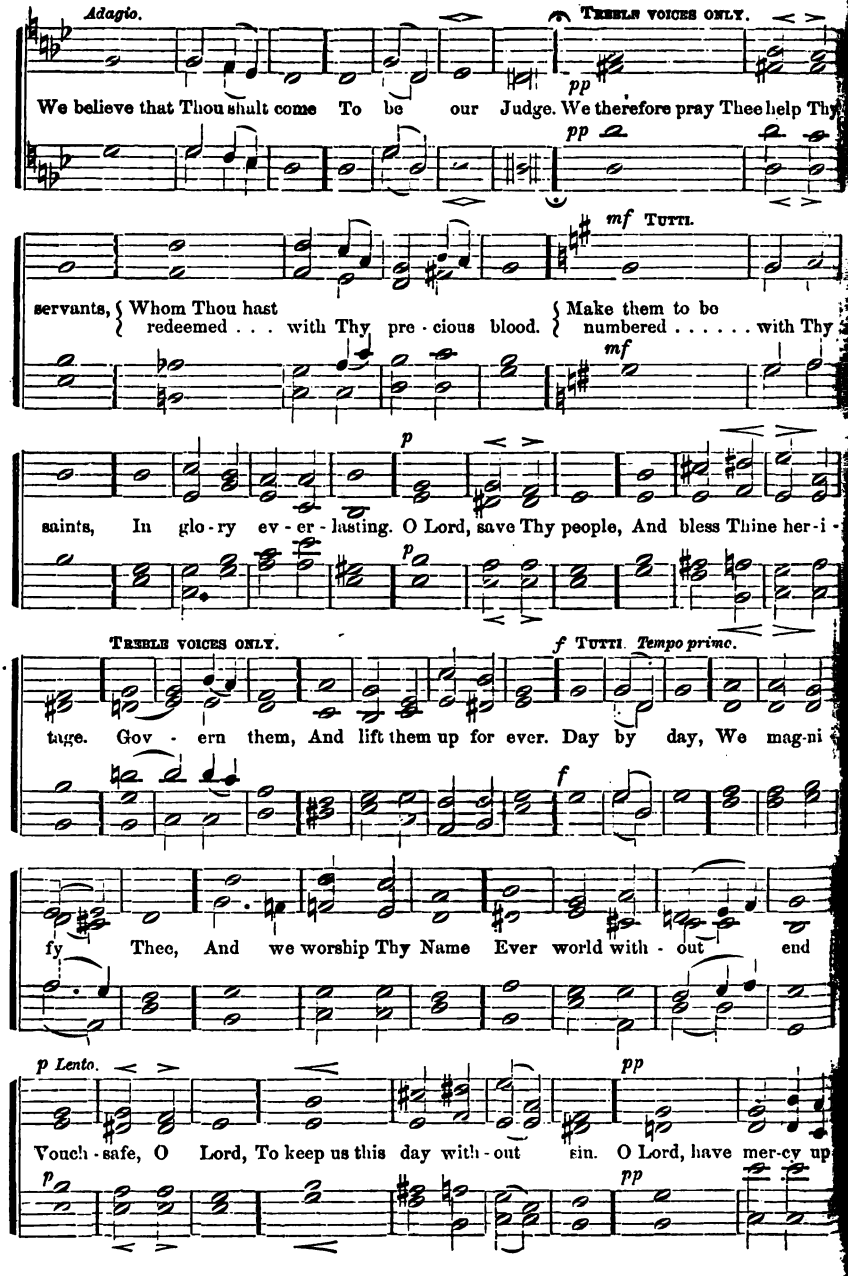
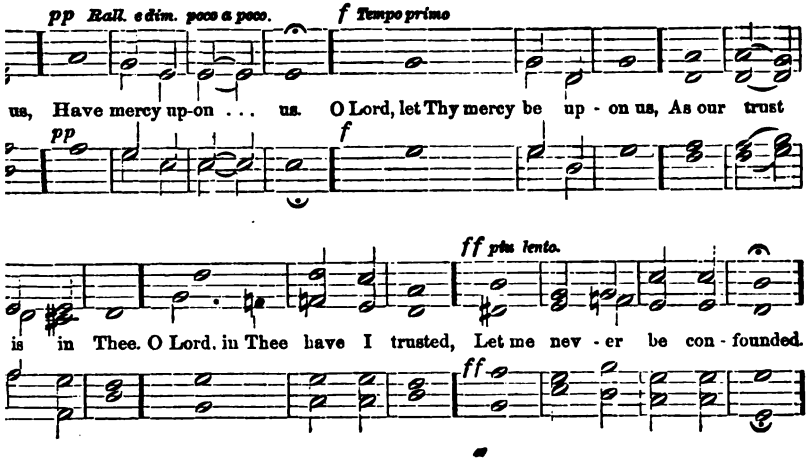
Sung at the Annual Festival of the Charity Children (about four thousand), in St. Paul's Cathedral, London; Composed by John Goss, Organist of the Cathedral.

[In bars where more than one word is assigned to a chord, the words are not to be sung in strict musical time, but are to be recited as in chanting, without hurry, with due regard to meaning and emphasis, and with attention to the stops.]

With animation. ♩ = 100.
f We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. All the
ORG.
earth doth worship Thee, the Fa - ther ev - er - last - ing. To Thee all Angels cry a -
loud, the heav'ns and all the Pow'rs there-in. To Thee Cher-u - bim and
Rather slower.
p mf f
Ser - a - phim con - tin - ual - ly do cry, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord
Original time.
ff
God of Sa - ba - oth, Heav'n and earth are full of the Ma - jes - ty of Thy

DEC.
CAN.
Glo - - - ry. The glorious company of the A- pos-tles praise Thee. The goodly fel lowship of the Prophets
DEC.
CAN.
praise Thee. The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee. The holy Church throughout all the world doth ac-
f FULL.
knowledge Thee: the Fa-ther of an in - fi - nite Ma-jes - ty; Thine adorable, true, and
f
Softer by degrees.
on - ly Son; Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost, the Ho - ly Ghost, the Com-fort - er.
f
Thou art the King of Glo - ry,.... O..... Christ, Thou art the ev-er-last-ing
f
DEC.
Son, the ev-er-last-ing Son of the Fa - ther. When Thou tookest upon Thee to de- liver man, Thou
mf

CAN.
didst hum-ble Thy-self to be born of a Virgin. When Thou hadst over-come the sharpness of
FULL.
death, Thou didst open the king-dom of Heav'n to all be-liev-ers. Thou sittest at the right hand of
DEC.
God, in the Glo-ry of the Fath-er. We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.
CAN.
We therefore pray Thee help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood. Make them to be numbered with Thy
DEC.
CAN.
Saints, in glo-ry e-ver-lasting. O Lord, save Thy peo-ple, and bless Thine her-i-tage. Govern them, and lift them
FULL.
up for ever. Day by day we mag-ni-fy Thee; And we worship Thy Name e-ver, world without

DEC.
CAN.
cres.
p
end. Vouch-safe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin. O Lord, have mercy up-
p
dim.
FULL.
on us, have mer - cy up - on us. O Lord, let Thy
mercy
be up- on us, as our
mf.
trust is in Thee. O Lord, in Thee have I trust - ed, let me ne - ver
mf
Slower.
be con - found - ed, let me ne - ver be con - found - - ed.

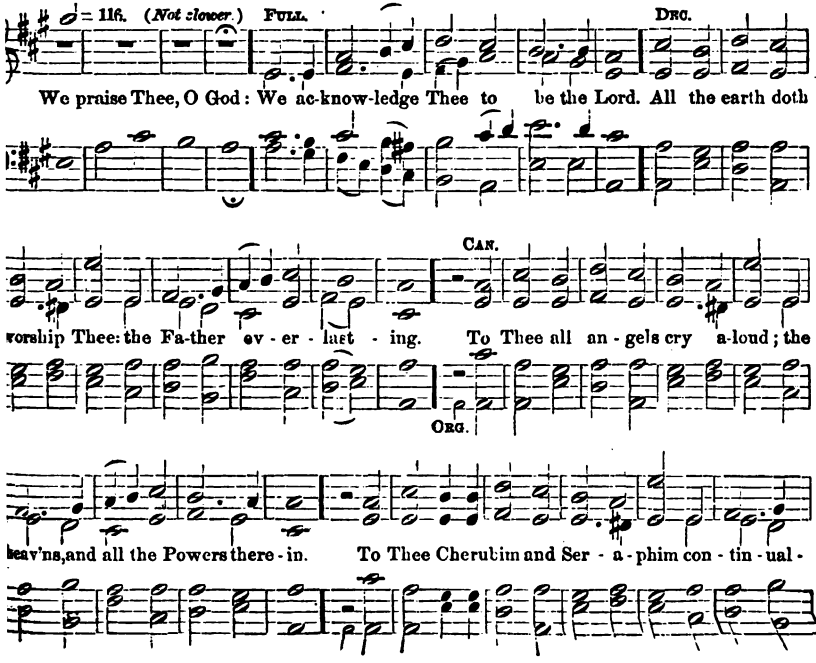
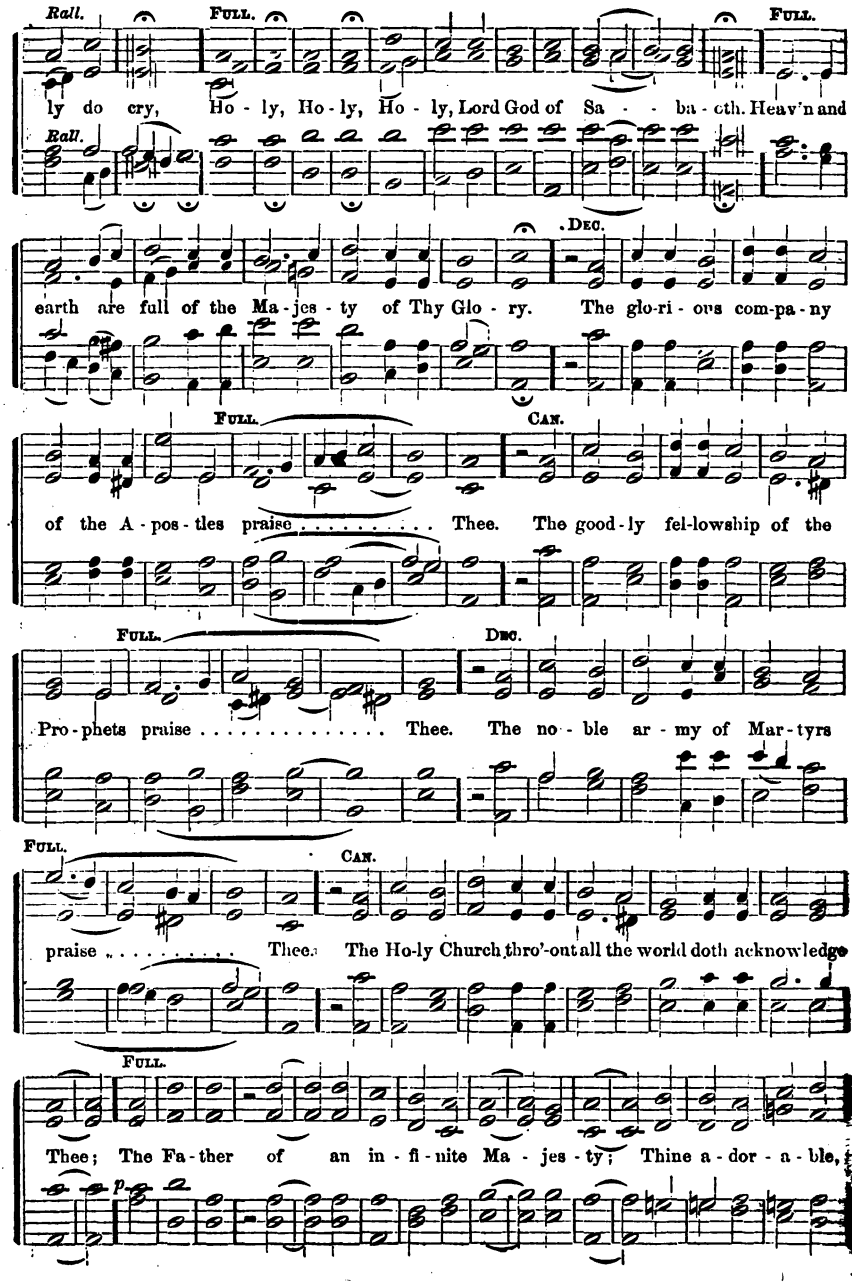
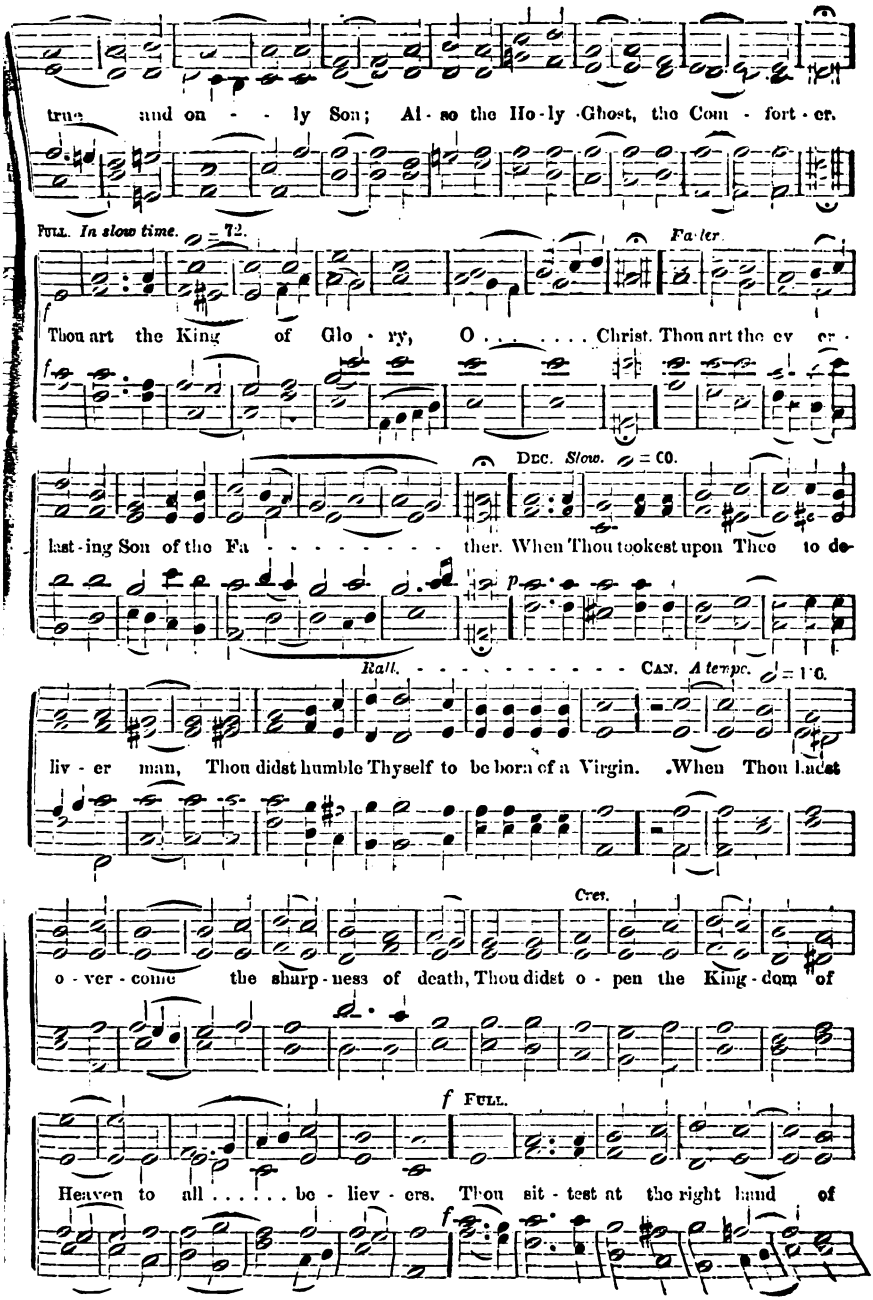
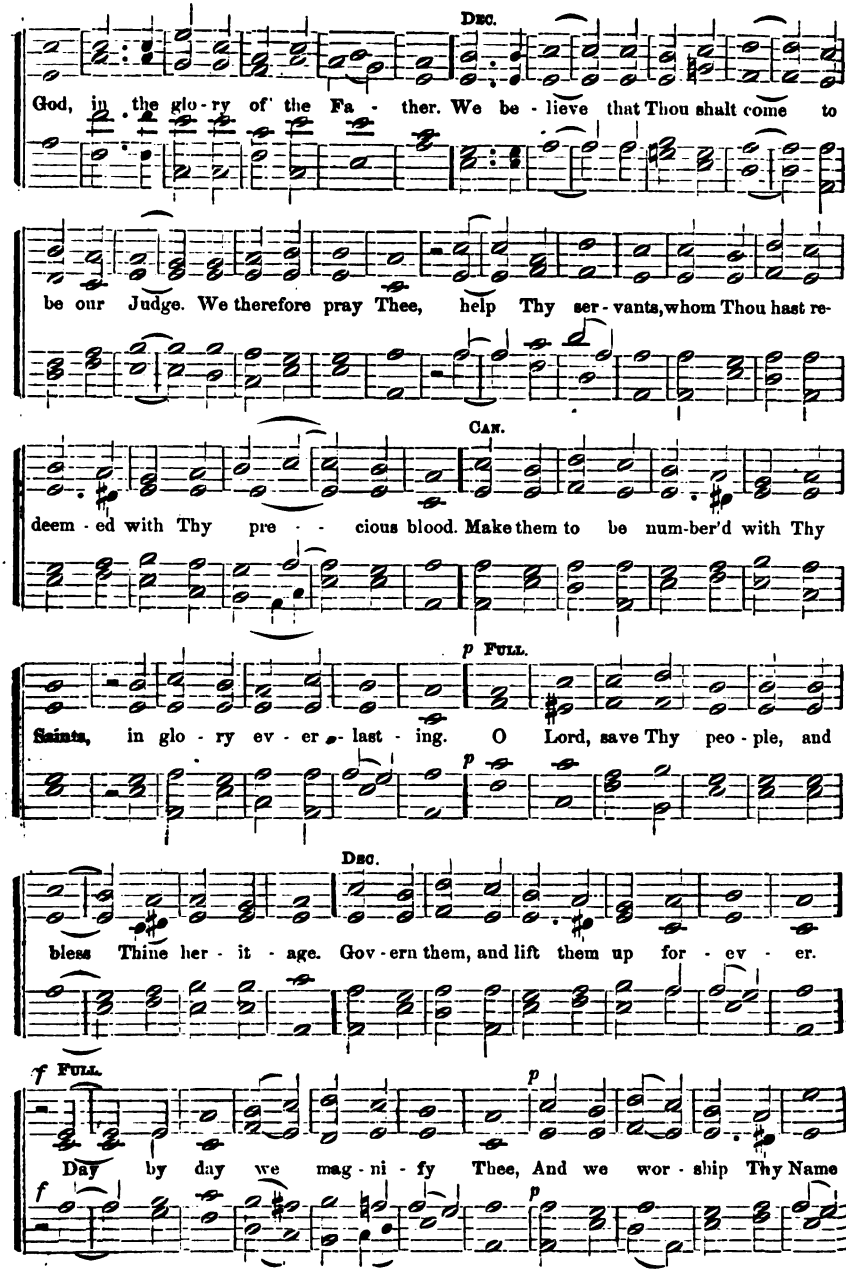
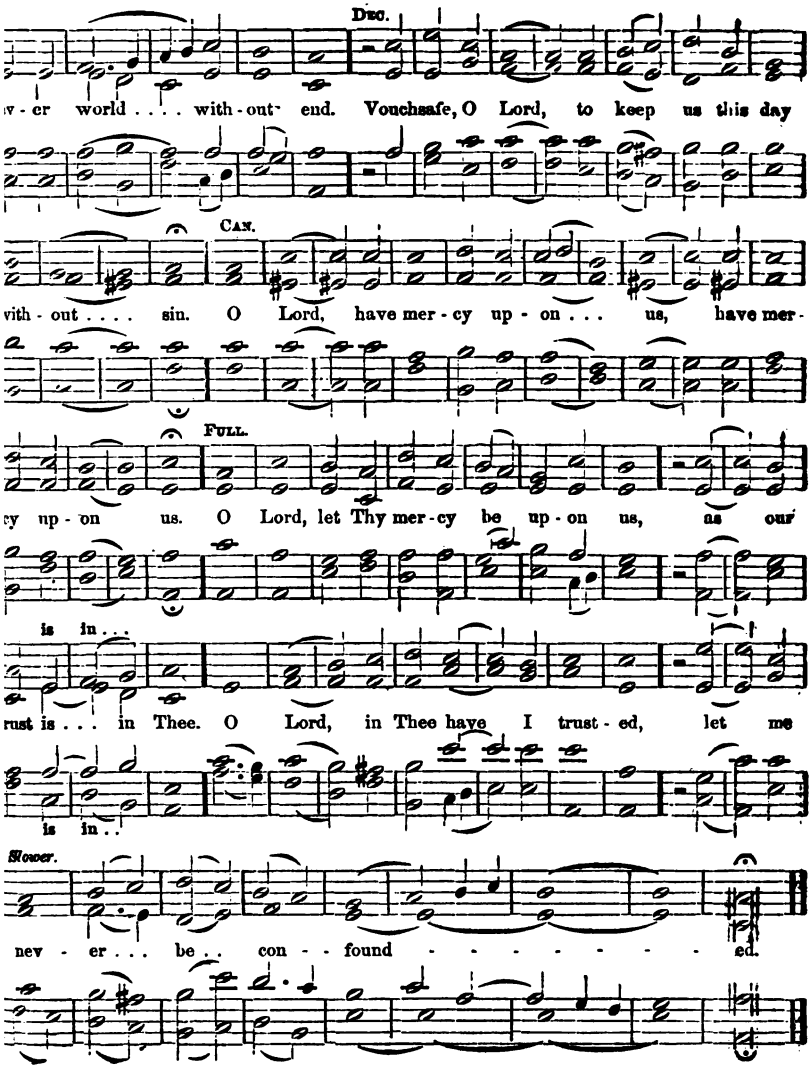
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

As sung in Canterbury Cathedral at the Festival of Parochial Choirs; by J. H. DEANE.



wor-ship Thee: The Fa-ther ev-er-lasting. To Thee all Angels cry a-loud:
The Heavens, and all the Powers there-in. To Thee Cherubim, and Ser-a-phim Con-
Largo assai.
Cres.
pp
tin-ual-ly do cry, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God of Sa-ba-oth;
Cres.
pp
f
ff
mf
Heaven and earth are full of the Majes-ty of Thy Glory. The glorious com-
pany of the A-
f
ff
postles praise . . . . Thee. The goodly
fellowship of the Prophets praise . . . . . Thee,
The noble army of Martyrs praise . . . . . Thee. The holy Church
throughout all the world doth

- - ac - knowledge Thee, The Fa - ther of an infi - nite Ma - jes - ty. Thine ador-
p
ff
a - ble, true and on - ly Son; Also the Ho - ly Ghost the Com-fort - er. Thou art the
p
ff
ng of Glory, O Christ. Thou art the ever-last - ing Son of the Fa - ther.
ff
Lento. p
When Thou tookest upon Thee to de - liv - er man, { Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a Virgin.
p
When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, { Thou didst open the kingdom of heav'n to all be - lievers.
ff Tempo primo.
hou sittest at the right hand of God, In the glo - ry of the Father.
ff

Adagio.
Treble voices only.
pp
We believe that Thou shalt come To be our Judge. We therefore pray Thee help Thy
pp
mf Tutti.
servants, { Whom Thou hast redeemed . . . with Thy pre - cious blood. { Make them to be numbered . . . . . with Thy
mf
p
saints, In glo - ry ev - er - lasting. O Lord, save Thy people, And bless Thine her - i -
p
Treble voices only.
f Tutti. Tempo prime.
tage. Gov - ern them, And lift them up for ever. Day by day, We mag - ni
f
fy Thee, And we worship Thy Name Ever world with - out end
p Lento.
pp
Vouch - safe, O Lord, To keep us this day with - out sin. O Lord, have mer - cy up
p
pp

pp Rall. e dim. poco a poco.
f Tempo primo
us, Have mercy up-on . . . us. O Lord, let Thy mercy be up - on us, As our trust
pp
f
ff più lento.
is in Thee. O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, Let me nev - er be con - founded.
ff

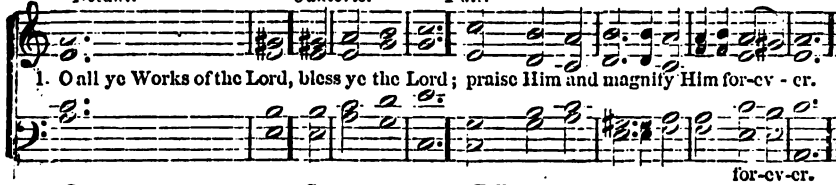
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS,

In A., by WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

♩= 116. (Not slower.) FULL.
DEC.
We praise Thee, O God: We ac-know-ledge Thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth
CAN.
worship Thee: the Fa-ther ev - er - last - ing. To Thee all an - gels cry a-loud; the
ORG.
heav'ns, and all the Powers there - in. To Thee Cherubim and Ser - a - phim con - tin - ual -

Rall.
FULL.
FULL.
ly do cry, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - - ba - oth. Heav'n and
Rall.
DEC.
earth are full of the Ma - jes - ty of Thy Glo - ry. The glo-ri - ous com-pa - ny
FULL.
CAN.
of the A - pos - tles praise . . . . . Thee. The good - ly fel-lowship of the
FULL.
DEC.
Pro - phets praise . . . . . Thee. The no - ble ar - my of Mar - tyrs
FULL.
CAN.
praise . . . . . Thee. The Ho-ly Church thro'-out all the world doth acknowledge
FULL.
Thee; The Fa - ther of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes - ty; Thine a - dor - a - ble,
p

true and on - - ly Son; Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost, the Com - fort - er.
Full. In slow time. ♩ = 72.
Fa-ther.
Thou art the King of Glo - ry, O . . . . . Christ. Thou art the ev - er -
Dec. Slow. ♩ = 60.
last - ing Son of the Fa . . . . . ther. When Thou tookest upon Thee to de -
Rall. . . . . Can. A tempo. ♩ = 116.
liv - er man, Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a Virgin. When Thou hadst
Cres.
o - ver - come the sharp - ness of death, Thou didst o - pen the King - dom of
f Full.
Heaven to all . . . . . be - liev - ers. Thou sit - test at the right hand of

Dec.
God, in the glo - ry of the Fa - ther. We be - lieve that Thou shalt come to
be our Judge. We therefore pray Thee, help Thy ser - vants, whom Thou hast re-
Can.
deem - ed with Thy pre - - cious blood. Make them to be num-ber'd with Thy
p Full.
Saints, in glo - ry ev - er - last - ing. O Lord, save Thy peo - ple, and
p
Dec.
bless Thine her - it - age. Gov - ern them, and lift them up for - ev - er.
f Full.
p
Day by day we mag - ni - fy Thee, And we wor - ship Thy Name
f
p

Dec.
v - er world . . . . with - out end. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day
Can.
vith - out . . . . sin. O Lord, have mer - cy up - on . . . us, have mer -
Full.
cy up - on us. O Lord, let Thy mer - cy be up - on us, as our
is in . . .
rust is . . . in Thee. O Lord, in Thee have I trust - ed, let me
is in . .
Slower.
nev - er . . . be . . con - - found - - - - - - - - ed.

BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA DOMINI.

19. HAYES.

Decani. *Cantoris.* *Full.*



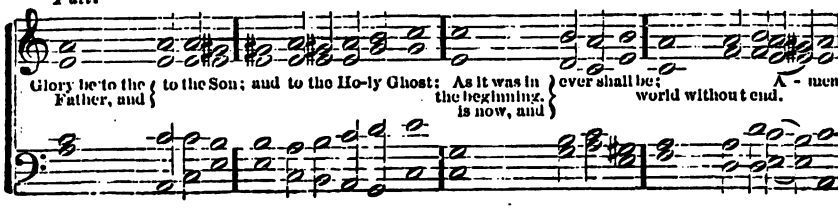
Dec. *Can.* *Full.*

2. O ye Angels of the...Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise Him, etc.....
3. O ye.....Heavens, bless ye the Lord; .....
4. O ye Waters that be above the } Firmament, bless ye the Lord; .....
5. O all ye Powers of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; .....
6. O ye Sun and.....Moon, bless ye the Lord; .....
7. O ye Stars of.....Heaven, bless ye the Lord; .....
8. O ye Showers and....Dew, bless ye the Lord; .....
9. O ye Winds of.....God, bless ye the Lord; .....
10. O ye Fire and.....Heat, bless ye the Lord; .....
11. O ye Winter and Summer, bless ye the Lord; .....
12. O ye Dews and.....Frosts, bless ye the Lord; .....
13. O ye Frost and.....Cold, bless ye the Lord; .....
14. O ye Ice and.....Snow, bless ye the Lord; .....

Full.

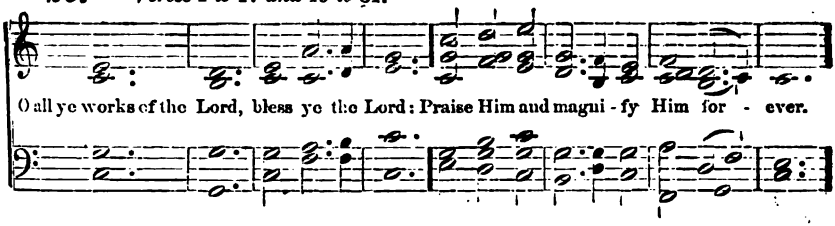
15. O ye Nights and.....Days, bless ye the Lord; .....
16. O ye Light and..Darkness, bless ye the Lord; .....
17. O ye Lightnings and Clouds, bless ye the Lord; .....
18. O let the.....Earth....bless the Lord; yea let it .....
19. O ye Mountains and Hills, bless ye the Lord; .....
20. O all ye Green Things upon the } Earth, bless ye the Lord; .....
21. O ye.....Wells, bless ye the Lord; .....
22. O ye Seas and.....Floods, bless ye the Lord; .....
23. O ye Whales and all that move in the..... } Waters, bless ye the Lord; .....
24. O all ye Fowls of the Air, bless ye the Lord; .....
25. O all ye Beasts and Cattle, bless ye the Lord; .....
26. O ye Children of....Men, bless ye the Lord; .....
27. O let.....Israel....bless the Lord; .....
28. O ye Priests of the...Lord, bless ye the Lord; .....
29. O ye Servants of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; .....
30. O ye Spirits and Souls of the } Righteous, bless ye the Lord; .....
31. O ye holy and... humble Men of } heart, bless ye the Lord; .....

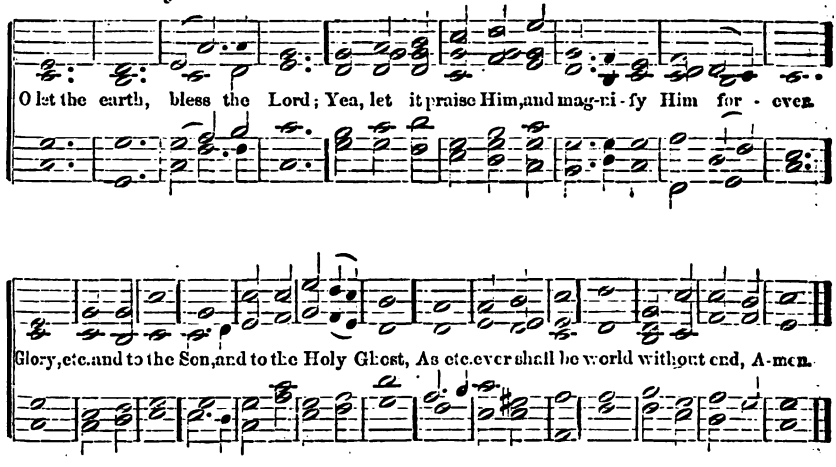
Full.

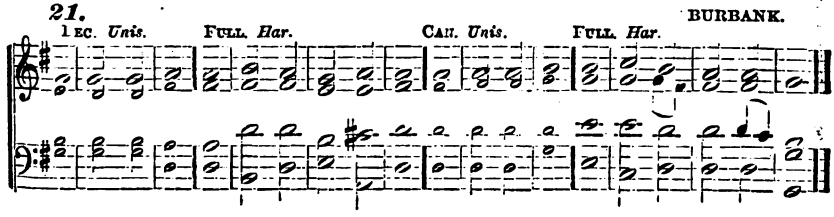

Glory be to the Father, and } to the Son; and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and } ever shall be; world without end. A - men.

BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA DOMINI.

20. *Verses* 1 *to* 17 *and* 19 *to* 31.



Verse 18 *only.*

O let the earth, bless the Lord; Yea, let it praise Him, and mag-ni - fy Him for - ever.
Glory, etc. and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, As etc. ever shall be world without end, A-men.

21. BURBANK.

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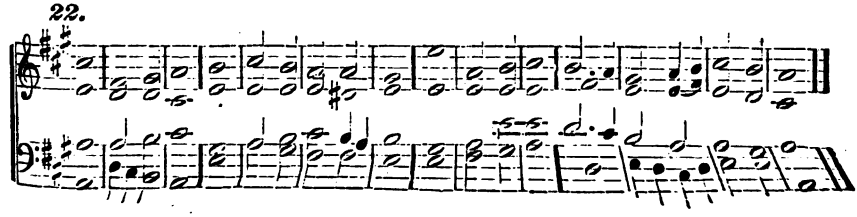
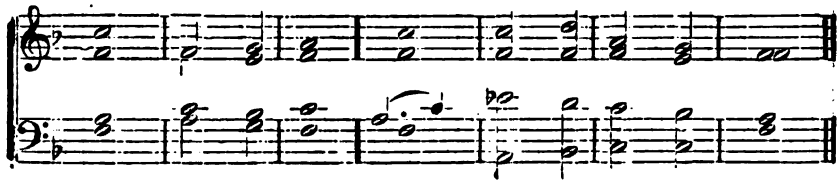
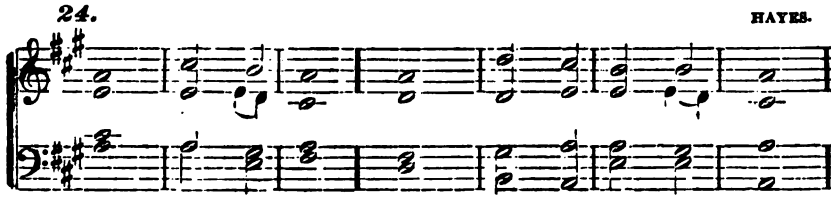
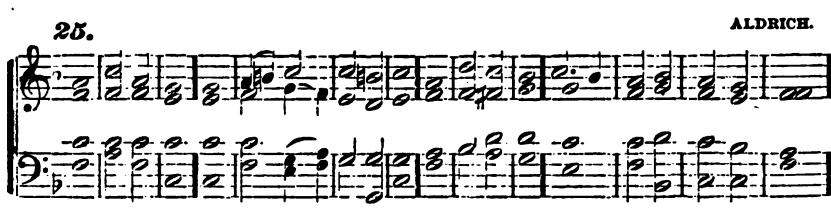
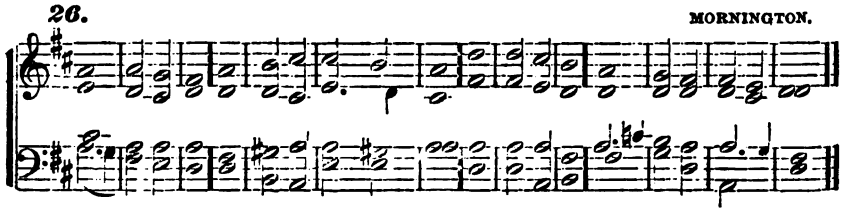


JUBILATE DEO.

23. FELTON.

24. HAYES.

25. ALDRICH.



26. MORNINGTON.

O BE joyful in the *Lord*, | all · ye | lands: serve the Lord with gladness, and come be*fore* His | pres-ence | with · a | song.

Be ye sure that the *Lord*, | He · is | God: it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His peo*ple*, and the | sheep · of | His · = | pasture.

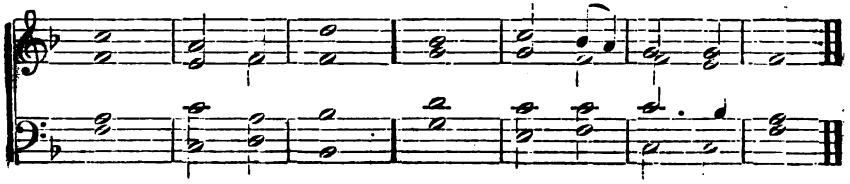
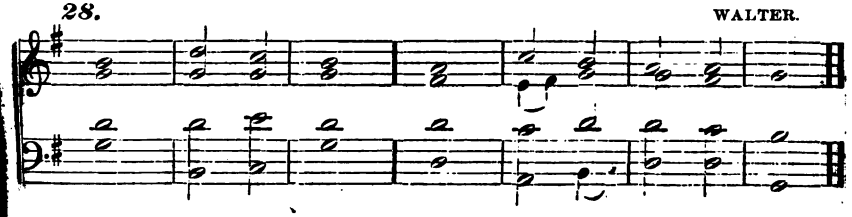
O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His *courts* | with · = | praise: be thankful unto *Him*, and | speak · good | of · His | Name.

For the Lord is gracious, His mer*cy* is | ev-er- | lasting: and His truth endureth from genera*tion* to | gen-er- | a · — | tion.

Glory be to the Fa*ther*, | and · to the | Son: *and* | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be: *world* | with-out | end. A- | men

JUBILATE DEO.

27. COOKE.

28. WALTER.

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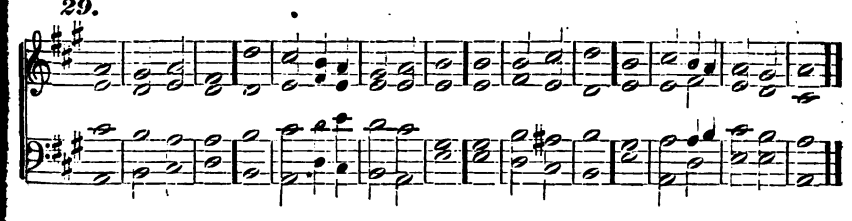
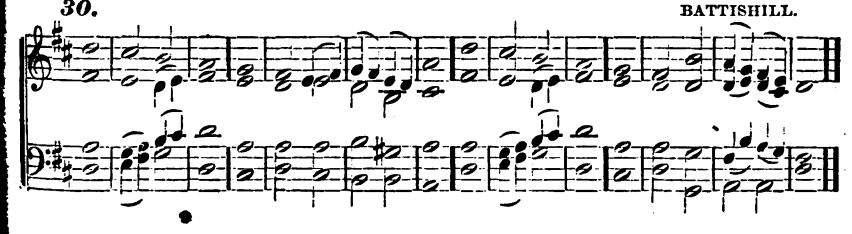
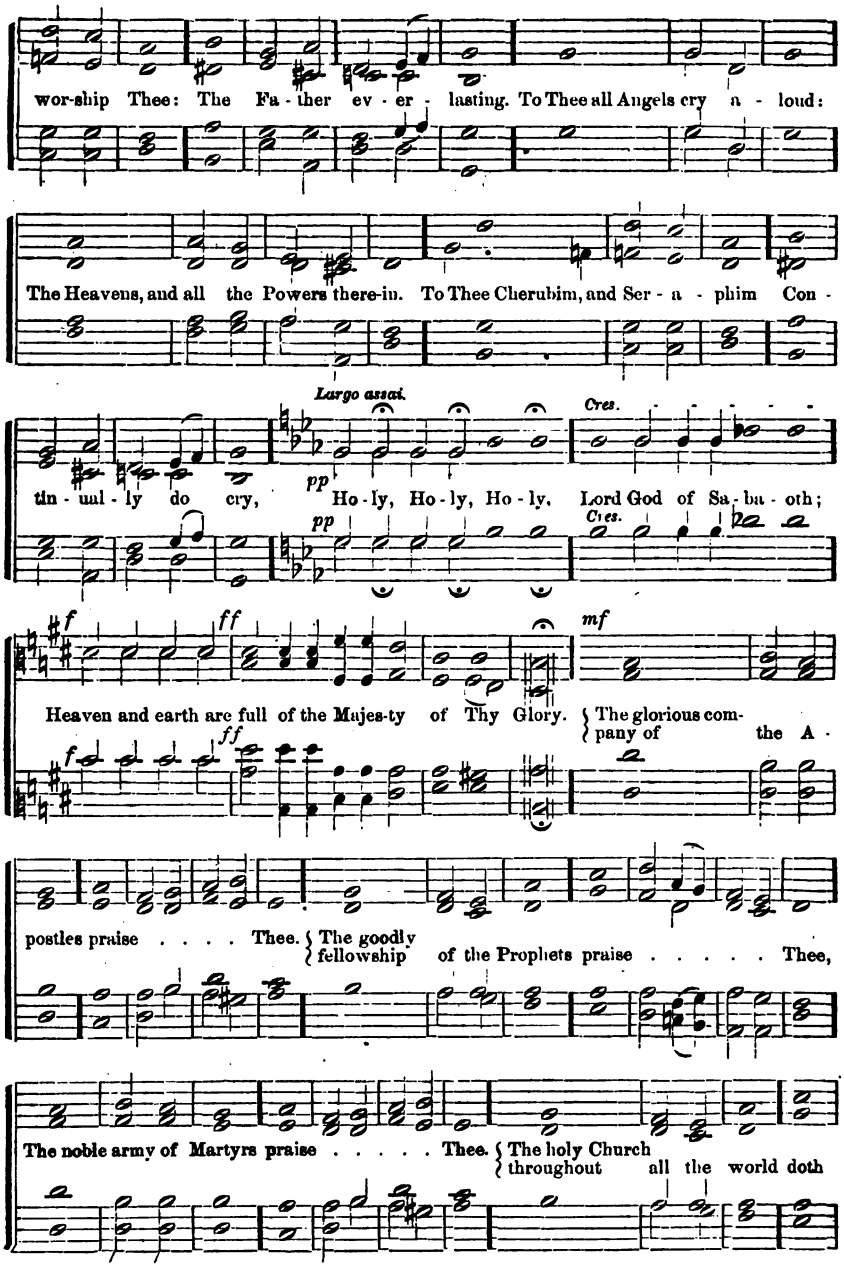
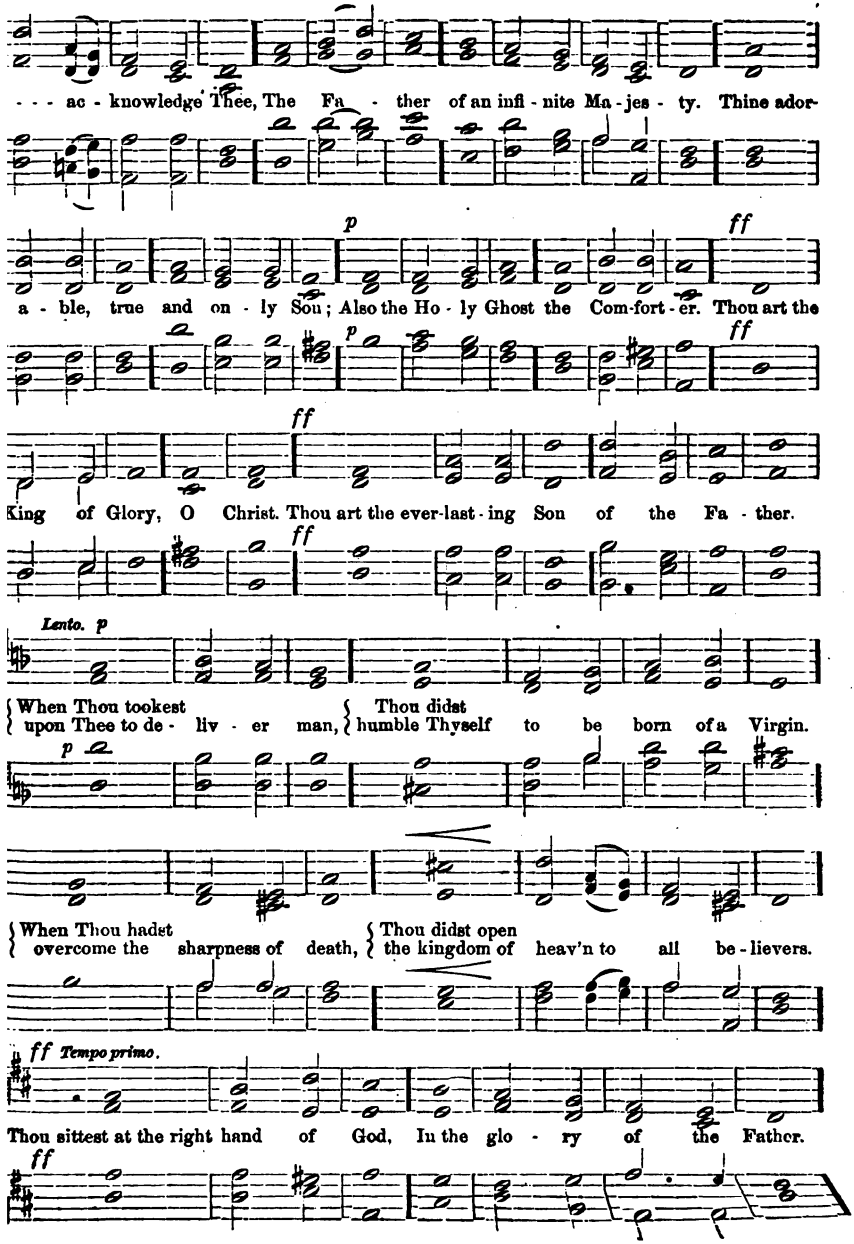
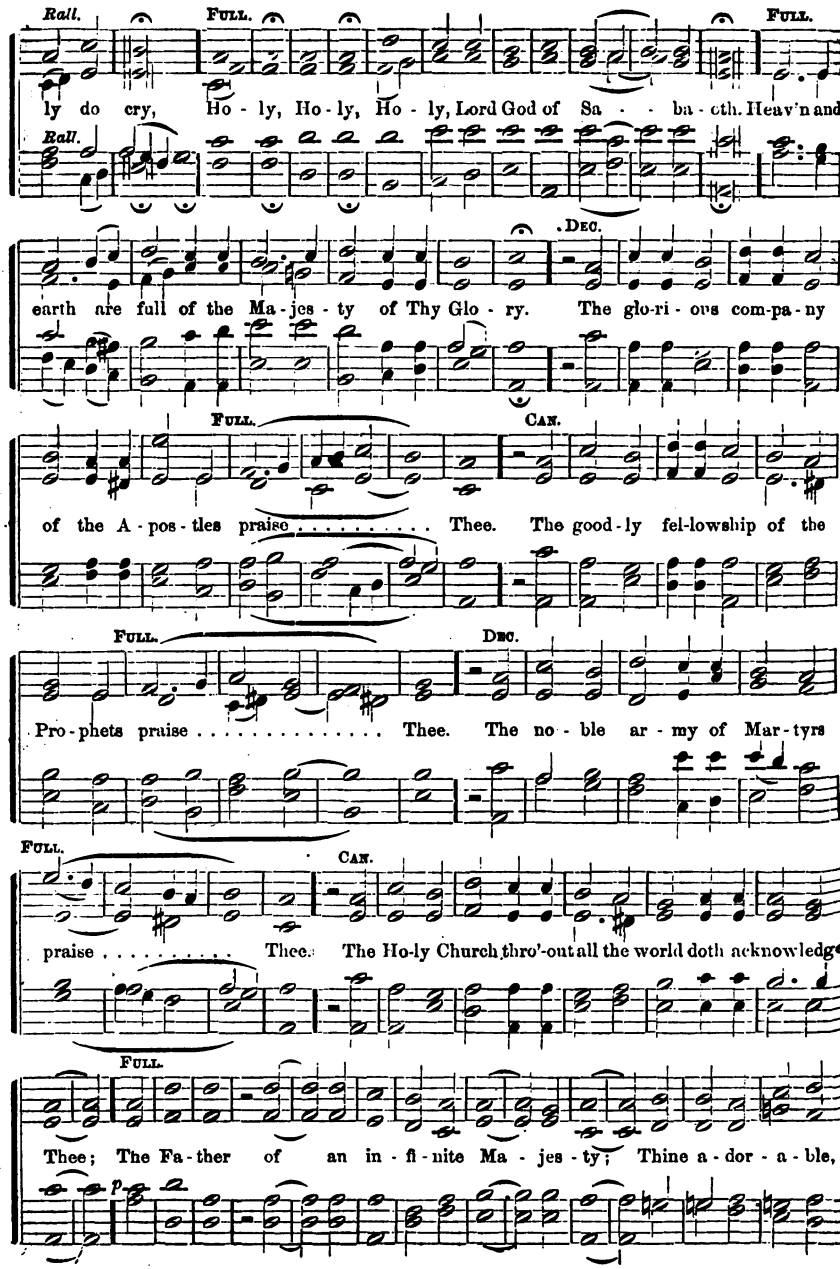
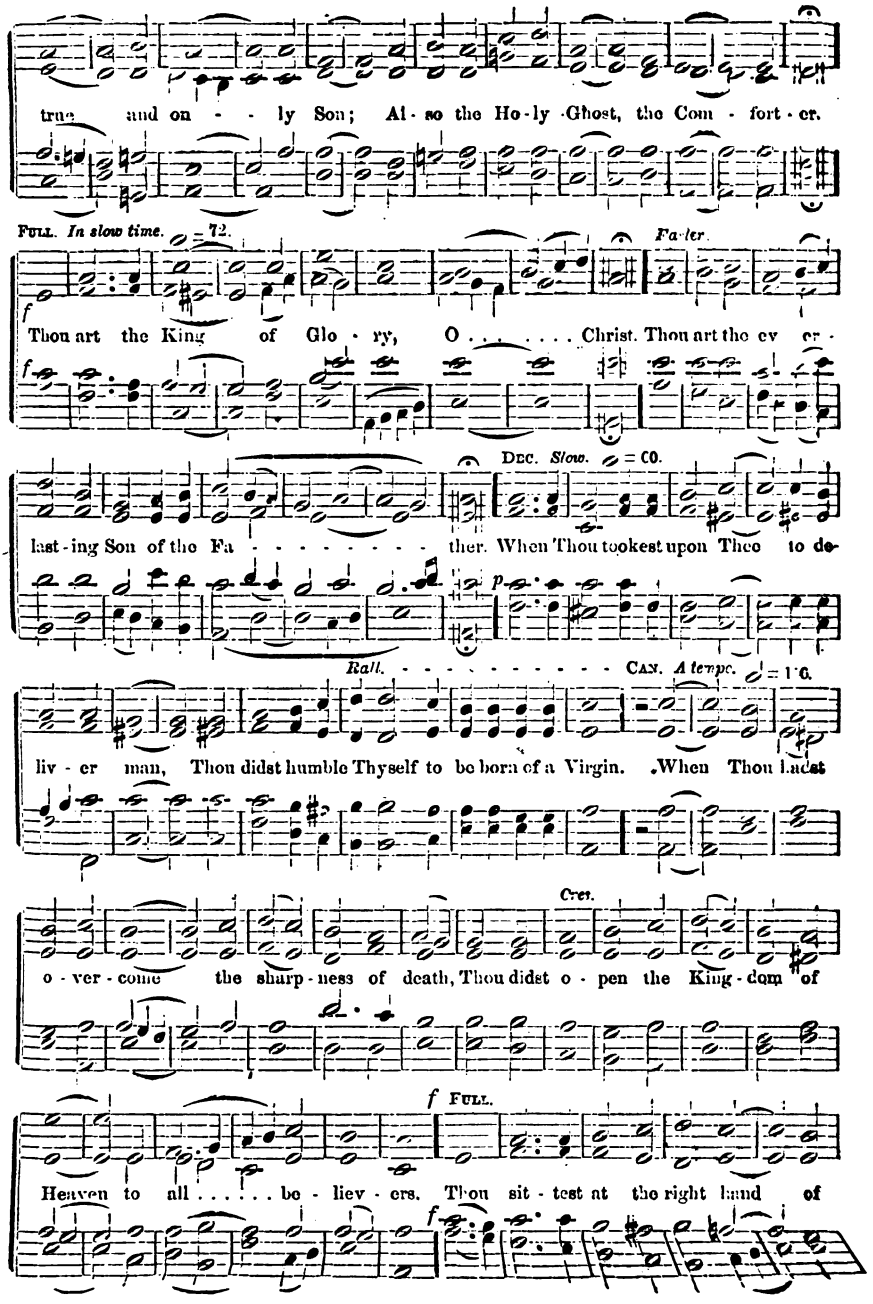
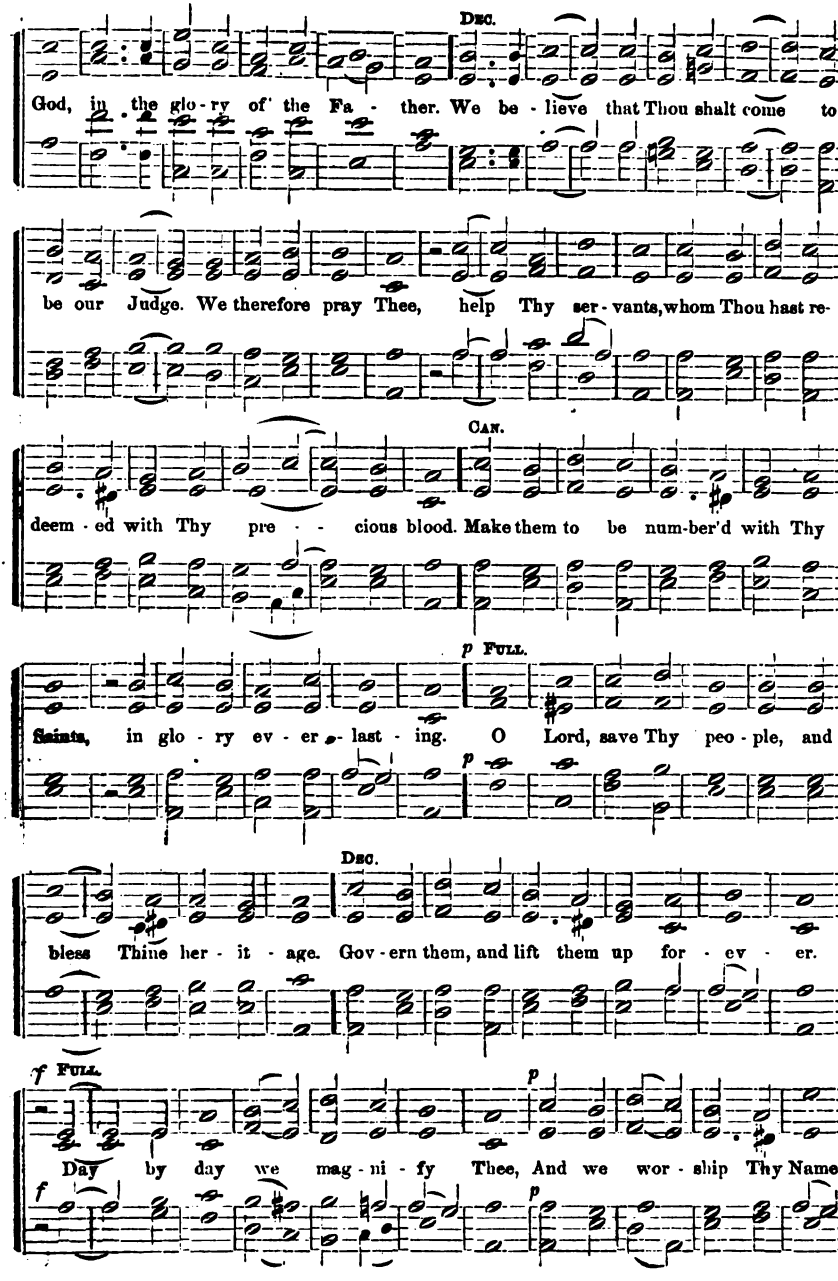
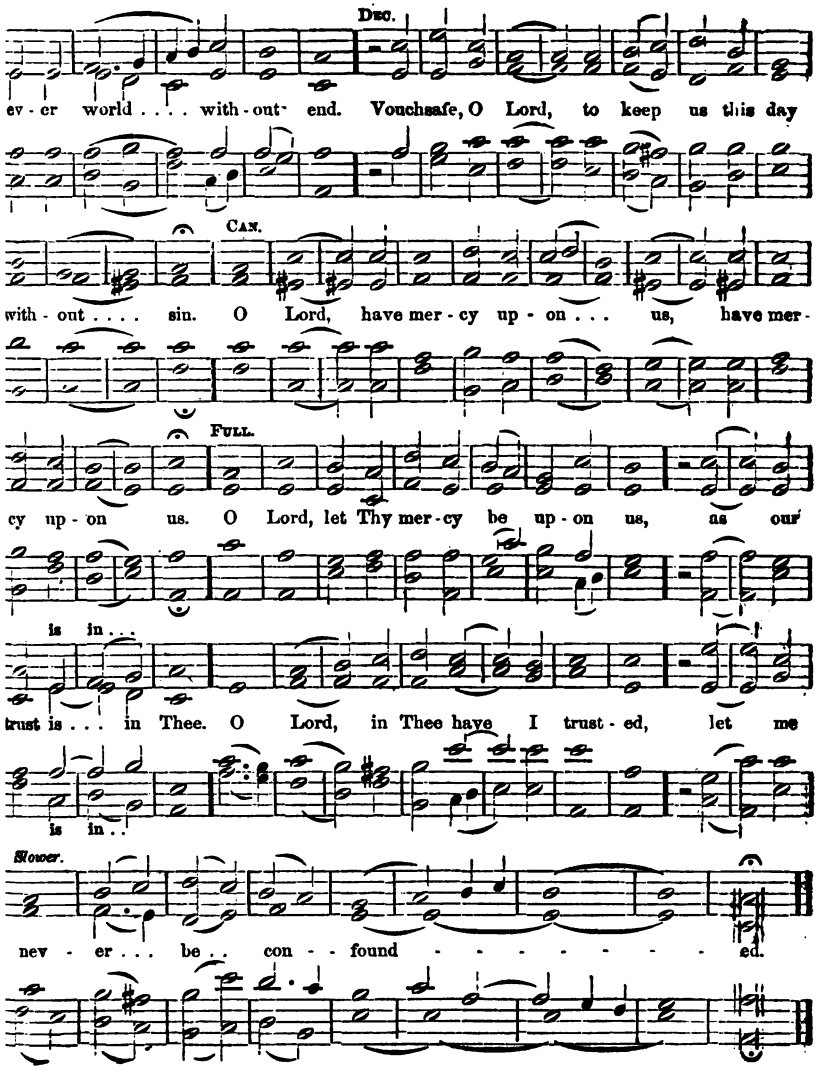

30. BATTISHILL.

O BE joyful in the *Lord*, | all · ye | lands: serve the Lord with gladness, and come be*fore* His | pres-ence | with · a | song.

Be ye sure that the *Lord*, | He · is | God: it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His peo*ple*, and the | sheep · of | His · = | pasture.

O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His *courts* | with · = | praise: be thankful unto *Him*, and | speak · good | of · His | Name.

For the Lord is gracious, His mer*cy* is | ev-er- | lasting: and His truth endureth from genera-tion to | gen-er- | a · — | tion.

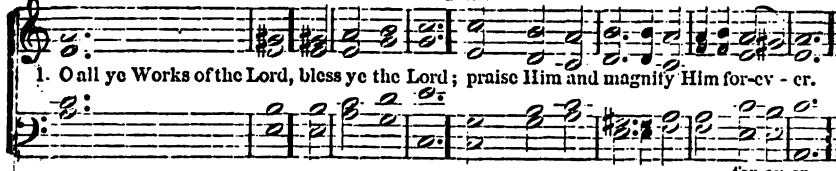
Glory be to the Fa*ther*, | and · to the | Son: *and* | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be: *world* \ with-out \ end. A- \ men.

wor-ship Thee: The Fa-ther ev-er-lasting. To Thee all Angels cry a-loud:
The Heavens, and all the Powers there-in. To Thee Cherubim, and Ser-a-phim Con-
Largo assai.
Cres.
tin-ual-ly do cry, pp Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God of Sa-ba-oth;
pp
Cres.
f ff
mf
Heaven and earth are full of the Majes-ty of Thy Glory. The glorious com-
pany of the A-
f ff
postles praise . . . . Thee. The goodly
fellowship of the Prophets praise . . . . . Thee,
The noble army of Martyrs praise . . . . . Thee. The holy Church
throughout all the world doth

- - - ac - knowledge Thee, The Fa - ther of an infi - nite Ma - jes - ty. Thine ador-
a - ble, true and on - ly Son; Also the Ho - ly Ghost the Com-fort - er. Thou art the
King of Glory, O Christ. Thou art the ever-last - ing Son of the Fa - ther.
Lento. p
When Thou tookest upon Thee to de - liv - er man,
Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a Virgin.
When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
Thou didst open the kingdom of heav'n to all be - lievers.
Tempo primo.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, In the glo - ry of the Father.

Rall.
Full.
Full.
ly do cry, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - - ba - oth. Heav'n and
Rall.
Dec.
earth are full of the Ma - jes - ty of Thy Glo - ry. The glo-ri - ous com-pa - ny
Full.
Can.
of the A - pos - tles praise . . . . . Thee. The good-ly fel-lowship of the
Full.
Dec.
Pro - phets praise . . . . . Thee. The no - ble ar - my of Mar - tyrs
Full.
Can.
praise . . . . . Thee. The Ho-ly Church thro'-out all the world doth acknowledge
Full.
Thee; The Fa - ther of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes - ty; Thine a - dor - a - ble,
p

true and on - - ly Son; Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost, the Com - fort - er.
Full. *In slow time.* ♩ = 72.
Faller.
Thou art the King of Glo - ry, O . . . . . Christ. Thou art the ev - er -
Dec. *Slow.* ♩ = 60.
last - ing Son of the Fa - - - - - - - - - ther. When Thou tookest upon Thee to de -
Rall. - - - - - - - - - - - Can. *A tempo.* ♩ = 116.
liv - er man, Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a Virgin. When Thou hadst
Cres.
o - ver - come the sharp - ness of death, Thou didst o - pen the King - dom of
f Full.
Heaven to all . . . . . be - liev - ers. Thou sit - test at the right hand of

Dec.
God, in the glo - ry of the Fa - ther. We be - lieve that Thou shalt come to
be our Judge. We therefore pray Thee, help Thy ser - vants, whom Thou hast re-
Can.
deem - ed with Thy pre - - cious blood. Make them to be num-ber'd with Thy
p Full.
Saints, in glo - ry ev - er - last - ing. O Lord, save Thy peo - ple, and
p
Dec.
bless Thine her - it - age. Gov - ern them, and lift them up for - ev - er.
f Full.
p
Day by day we mag - ni - fy Thee, And we wor - ship Thy Name
f
p

Dec.
ev - er world . . . . with - out end. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day
Can.
with - out . . . . sin. O Lord, have mer - cy up - on . . . us, have mer -
Full.
cy up - on us. O Lord, let Thy mer - cy be up - on us, as our
is in . . .
trust is . . . in Thee. O Lord, in Thee have I trust - ed, let me
is in . .
Slower.
nev - er . . . be . . con - - found - - - - - - - - ed.

BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA DOMINI.

19. HAYES.

Decani. *Cantoris.* *Full.*



1. O all ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for-ev - er.

for-ev-er.

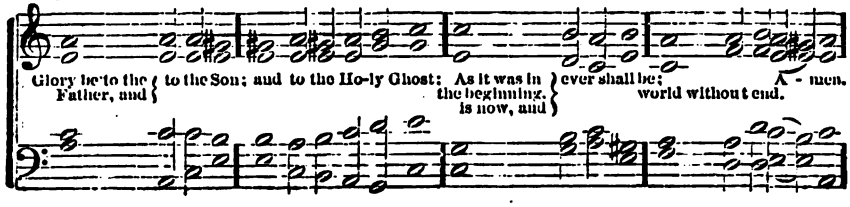
Dec. *Can.* *Full.*

2. O ye Angels of the...Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise Him, etc.....
3. O ye.....Heavens, bless ye the Lord; .....
4. O ye Waters that be above the Firmament, bless ye the Lord; .....
5. O all ye Powers of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; .....
6. O ye Sun and.....Moon, bless ye the Lord; .....
7. O ye Stars of.....Heaven, bless ye the Lord; .....
8. O ye Showers and....Dew, bless ye the Lord; .....
9. O ye Winds of.....God, bless ye the Lord; .....
10. O ye Fire and.....Heat, bless ye the Lord; .....
11. O ye Winter and Summer, bless ye the Lord; .....
12. O ye Dews and.....Frosts, bless ye the Lord; .....
13. O ye Frost and.....Cold, bless ye the Lord; .....
14. O ye Ice and.....Snow, bless ye the Lord; .....

Full.

15. O ye Nights and.....Days, bless ye the Lord; .....
16. O ye Light and..Darkness, bless ye the Lord; .....
17. O ye Lightnings and Clouds, bless ye the Lord; .....
18. O let the.....Earth....bless the Lord; yea let it .....
19. O ye Mountains and Hills, bless ye the Lord; .....
20. O all ye Green Things upon the Earth, bless ye the Lord; .....
21. O ye.....Wells, bless ye the Lord; .....
22. O ye Seas and.....Floods, bless ye the Lord; .....
23. O ye Whales and all that move in the.....Waters, bless ye the Lord; .....
24. O all ye Fowls of the Air, bless ye the Lord; .....
25. O all ye Beasts and Cattle, bless ye the Lord; .....
26. O ye Children of....Men, bless ye the Lord; .....
27. O let.....Israel....bless the Lord; .....
28. O ye Priests of the...Lord, bless ye the Lord; .....
29. O ye Servants of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; .....
30. O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless ye the Lord; .....
31. O ye holy and... humble Men of heart, bless ye the Lord; .....

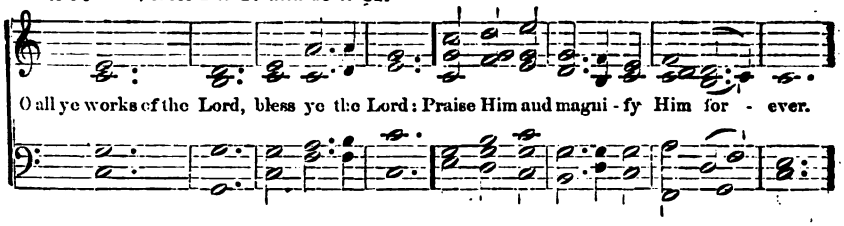
Full.



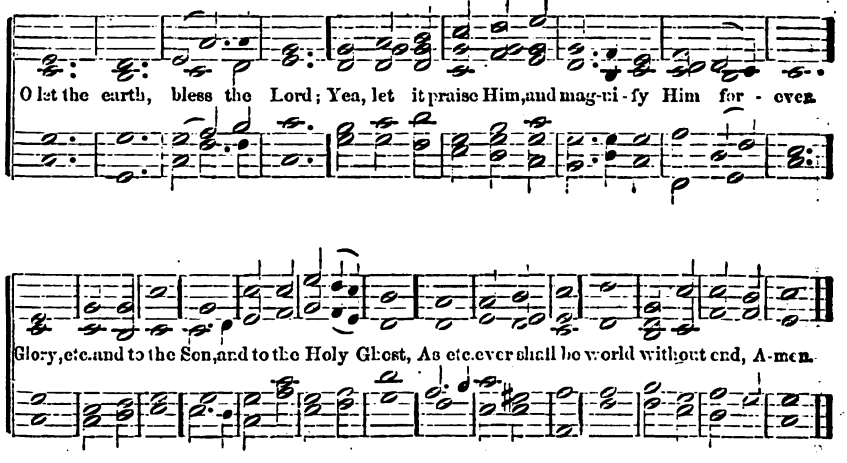
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son; and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; world without end. A - men.

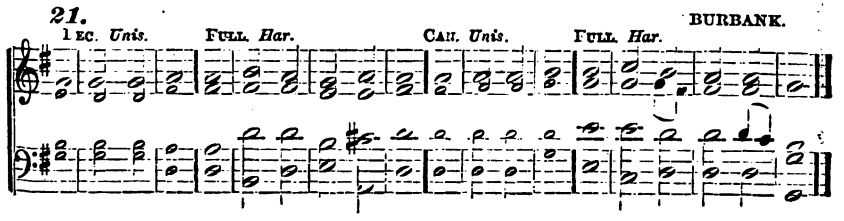
BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA DOMINI.

20. *Verses* 1 *to* 17 *and* 19 *to* 31.



Verse 18 *only.*


O let the earth, bless the Lord; Yea, let it praise Him, and mag-ni - fy Him for - ever.
Glory, etc. and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, As etc. ever shall be world without end, A-men.

21. BURBANK.

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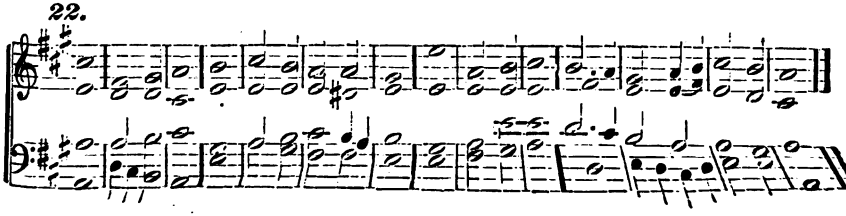
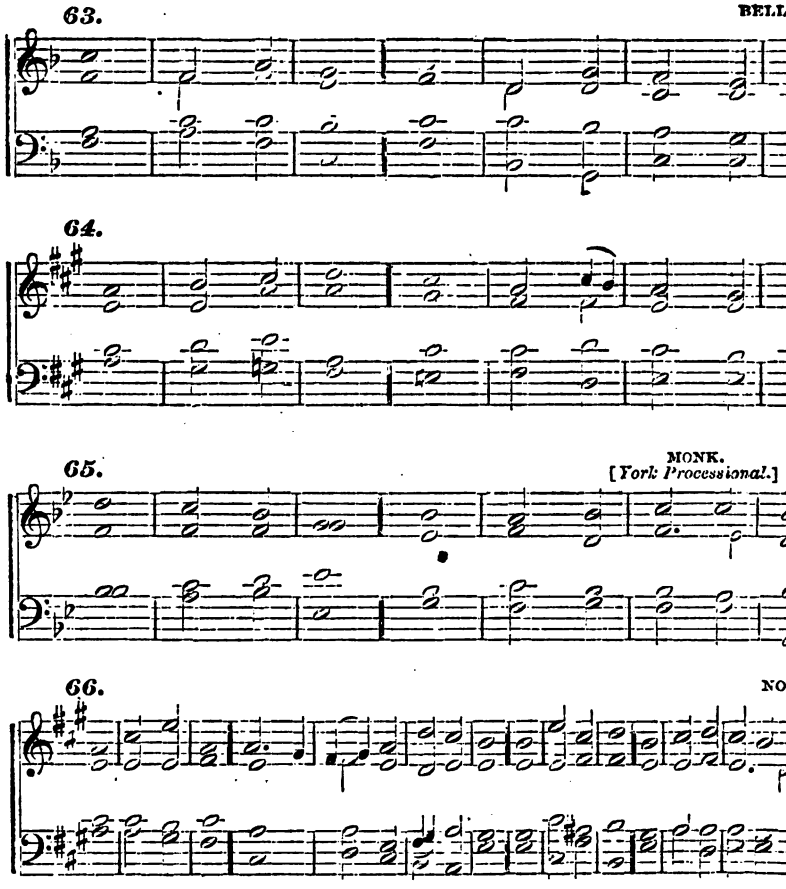
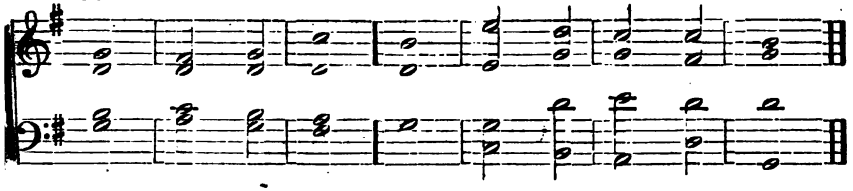
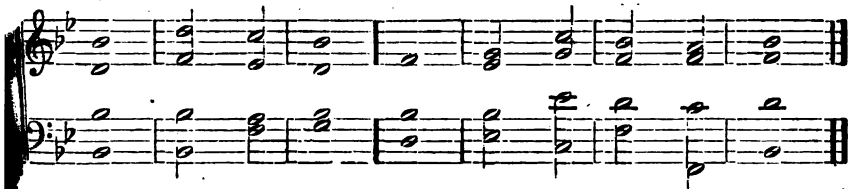
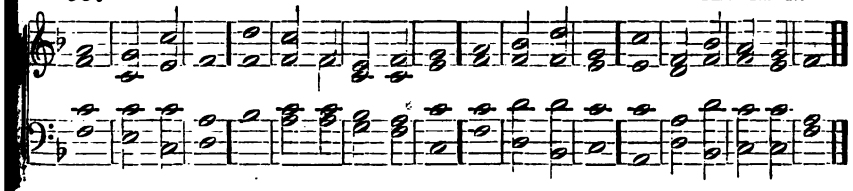
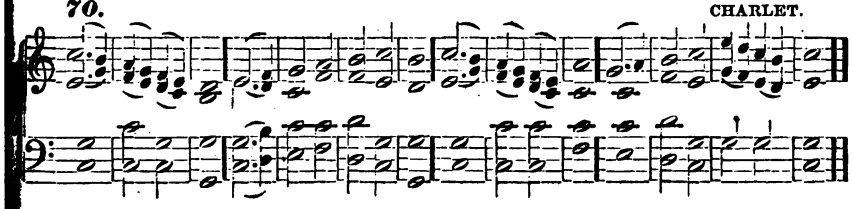


BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.

PRAISE the *Lord*, | O · my | soul: and all that is within *me* | praise · His | ho-ly | Na
Praise the *Lord* | O . my | soul: and forget *not* | all · His | ben-e- | fits.
Who forgiv*eth* | all · thy | sin: and healeth *all* | thine · in- | firm-i- | ties.
Who saveth thy *life* | from · de- | struction: and crowneth thee with mer*cy* and | lov-kind · = | ness.
O praise the Lord ye Angels of His, *ye* that ex- | cel · in | strength: ye that fulfil His mandment, and hearken un*to* the | voice · of | His · = | word.
O praise the *Lord*, all | ye · His | hosts: ye servants of *His* | that · = | do · His | plea
O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all pla*ces* of | His · do- | minion: thou the *Lord*, | O · = | my · = | soul.
Glory be to the Fa*ther*, | and · to the | Son: *and* | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be: *world* | with-out | end. A-

BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.

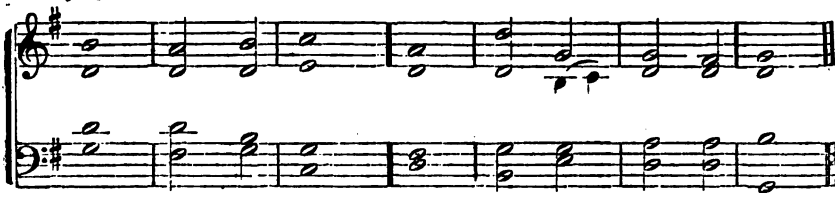
67. BATTISHILL.

68.

69. STEVENSON.

70. CHARLET.



PRAISE the *Lord*, | O · my | soul: and all that is within *me* | praise · His | ho-ly | Name.
Praise the *Lord* | O . my | soul: and forget *not* | all · His | ben-e- | fits.
Who forgive*th* | all · thy | sin: and healeth *all* | thine · in- | firm-i- | ties.
Who saveth thy *life* | from · de- | struction: and crowneth thee with mer*cy* and | lov-ing- | kind · = | ness.
O praise the Lord ye Angels of His, *ye* that ex- | cel · in | strength: ye that fulfil His commandment, and hearken un*to* the | voice · of | His · = | word.
O praise the *Lord*, all | ye · His | hosts: ye servants of *His* | that · = | do · His | pleasure.
O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all place*s* of | His · do- | minion: praise thou the *Lord*, | O · = | my · = | soul.
Glory be to the Fa*ther*, | and · to the | Son: *and* | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be: *world* | with-out \ end. A- \ men.

¶ *Portions of Psalms, to be sung or said, at Morning Prayer, on certain Feasts and Fasts, instead of the* Venite Exultemus, *when any of the ten Selections are to follow instead of the Psalms, as in the table.*

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

71. MONK.

From Psalms xlv. lxxxix. cx.

THY seat O *God*, en- | dureth · for | ever: the sceptre of Thy king*dom* | is · a | right · = | sceptre.

Thou hast loved righteousness, and hat*ed* in- | i-qui- | ty: wherefore God even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of glad*ness* | a · = | bove · thy | fellows.

My song shall be alway of the loving-kind*ness* | of · the | LORD: with my mouth will I ever be showing Thy truth from one gener*ation* | to · an- | o · = | ther.

For I have said, Mercy shall be set *up* | for · = | ever: Thy truth shalt *thou* | sta-blish | in · the | heavens.

The *Lord* is | our · de- | fence: the Holy *One* of | Is-rael | is · our | King.

Thou spakest sometime in visions unto Thy *saints*, | and · = | saidst: I have laid help upon One that is mighty, I have exalted *One* | chos-en | out · of the | people.

I will set His dominion | in · the | sea: *and* His | right · hand | in · the | floods.

And I will make *Him* | my · First- | born: higher | than · the | kings · of the | earth.

The LORD *said* un- | to · my | Lord: Sit Thou on my right hand, until I *make* Thine | enemies | Thy · = | footstool.

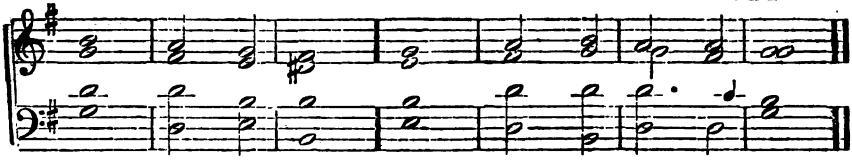
The LORD shall send the rod of Thy *power* | out · of | Sion: be Thou ruler even in the *midst* | among · Thine | en-e- | mies.

In the day of Thy power shall the people offer Thee free-will offer*ings* with an | ho-ly | worship: the dew of Thy *birth* is | of · the | womb · of the | morning.

The LORD *sware*, and will | not · re- | pent: Thou art a Priest for ever, after the or*der* | of · Mel- | chi-ze- | dek.

GLORY BE, ETC.

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

72. HINE.

From Psalms xxxii. xxxviii. cxxx.

BLESSED is he whose unrighteous*ness* | is · for- | given: and whose *sin* | is · = | co-ver- | ed.

Blessed is the man unto whom the *Lord* im- | puteth · no | sin: and in whose spi*rit* | there · is | no · = | guile.

Put me not to rebuke O *Lord*, | in · Thine | anger: neither chasten *me* | in · Thy | heavy · dis- | pleasure.

For Thine ar*rows* stick | fast · in | me: and Thy *hand* | pres-seth | me · = | sore.

My wickedn*esses* are *gone* | over · my | head: and are like a sore bur*den*, too | heavy · for | me · to | bear.

I will con*fess* my | wick-ed- | ness: *and* be | sor-ry | for · my | sin.

Haste *Thee* to | help · = | me: O *Lord* | God · of | my · sal- | vation.

Out of the deep have I called unto *Thee*, | O · = | LORD: *Lord*, | hear · = | my · = | voice.

Let Thine *ears* | be · at- | tentive: to the *voice* | of · my | sup-pli- | cations.

If Thou LORD shouldest be extreme to *mark* what is | done a- | miss: *O* | Lord · = | who · shall | stand?

But there is forgive*ness* | with · = | Thee: that *Thou* | mayest · be | fear · = | ed.

GLORY BE, ETC.

GOOD - FRIDAY.

[*See chant above.*]

From Psalms xxii. lxix. xl.

MY God! my God! look upon me; why hast *Thou* for- | sak-en | me: and art so far from my health, and *from* the | words · of | my · com- | plaint?

But | Thou · art | holy: O Thou that inhabit*est* the | praises · of | Is-ra- | el.

I am a *worm*, and | no · = | man: a reproach of *men*, and de- | spis-ed | of · the | people.

All they that see *me* | laugh · me to | scorn: they shoot out the *lip*, they | shake · the | head · = | saying.

He trusted in GOD, that He *would* de- | liv-er | him: let Him deliver *him*, if | He · will | have · = | him.

The counsel of the wicked layeth *siege* a- | gainst · = | me: they pierced my *hands* | and · = | my · = | feet.

They part my gar*ments* a- | mong · = | them: and cast *lots* up- | on · = | my · = | vesture.

But be not Thou far from *me*, | O · = | LORD: O my *strength*, | haste · Thee to | help · = | me.

Thy rebuke hath broken my heart; I am *full* of | heav-i- | ness: I looked for some to have pity on me, but there was no man, neither found *I* | any · to | com-fort | me.

They gave *me* | gall · to | eat: and when I was thirsty they gave *me* | vin-e- | gar · to | drink.

Sacrifice and meat-offer*ing* Thou | would-est | not: but mine *ears* | hast · Thou | o-pen- | ed.

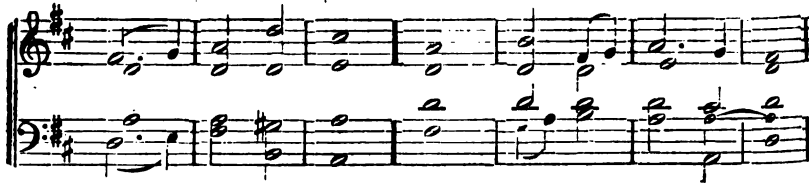
Burnt-offerings and sacrifice for sin hast *Thou* | not · re- | quired: *then* | said · I | Lo · I | come;

In the volume of the book it is written of me, that I should fulfil Thy *will*, | O · my | God · I am content to do it; yea, Thy *law* | is · with- | in · my | heart.

GLORY BE, ETC.

EASTER DAY.

73. TRAVERS.

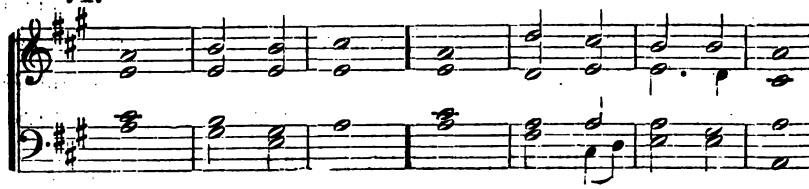


CHRIST our Passover is sacrificed | for · — | us: therefore | let · us | keep · the | feast;
Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and | wick-ed | ness; but with the unleavened *bread* of sin- | cer-i- | ty · and | truth. 1 *Cor.* v. 7.

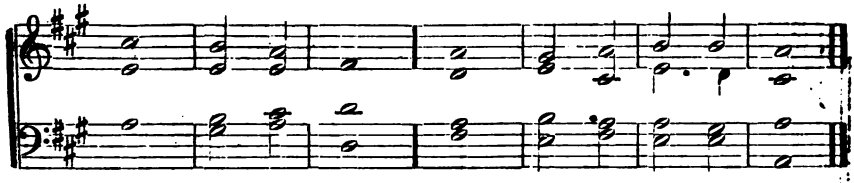
CHRIST being raised from the *dead*, | dieth · no | more: death hath no *more* do- | min-ion | o-ver | Him.
For in that He died, He *died* unto | sin · — | once: but in that He liveth, He | liv-eth | un-to | God.
Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed | un-to | sin: but alive unto God through | Je-sus | Christ · our | Lord. *Rom.* vi. 9.

CHRIST is *risen* | from · the | dead: and become the first-*fruits* | of · — | them · that | slept.
For since by *man* | came · — | death: by man came also the resur- | rec-tion | of · the | dead.
For as in *Adam* | all · — | die: even so in *Christ* shall | all · be | made · a- | live. 1 *Cor.* xv. 20.

ASCENSION DAY.

74. TURNER.

LIFT up your heads O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever- | last-ing | doors: and the *King* of | glo-ry | shall · come | in.
Who *is* the | King · of | glory: the Lord strong and mighty: *even* the | Lord · — | mighty in | battle.
Lift up your heads O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever- | last-ing | doors: and the *King* of | glo-ry | shall · come | in.
Who *is* the | King · of | glory: Even the Lord of *hosts*, | He · is the | King · of | glory.
O clap your hands together, | all · ye | people: shout unto *God* | with · the | voice · of triumph.
For the Lord most *high* | is · — | terrible: He is a great *King*, | o-ver | all · the | earth.
God is gone *up* | with · a | shout: the *Lord* | with · the | sound · of a | trumpet.
Sing praises to *God*, | sing · — | praises: sing praises unto our *King*, | sing · — | prais · — | es.
God reigneth | over · the | heathen: God sitteth upon the *throne* | of · His | ho-li- | ness.
The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people of the *God* of | A-bra-ham: for the shields of the earth belong unto God: *He* is | greatly · ex- | alt · — | ed.
Glory be, etc.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

75. MONK.

From Psalms ii. lxviii.

I WILL declare the decree: the Lord hath *said* | un-to | me: Thou art My Son, this *day* have | I · be- | got-ten | Thee.

Desire of Me, and I shall give Thee the *heathen* for | Thine · in- | heritance: and the utmost parts of the *earth* | for · — | Thy · pos- | session.

Be wise now there*fore*, | O · ye | kings: be instruct*ed*, ye | judg-es | of · the | earth.

Serve the | Lord · with | fear: *and* re- | joice · with | trem- · — | bling.

Sing unto God, sing prais*es* | to · His | Name: extol Him that rideth upon the heavens by His name *JAH*, and re- | joice · be- | fore · — | Him.

Thou, O God, sentest a gracious rain upon Thine in- | her-it- | ance: and refreshedst it | when · — | it · was | weary.

The *Lord* | gave · the | word: great was the compan*y* of | those · that | publish-ed | it.

Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a *dove* | covered · with | silver: and her feather*s* | with · — | yel-low | gold.

Thou hast ascended on high; Thou hast led captivity captive; Thou hast receiv*ed* | gifts · for | men: yea for the rebellious also, that the Lord *God* might | dwell · a- | mong · — | them.

Blessed be the Lord, Who daily loadeth *us* with | ben-e- | fits: even the *God* of | our · sal- | va · — | tion.

Sing unto God ye king*doms* | of · the | earth: O sing prais*es* | un · — | to · the | Lord.

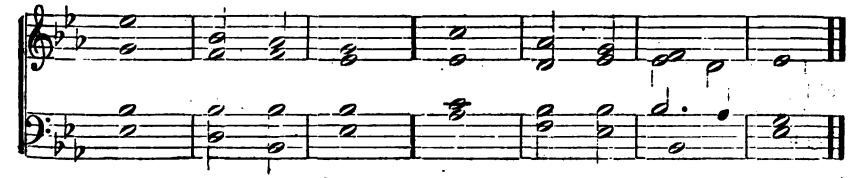
To Him that rideth upon the heaven of *heavens* which | were · of | old: lo, He doth send out His *voice*, and | that · a | might-y | voice.

Ascribe ye strength unto God; His excellency is o*ver* | Is-ra- | el; *and* His | strength · is | in · the | clouds.

O God, Thou art terrible out of *Thy* | ho-ly | places: the God of Israel is He that giveth strength and power unto His peo*ple*. | Bless-ed | be · — | God.

Glory be, etc.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

76. DUPUIS.

PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good to sing prais*es* un- | to · our | God: for it is pleas*ant*, | and · — | praise · is | comely.

The Lord doth build *up* Je- | ru-sa- | lem: He gathereth together the out*casts* | of · — | Is-ra- | el.

He healeth those that *are* | broken · in | heart: *and* | bind-eth | up · their | wounds.

He covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth *rain* | for · the | earth: He maketh the *grass* to | grow · up- | on · the | mountains.

He giveth to the *beast* | his · — | food: and *to* the | young · — | ravens · which | cry.

Praise the Lord, *O* Je- | ru-sa- | lem: praise thy *God*, | O · — | Si · — | on.

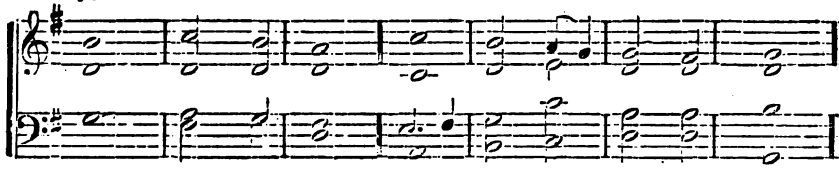
For He hath strengthened the *bars* | of · thy | gates: He hath bless*ed* thy | child-ren with-in | thee.

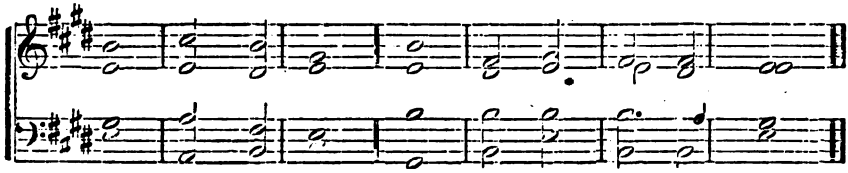
He maketh *peace* | in · thy | borders: and filleth thee *with* the | fin-est | of · the | wheat.

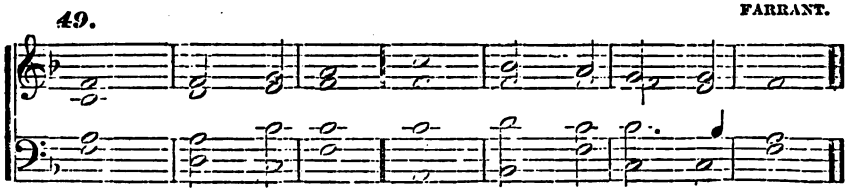
Glory be, etc.

BONUM EST CONFITERI.

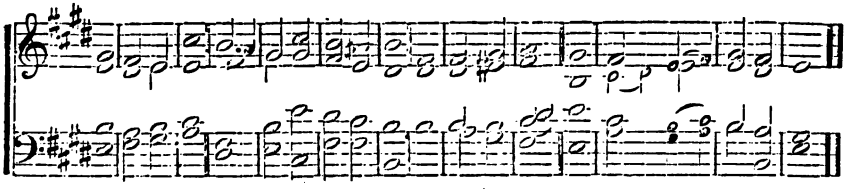
47. ALCOCK.



48. HAYES.

49. FARRANT.



50. HENLEY.



IT is a good thing to give *thanks* un- | to · the | Lord: and to sing praises unto Thy *Name*, | O · = | Most · = | Highest.

To tell of Thy loving-kindness *early* | in · the | morning: and of Thy *truth* | in · the | night · = | season.

Upon an instrument of ten *strings*, and up- | on · the | lute: upon a loud instru*ment*, | and · up | on · the | harp.

For Thou Lord hast made me *glad* | through · Thy | works: and I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope*rations* | of · = | Thy · = | hands.

Glory be to the Fa*ther*, | and · to the | Son: *and* | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

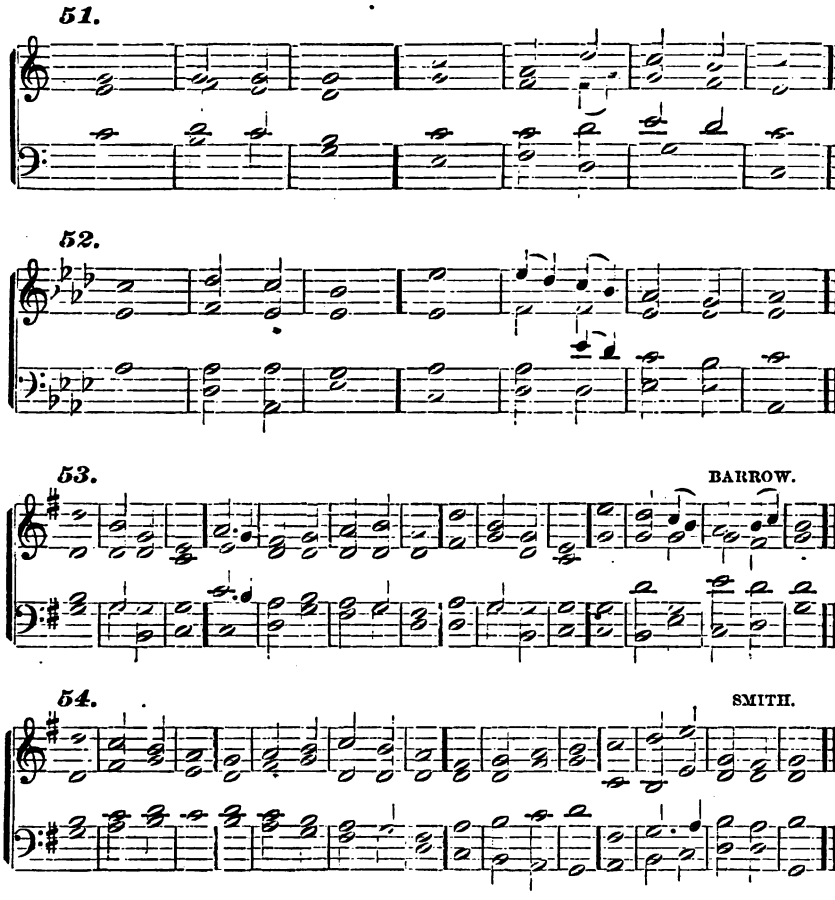
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be: *world* | with-out | end. A- | men.

BONUM EST CONFITERI.

51.

52.

53. BARROW.

54. SMITH.

IT is a good thing to give *thanks* un- | to · the | Lord: and to sing praises unto Thy *Name,* | O · = | Most · = | Highest.

To tell of Thy loving-kindness *early* | in · the | morning: and of Thy *truth* | in · the | night · = | season.

Upon an instrument of ten *strings,* and up- | on · the | lute: upon a loud instru*ment,* | and · up- | on · the | harp.

For Thou Lord hast made me *glad* | through · Thy | works: and I will rejoice in giving praise for the opera*tions* | of · = | Thy · = | hands.

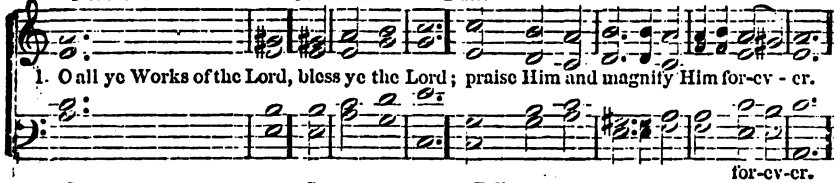
Glory be to the Fa*ther,* | and · to the | Son: *and* | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now,* and | ev-er | shall be: *world* | with-out | end. A- | men.

BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA DOMINI.

19. HAYES.

Decani. *Cantoris.* *Full.*



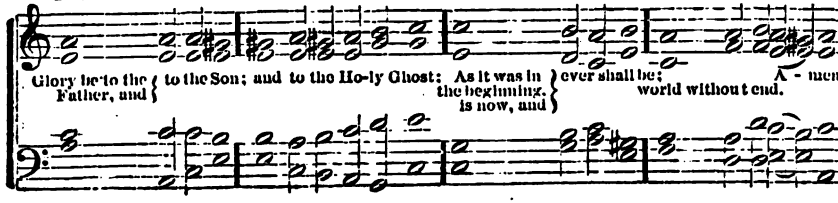
Dec. *Can.* *Full.*

2. O ye Angels of the...Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise Him, etc.....
3. O ye.....Heavens, bless ye the Lord; .....
4. O ye Waters that be above the Firmament, bless ye the Lord; .....
5. O all ye Powers of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; .....
6. O ye Sun and.....Moon, bless ye the Lord; .....
7. O ye Stars of.....Heaven, bless ye the Lord; .....
8. O ye Showers and....Dew, bless ye the Lord; .....
9. O ye Winds of.....God, bless ye the Lord; .....
10. O ye Fire and.....Heat, bless ye the Lord; .....
11. O ye Winter and Summer, bless ye the Lord; .....
12. O ye Dews and.....Frosts, bless ye the Lord; .....
13. O ye Frost and.....Cold, bless ye the Lord; .....
14. O ye Ice and.....Snow, bless ye the Lord; .....

Full.

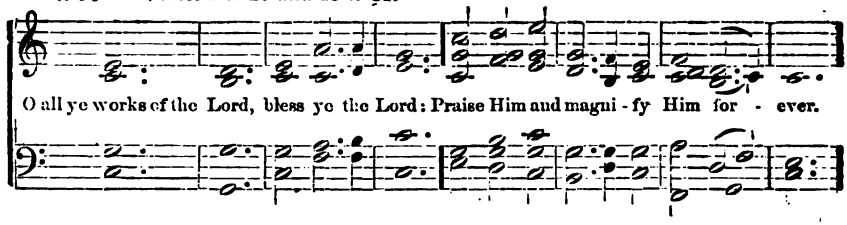
15. O ye Nights and.....Days, bless ye the Lord; .....
16. O ye Light and..Darkness, bless ye the Lord; .....
17. O ye Lightnings and Clouds, bless ye the Lord; .....
18. O let the.....Earth....bless the Lord; yea let it .....
19. O ye Mountains and Hills, bless ye the Lord; .....
20. O all ye Green Things upon the Earth, bless ye the Lord; .....
21. O ye.....Wells, bless ye the Lord; .....
22. O ye Seas and.....Floods, bless ye the Lord; .....
23. O ye Whales and all that move in the..... Waters, bless ye the Lord; .....
24. O all ye Fowls of the Air, bless ye the Lord; .....
25. O all ye Beasts and Cattle, bless ye the Lord; .....
26. O ye Children of....Men, bless ye the Lord; .....
27. O let.....Israel....bless the Lord; .....
28. O ye Priests of the...Lord, bless ye the Lord; .....
29. O ye Servants of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; .....
30. O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless ye the Lord; .....
31. O ye holy and... humble Men of heart, bless ye the Lord; .....

Full.

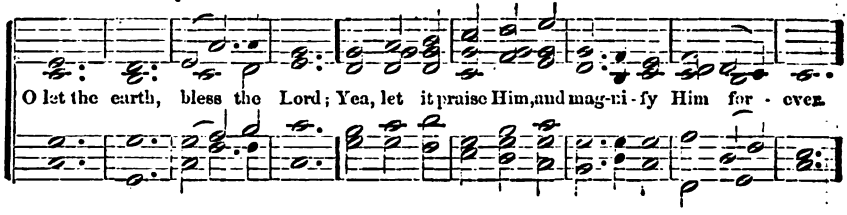
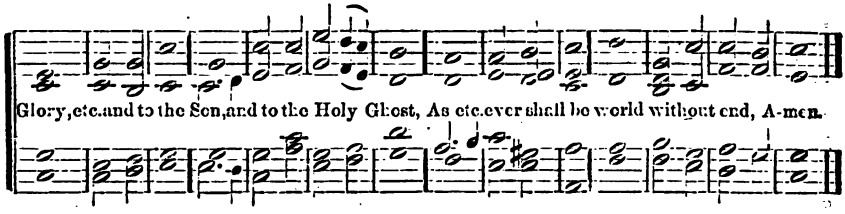

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son; and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; world without end. A - men.

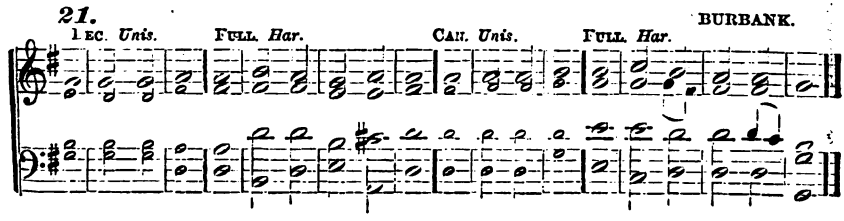
BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA DOMINI.

20. *Verses* 1 *to* 17 *and* 19 *to* 31.



Verse 18 *only.*



21. BURBANK.

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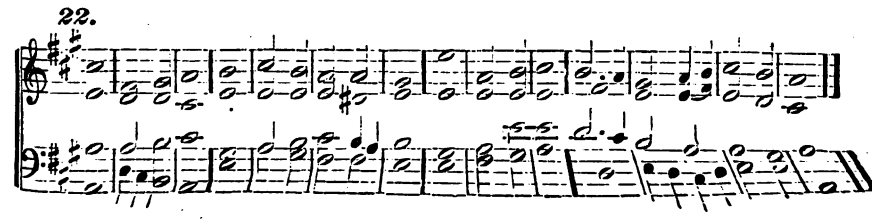
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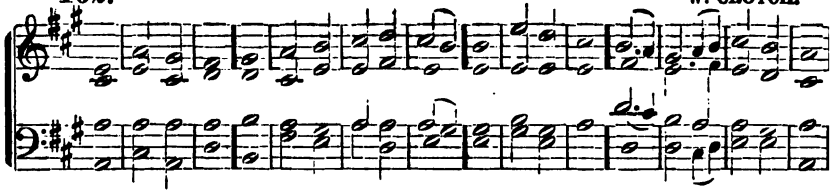
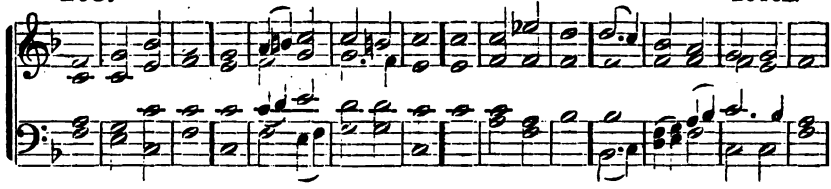

103. BOYCE.

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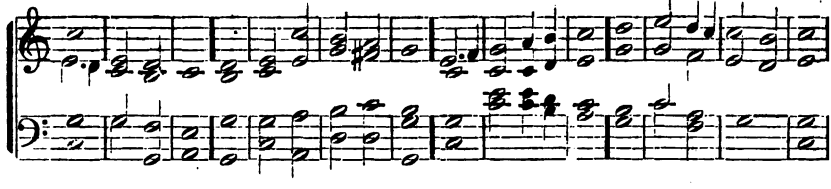
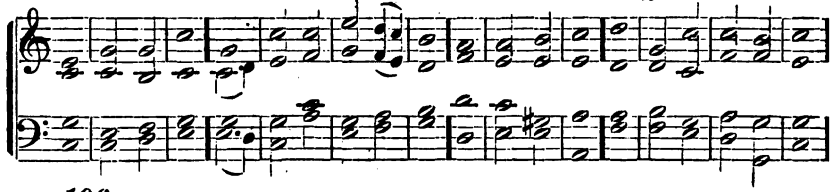
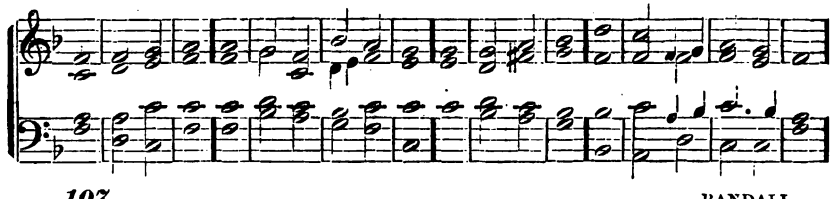
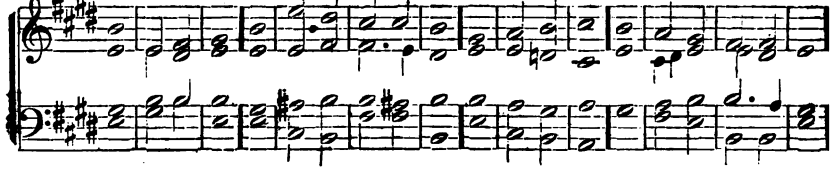
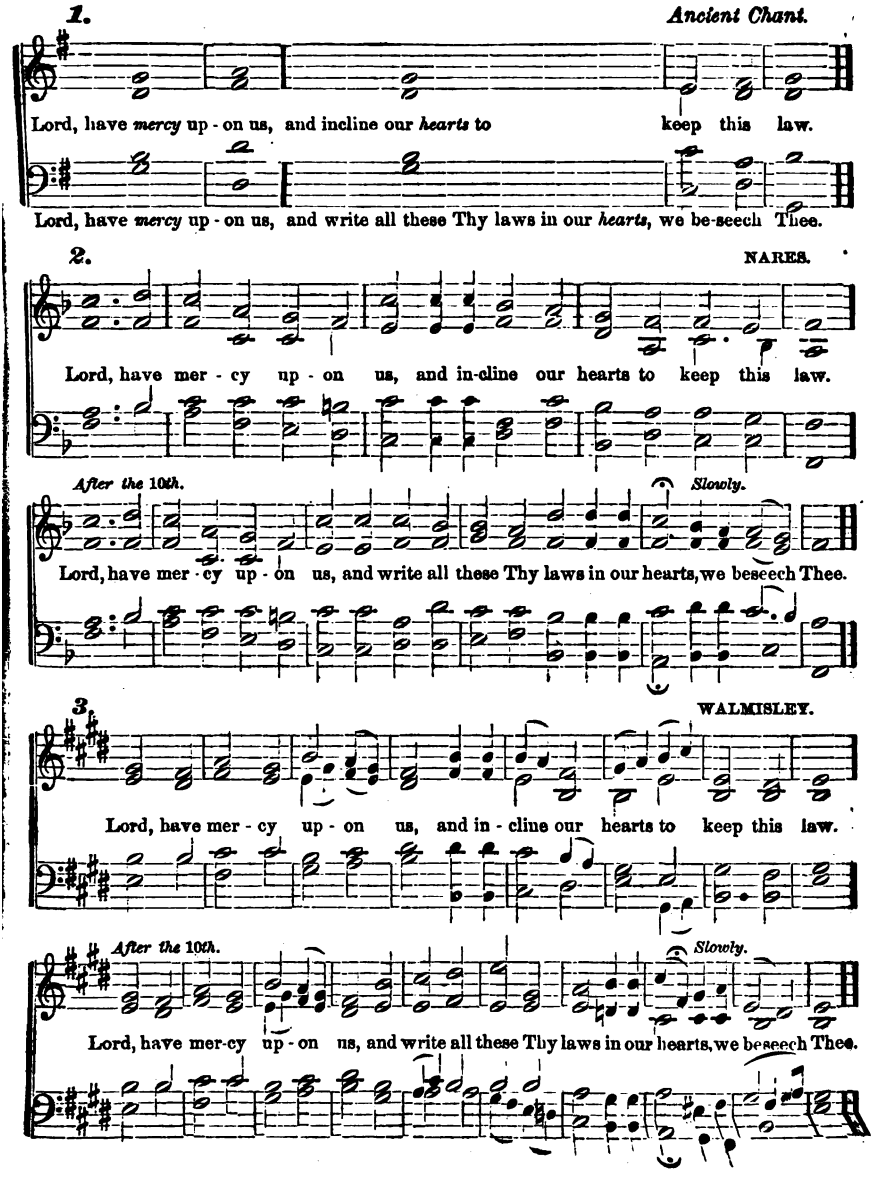

105. TURLE, *from* PURCELL.

106. LANGDON.

107. RANDALL.

KYRIE ELEISON.

1.
Ancient Chant.
Lord, have *mercy* up - on us, and incline our *hearts* to keep this law.
Lord, have *mercy* up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our *hearts*, we be-seech Thee.
2.
NARES.
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.
After the 10th.
Slowly.
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.
3.
WALMISLEY.
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.
After the 10th.
Slowly.
Lord, have mer-cy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

4. GILBERT.

mf

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

After the 10th. *pp.*

Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

5.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

After the 10th. *p Slower.*

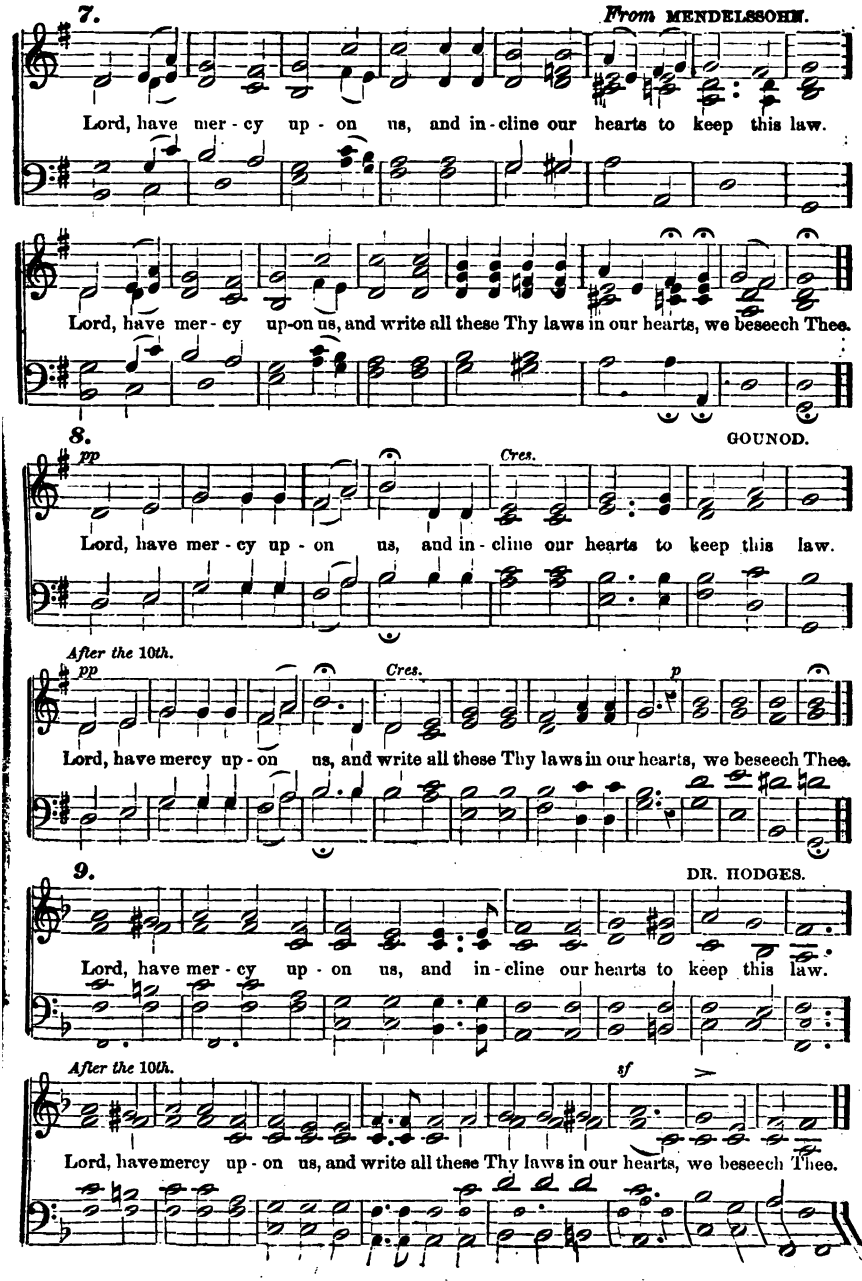
Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

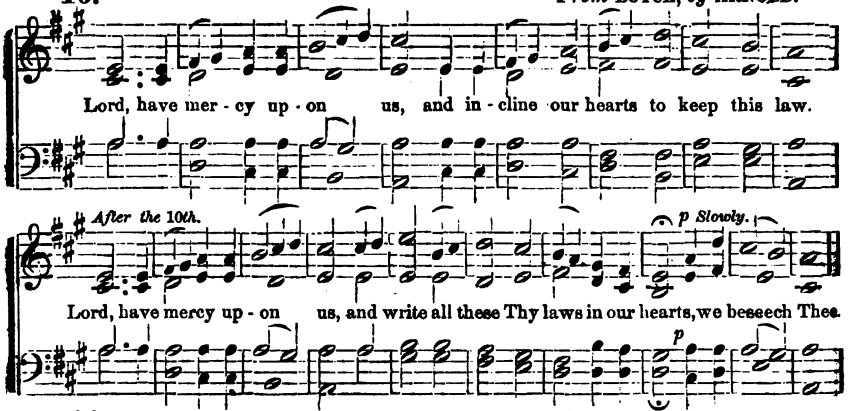
p

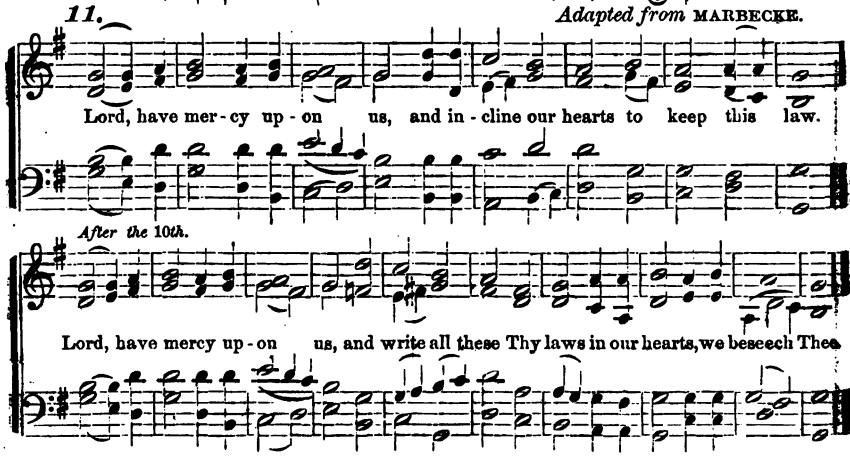
6. *Ancient French Litany Chant.*

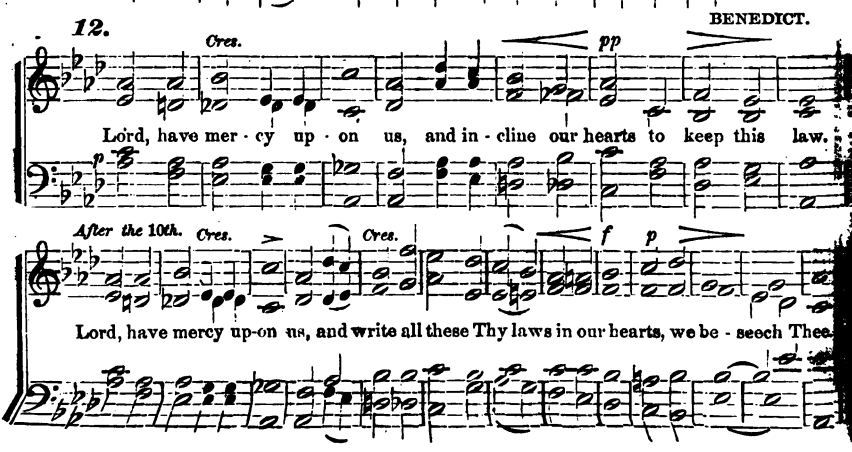
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

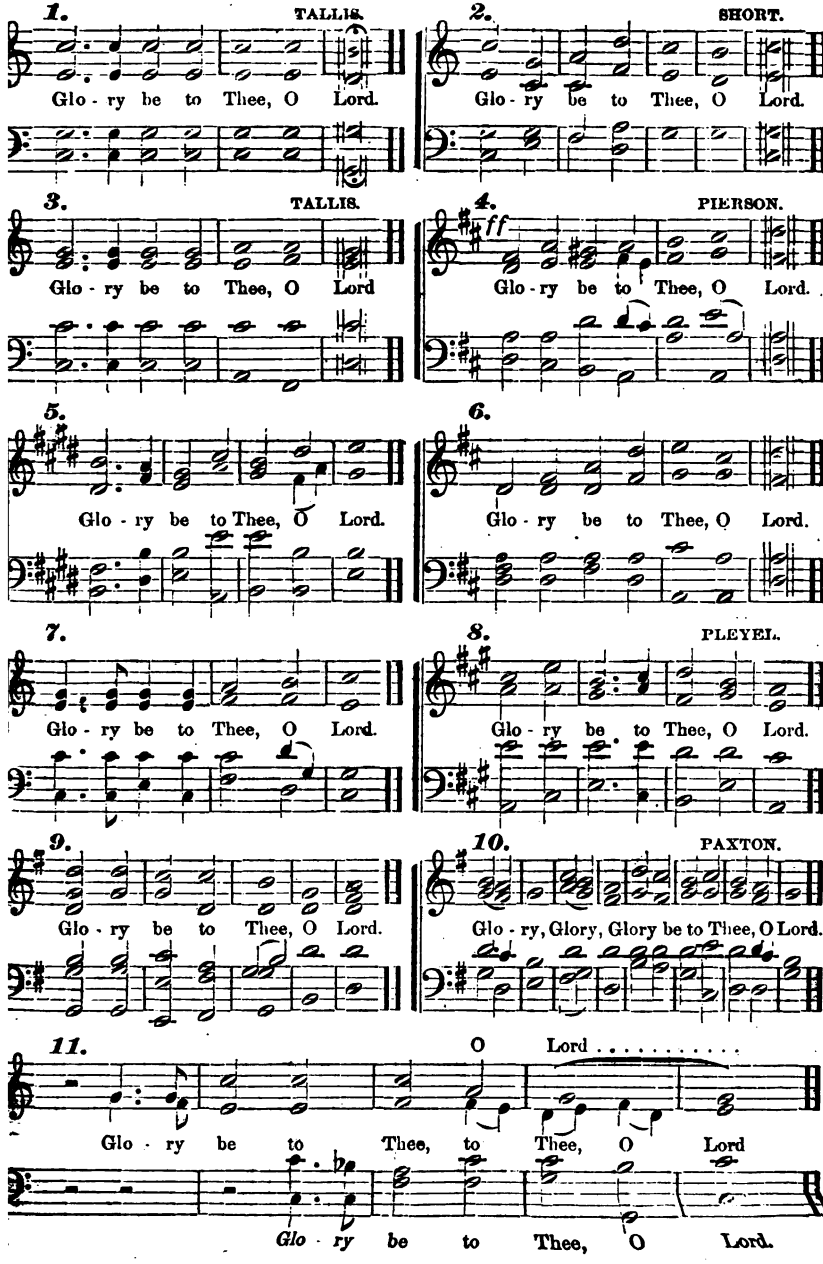
After the 10th. *pp*

Lord, have mercy up-on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

7.
From MENDELSSOHN.
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.
Lord, have mer - cy up-on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.
8.
GOUNOD.
pp
Cres.
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.
After the 10th.
pp
Cres.
p
Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.
9.
DR. HODGES.
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.
After the 10th.
sf
Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

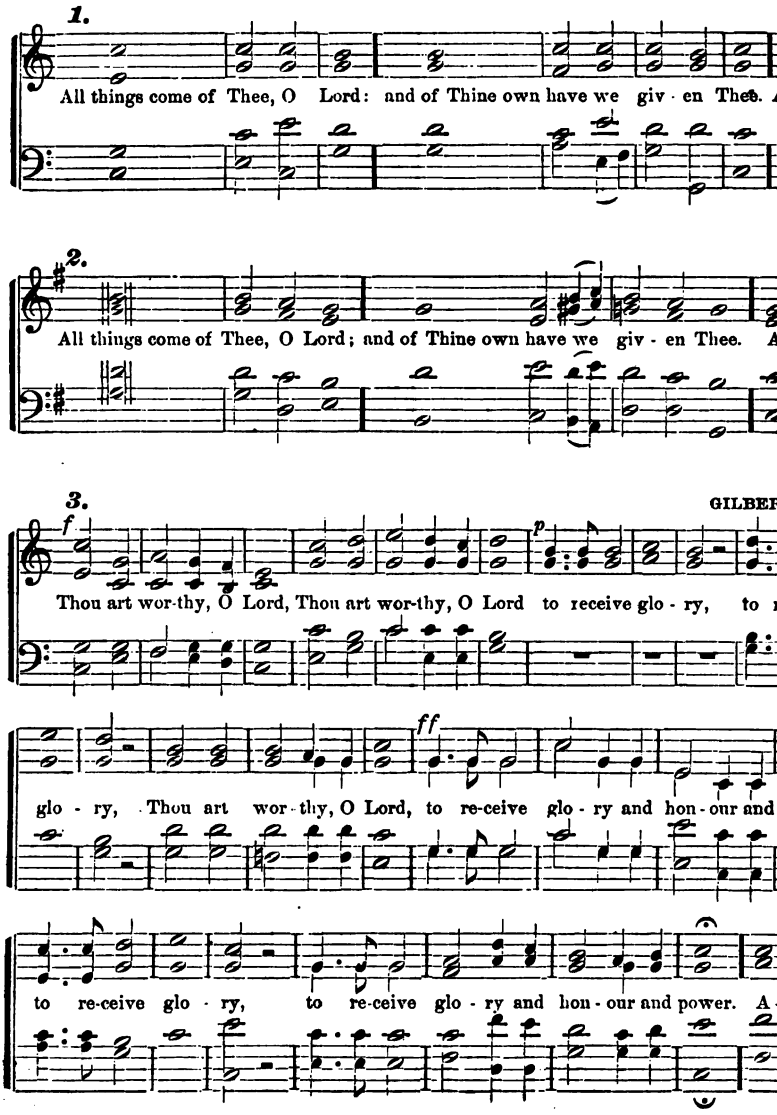
10. *From* BOYCE, *by* ARNOLD.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.
After the 10th.
p Slowly.
Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.
p

11. *Adapted from* MARBECKE.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.
After the 10th.
Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

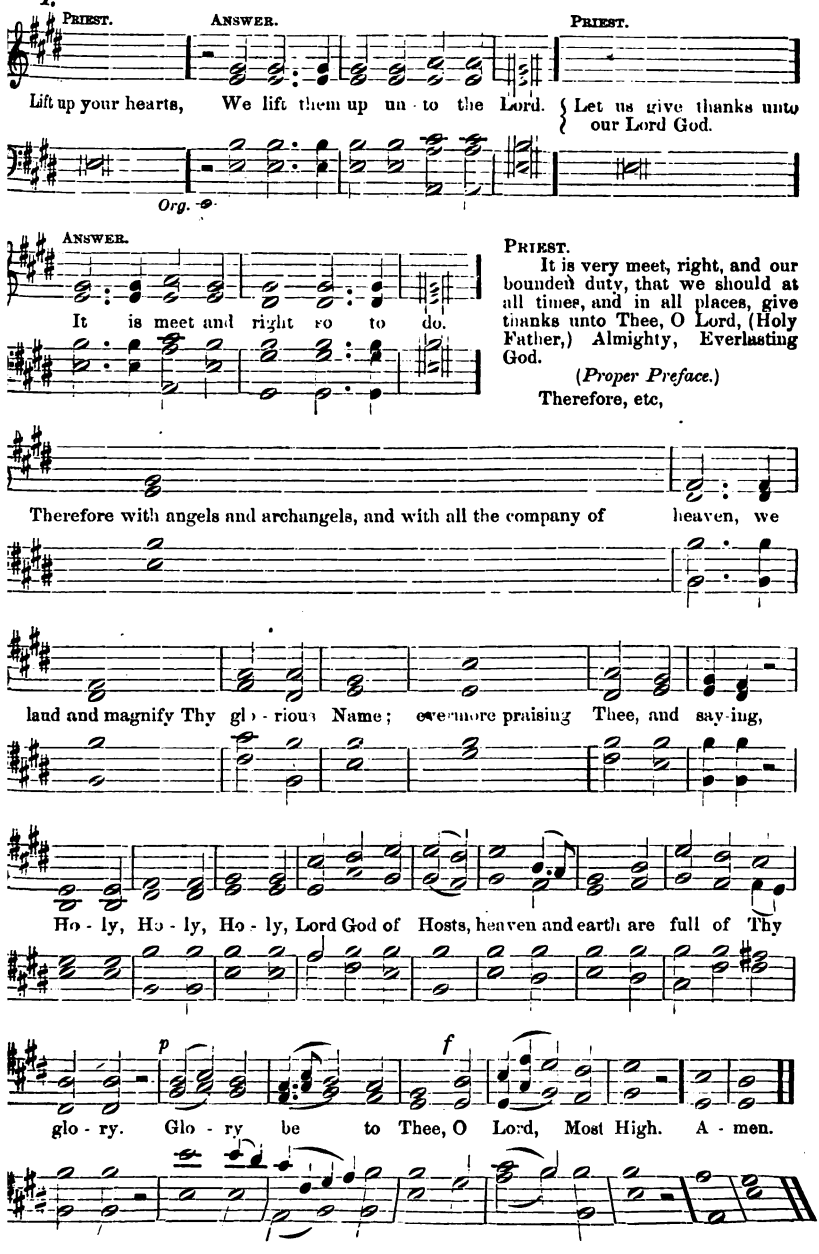
12. BENEDICT.

Cres.
pp
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.
p
After the 10th.
Cres.
Cres.
f
p
Lord, have mercy up-on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

GLORIA TIBI.

1.
TALLIS.
Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.
2.
SHORT.
Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.
3.
TALLIS.
Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord
4.
PIERSON.
ff
Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.
5.
Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.
6.
Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.
7.
Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.
8.
PLEYEL.
Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.
9.
Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.
10.
PAXTON.
Glo - ry, Glory, Glory be to Thee, O Lord.
11.
O Lord . . . . . .
Glo - ry be to Thee, to Thee, O Lord
Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

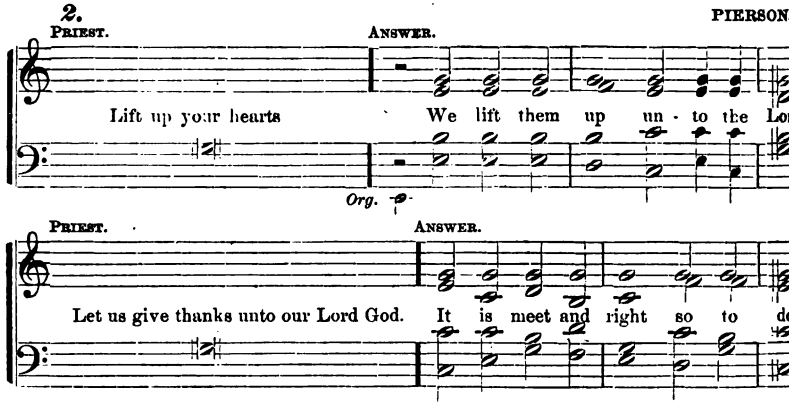
THE OFFERTORY.

On the Presentation of the Alms.

1.
All things come of Thee, O Lord: and of Thine own have we giv - en Thee. A
2.
All things come of Thee, O Lord; and of Thine own have we giv - en Thee. A
3.
GILBERT
f
Thou art wor-thy, O Lord, Thou art wor-thy, O Lord to receive glo - ry, to re
p
ff
glo - ry, Thou art wor - thy, O Lord, to re-ceive glo - ry and hon - our and
to re-ceive glo - ry, to re-ceive glo - ry and hon - our and power. A -

SURSUM CORDA AND TRISAGION.

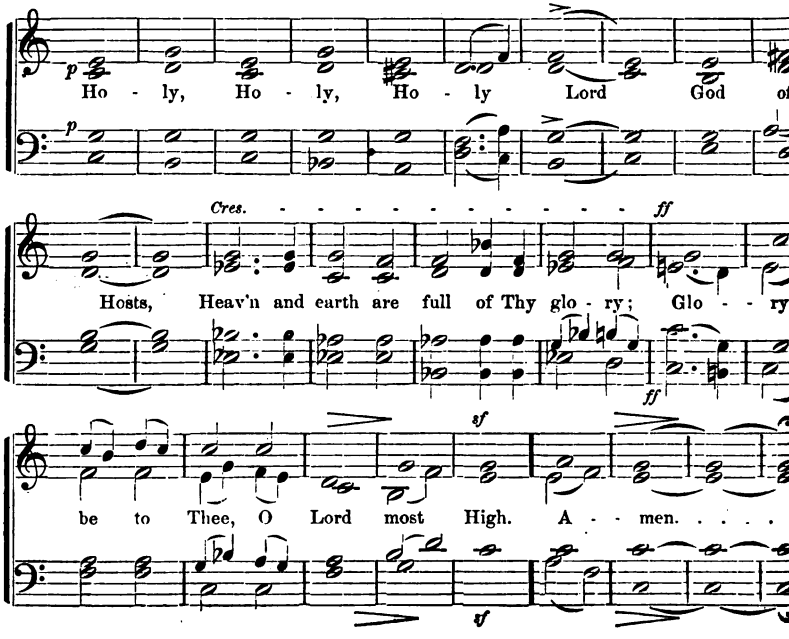

1.
PRIEST.
ANSWER.
PRIEST.
Lift up your hearts, We lift them up un - to the Lord. Let us give thanks unto our Lord God.
Org.
ANSWER.
It is meet and right so to do.
PRIEST.
It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, (Holy Father,) Almighty, Everlasting God.
(Proper Preface.)
Therefore, etc,
Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we
laud and magnify Thy glo - rious Name; evermore praising Thee, and say-ing,
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy
p
f
glo - ry. Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord, Most High. A - men.

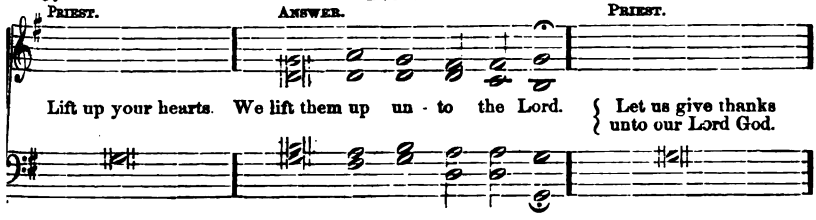
SURSUM CORDA AND TRISAGION.

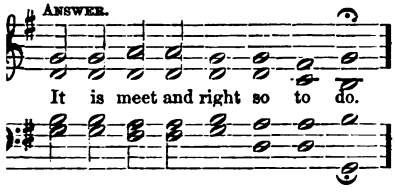
2. PIERSON.

PRIEST.

It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all pl give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, [Holy Father,] Almighty, Everlasting God.

(*Proper Preface.*)

Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud magnify Thy glorious Name; evermore praising Thee, and saying,

3. *From the* ELY CATHEDRAL SERVICE BOOK.

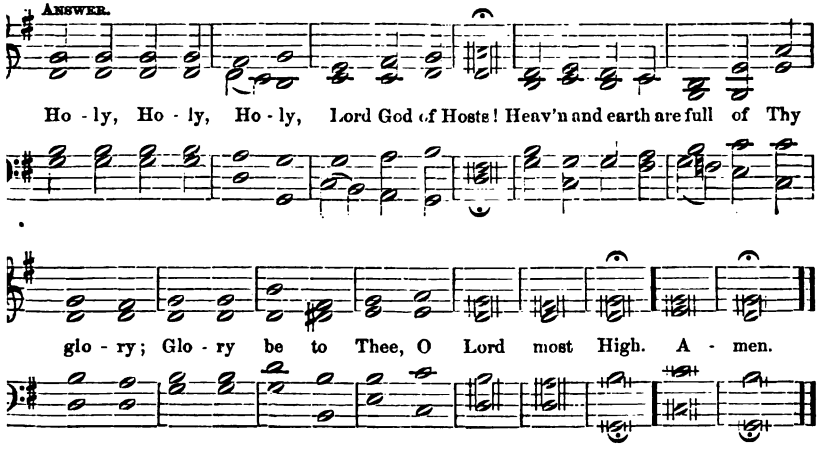
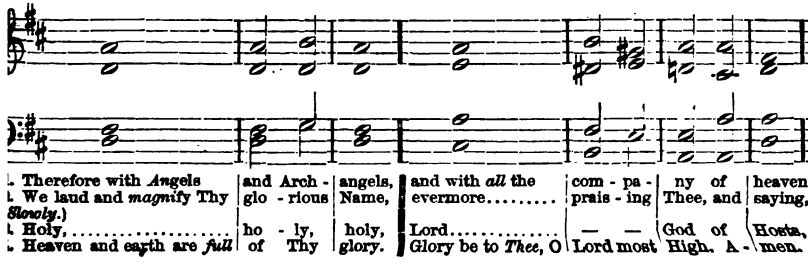


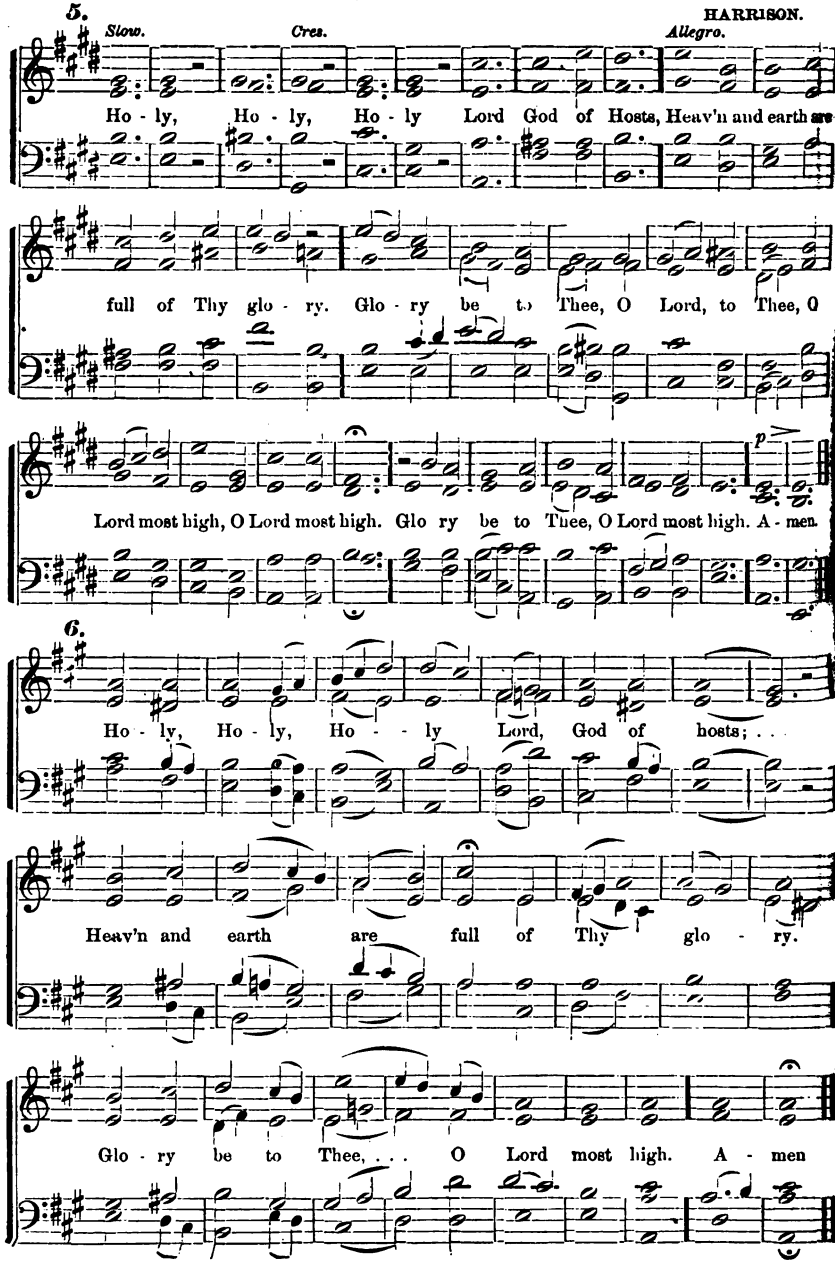


PRIEST.

It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, [Holy Father], Almighty, Everlasting God.

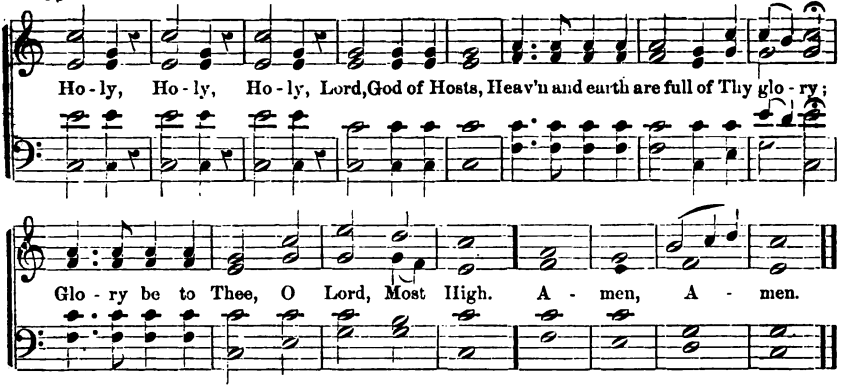
(*Proper Preface.*)

Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious Name; evermore praising Thee, and saying,

4. *Chant.* ANGLO-GREGORIAN.

1. Therefore with *Angels* and Arch - angels, and with *all* the com - pa - ny of heaven,
2. We laud and *magnify* Thy glo - rious Name, evermore..... prais - ing Thee, and saying,
Slowly.)
3. Holy,..... ho - ly, holy, Lord..... — — God of Hosts,
4. Heaven and earth are *full* of Thy glory. Glory be to *Thee*, O Lord most High. A - men.

SANCTUS.

5.
Slow.
Cres.
Allegro.
HARRISON.
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts, Heav'n and earth are
full of Thy glo - ry. Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord, to Thee, O
Lord most high, O Lord most high. Glo ry be to Thee, O Lord most high. A - men.
6.
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - - ly Lord, God of hosts; . . .
Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry.
Glo - ry be to Thee, . . . O Lord most high. A - men

SANCTUS.

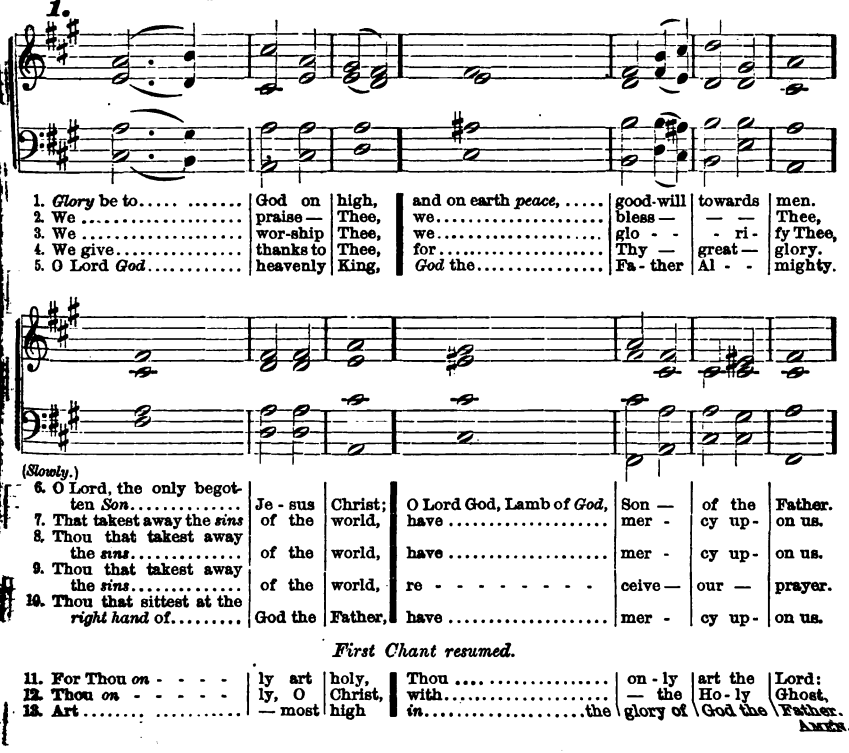
7. J. TAYLOR.



GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

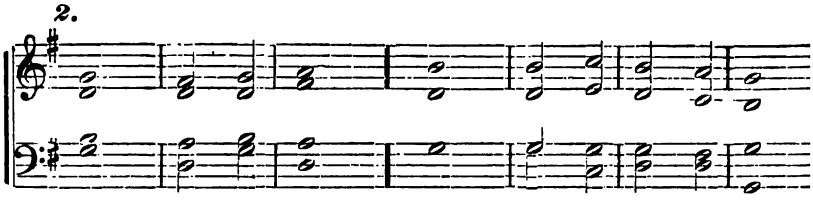
Adapted to two single Chants, one in Major key, and one in Minor, by J. T. COOPER.

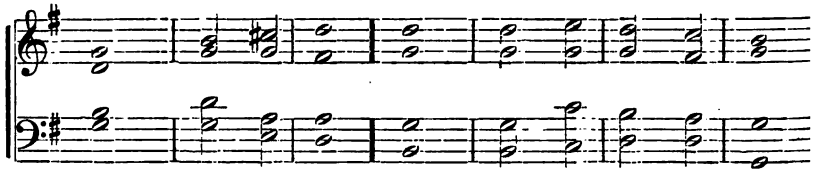
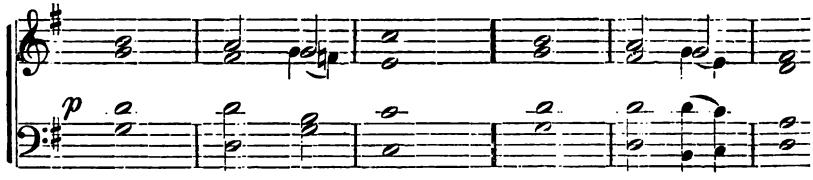
1.

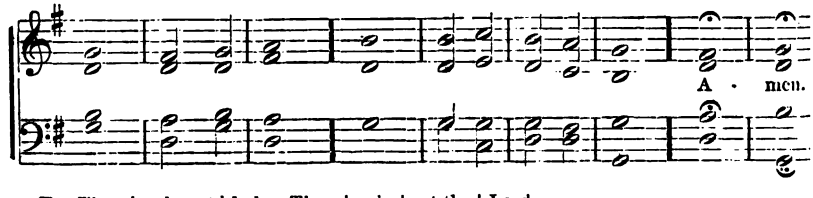

1. *Glory* be to..... God on high, and on earth *peace*, ... good-will towards men.
2. We ..... praise — Thee, we..... bless — — — Thee,
3. We ..... wor-ship Thee, we..... glo - - - ri - fy Thee,
4. We give..... thanks to Thee, for..... Thy — great — glory.
5. O Lord *God*..... heavenly King, *God* the..... Fa - ther Al - - mighty.
(*Slowly.*)
6. O Lord, the only begotten *Son*..... Je - sus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of *God*, Son — of the Father.
7. That takest away the *sins* of the world, have ..... mer - cy up - on us.
8. Thou that takest away the *sins*..... of the world, have ..... mer - cy up - on us.
9. Thou that takest away the *sins*..... of the world, re - - - - - - - - ceive — our — prayer.
10. Thou that sittest at the *right hand* of..... God the Father, have ..... mer - cy up - on us.
First Chant resumed.
11. For Thou *on* - - - - ly art holy, Thou ..... on - ly art the Lord:
12. Thou *on* - - - - - ly, O Christ, with..... — the Ho - ly Ghost,
13. Art ..... — most high *in*.....the glory of God the Father.
Amen.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

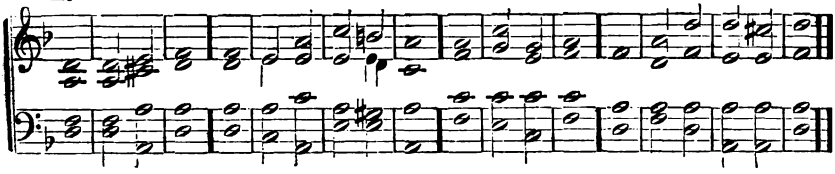
2.



GLORY be to | God on | high: and on earth | peace, good | will towards | men.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee: we glorify Thee, we give thanks | Thee for | Thy great | glory.

O Lord God, | Heavenly | King: God the | Father | Al·= | mighty!
O Lord, the only-begotten Son | Jesus | Christ: O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son·= the | Father,

That takest away the | sins of the | world: have mercy | upon | us.
Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world: have mercy | upon | us.
Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world: re- | ceive our | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father: have mercy | upon | us.



For Thou | only art | holy: Thou | only | art the | Lord.
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost art most high in the | glory of | God the Father. ‖ A- | men.

1. MORLEY.

LORD, let me know my end, and the numb*er* | of · my | days: that I may be certi*fied* how | long · I | have · to | live.

Behold, Thou hast made my days as it *were* a | span · — | long: and mine age is even as nothing in respect of Thee, and verily every man liv*ing* is | al - to- | geth - er | vanity.

For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquiet*eth* him- | self · in | vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot *tell* | who · shall | gath - er | them.

And now *Lord*, | what is · my | hope: Tru*ly* my | hope · is | even · in ! Thee.

Deliver me from *all* | mine · of- | fences: and make me *not* a re- | buke · un- | to · the | foolish.

When Thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, Thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a *moth* | fretting · a | garment: every man there*fore* | is · but | van - i- | ty.

Hear my prayer O Lord, and with Thine *ears* con- | sider · my | calling: hold *not* Thy | peace · — | at · my | tears:

For I am a stran*ger* | with · — | Thee: and a sojourn*er* as | all · my | fa - thers | were.

O spare me a little, that I *may* re- | cover · my | strength: before I go *hence*, | and · be | no · more | seen.

Lord, *Thou* hast | been · our | refuge: from one gener*ation* | to · an- | oth · — | er.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the *earth* and the | world · were | made: Thou are God from everlast*ing*, and | world · with- | out · — | end.

Thou turnest *man* | to · de- | struction: again Thou sayest, *Come* a- | gain, · ye | children · of | men.

For a thousand years in Thy *sight* are | but · as | yesterday: seeing that is *past* | as · a | watch · in the | night.

As soon as Thou scatterest them they are *even* | as · a | sleep: and fade *away* | sudden - ly | like · the | grass.

In the morning it is *green*, and | grow- eth | up: but in the evening it is cut *down*, | dri - ed | up · and | withered.

For we consume *away* in | Thy · dis- | pleasure: and are afraid *at* Thy | wrath - ful | in - dig- | nation.

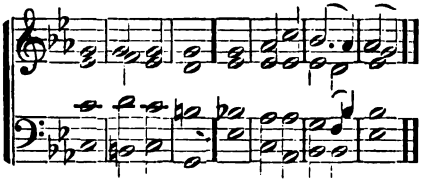
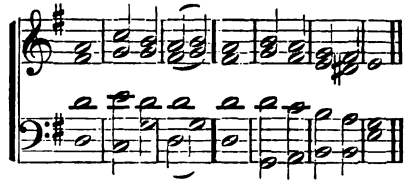
Thou hast set our mis*deeds* be- | fore · — | Thee: and our secret sins in the *light* | of · Thy | coun - te- | nance.

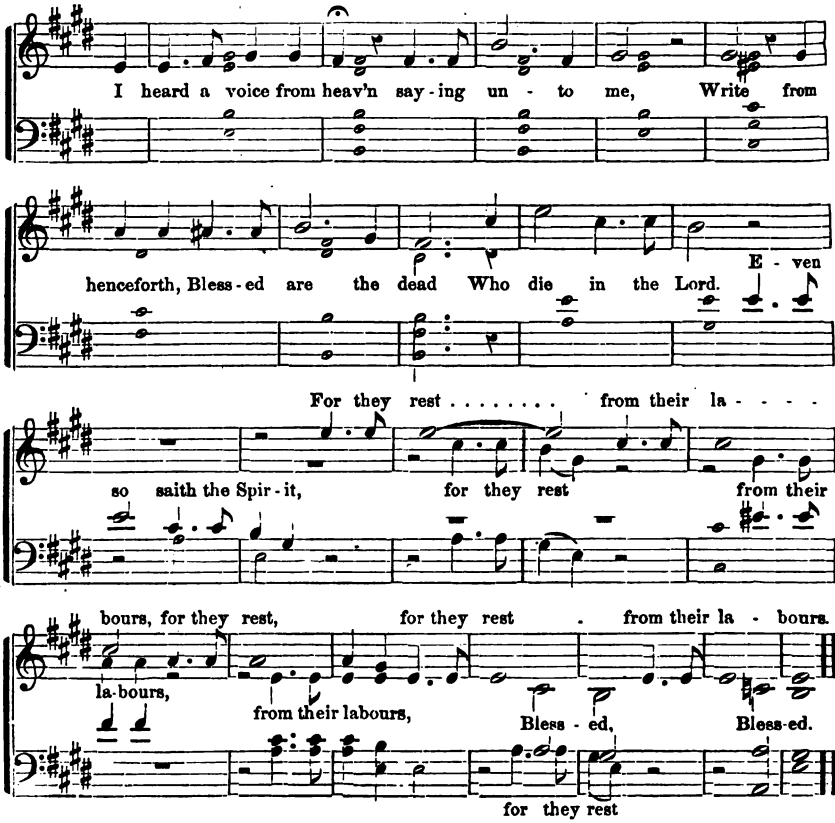
For when Thou art angry, *all* our | days · are | gone: we bring our years to an *end*, as it | were · a | tale · that is | told.

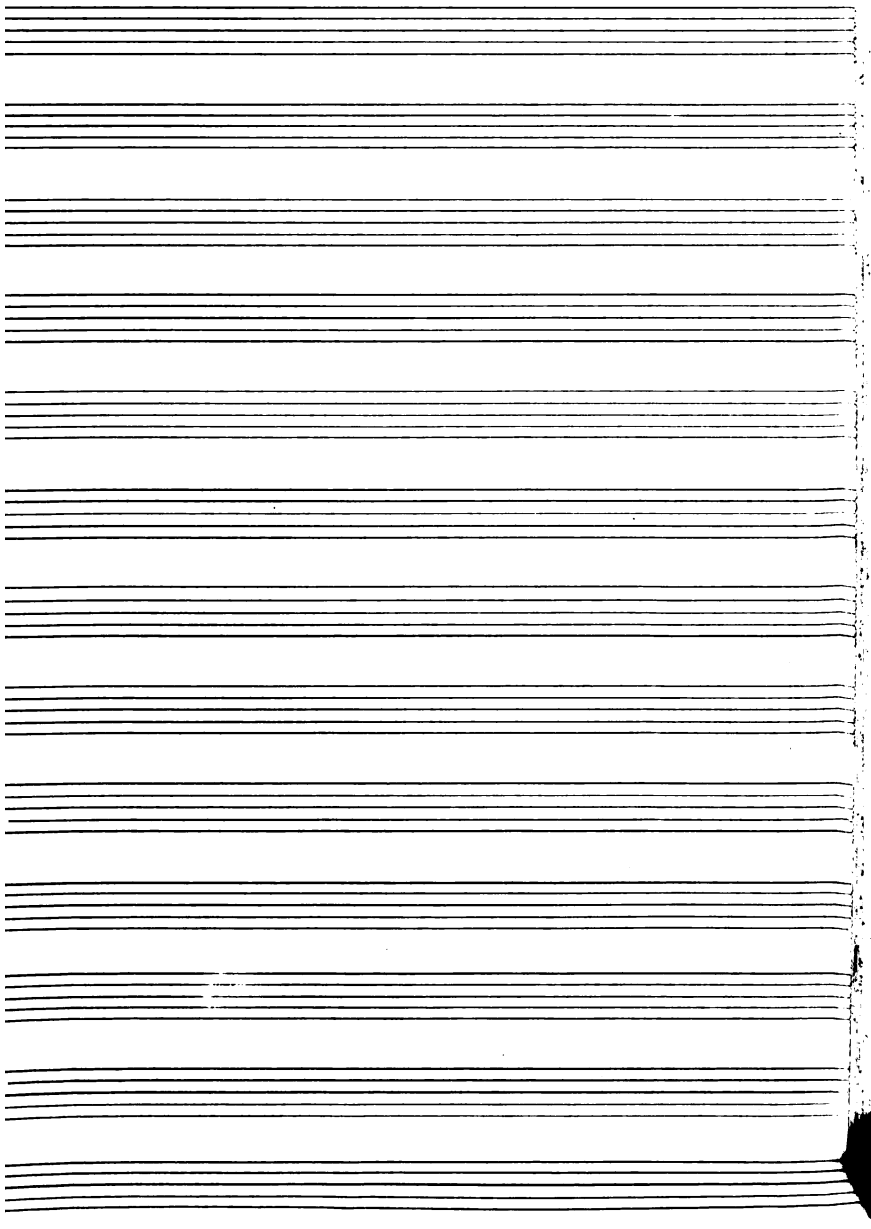
The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they *come* to | four - score | years: yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow, so soon passeth it *away*, | and · — | we · are | gone.

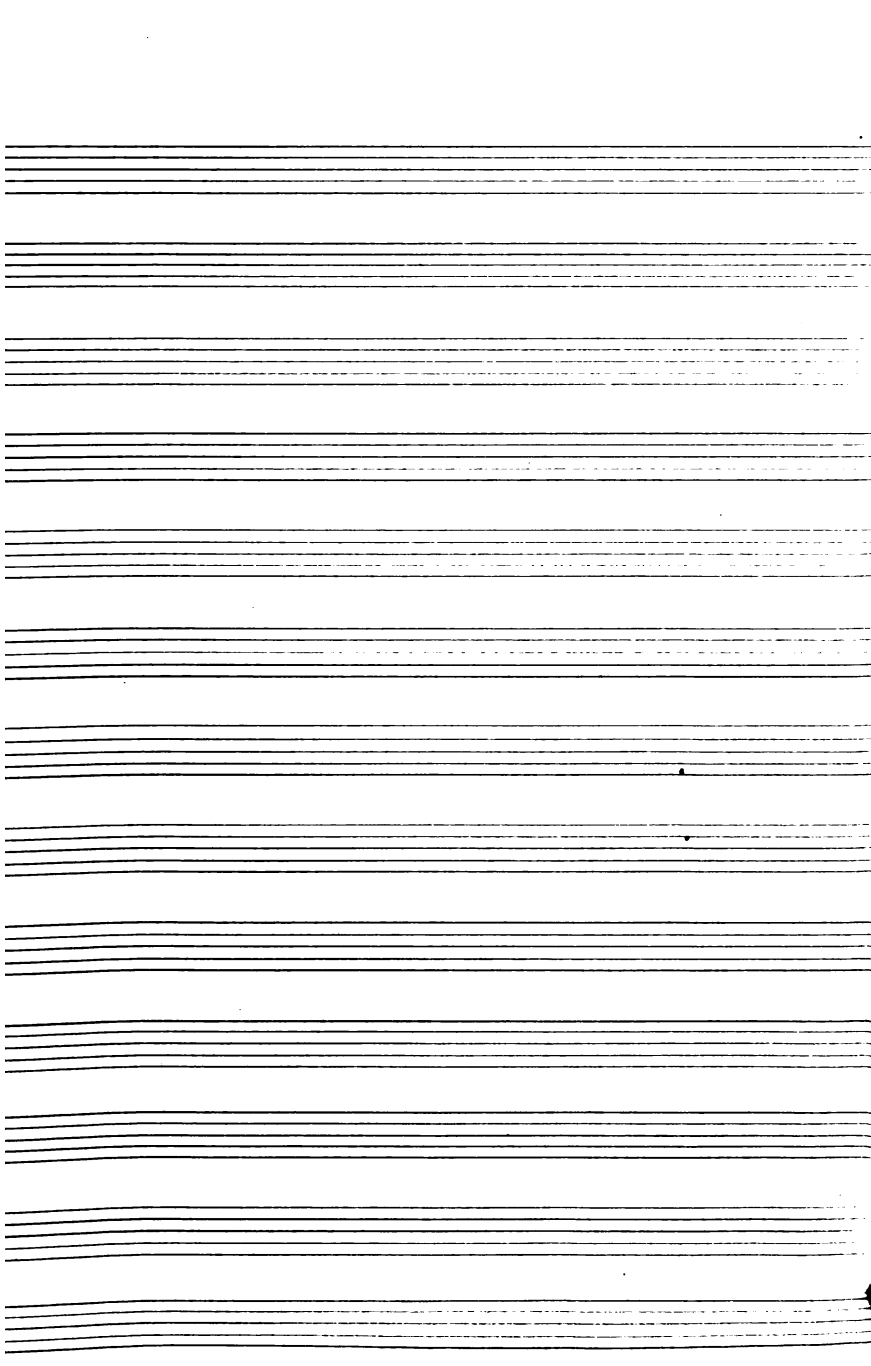
So teach *us* to | number · our | days: that we may apply our *hearts* | un - to | wis · — | dom.

Glory be, etc.

2. FELTON.

3. GREGORIAN.

1. MAN that is born of a woman hath but a *short* | time to | live, | *and* is | full of | mise- | ry.
2. He cometh up and is cut *down* | like a | flower; | he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never con- | tinueth | in one | stay.
3. In the midst of *life* we | are in | death: | of whom may we seek for succour but of Thee, O Lord, *Who* for our | sins art | justly dis- | pleased?
4. Yet, O Lord God most mighty, O Lord most holy, O holy and *most* | merciful | Saviour, | deliver us not into the bitter *pains* | of e- | ternal | death.
5. Thou knowest, Lord, the *secrets* | of our | hearts. | Shut not Thy *mer*ciful | ears — | to our | prayers.
6. But spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most *wor*thy | Judge e- | ternal, | suffer us not at our last hour for any *pains* of | death to | fall from | Thee.

I HEARD A VOICE.

I heard a voice from heav'n say-ing un - to me, Write from
henceforth, Bless-ed are the dead Who die in the Lord. E - ven
For they rest . . . . . from their la - - - -
so saith the Spir-it, for they rest from their
bours, for they rest, for they rest . from their la - bours.
la-bours,
from their labours,
Bless - ed, Bless-ed.
for they rest





THE

CHURCH HYMNAL:

REVISED TO

CONFORM TO THE HYMNAL

OF THE

Protestant Episcopal Church

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

EDITED BY

THE REV. CHARLES L. HUTCHINS, M.A.

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PREFACE.

THERE can be little doubt that the most important act of legislation of the last General Convention was that which gave to the Church a new Hymnal. Whether the time had fully come for compiling such a Hymnal as, if adopted, the Church would probably use for a score of years; and whether the Hymnal adopted was the best that could be compiled, even at the present time, are questions upon which there is, and reasonably, a wide difference of opinion. But without question there was need of some action toward uniformity; and there are few persons in the Church who will not be grateful both to the members of the Hymnal Committee for their faithful labours, and to the Convention for giving us the Hymnal, even with its imperfections. We should bear in mind that what are imperfections in the eyes of one, alone gives value to the book in the eyes of another. So let the Church use the book. This will be the best test of its merits.

To aid in such use, this musical edition is submitted to the Church. The editor in presenting it would gratefully acknowledge the favour with which his former Church Hymnal was received, and express the hope that the present work may be found in all respects better than the other. The portions of the former work that proved their value are retained in this; those which have not been found serviceable are dropped.

With the substance of the new Hymnal before him since December, 1870, the editor has had ample time to exercise care in the selection of music; and with few exceptions, every tune in this Hymnal has had its merits and adaptability thoroughly tested. Free use has been made of all the leading English Hymnals, by which the richness of the music of this collection is largely increased.

In the musical notation the editor has, except in a few instances, followed the "Sarum Hymnal," the musical editorship of which is excelled by that of no other Hymnal. It is also the notation long in use by the German musicians for their chorales. The advantages of this notation are several. The notes are more distinct and catch the eye more readily. By being brought into smaller space, the entire musical phrase is more easily recognized. But the greatest advantage is this—as expressed by Hullah:—"The employment of the crotchet instead of the minim as the representative of a beat suggests to the musician a somewhat brisker pace, and generally a more animated style of performance, than that which is too commonly adopted *among us* for metrical psalmody." A serious diffi-

culty in the way of congregational singing is the tendency *to drag;* and not only with congregations but with choirs, it seems to be thought that slowness in singing is a merit rather than a fault. This tendency must be overcome before we can have common praise worthy of the House of God. It is believed that the notation herein adopted may be an aid to the attainment of this most desirable result.

So it is hardly necessary now to say that this Hymnal is designed for congregational use. May the editor add three suggestions which, if followed, will aid in attaining congregational singing in any parish:

1st. Every member of the congregation should be supplied with the musical edition of the Hymnal.

2d. There should be frequent and regular rehearsals, to which the members of the congregation should be invited. The plan adopted in many parishes of placing the Order of Music for the Service in a convenient place for the information of the people aids not a little in the encouragement of congregational singing.

3d. The Hymnal should be used in the home. Thus the spirit of singing will be cultivated in the family, and the people will be prepared to join in the praises of the Sanctuary. It is said that the reason the congregations in the Church of England join so heartily in the musical portions of the service is because the people are accustomed to frequent use of the music in their homes.

The letter after the number of the hymn indicates the Gloria Patri to be used. If there is no letter the Gloria will be found at the end of the hymn, or no Gloria will be sung.

In submitting this Hymnal to the Church, the editor not only acknowledges the use he has made of other Hymnals, but tenders his most earnest and grateful thanks to the following persons whose compositions add largely to the value of this work, viz.:

The Rev. G. Jarvis Geer, D.D., the Rev. John Henry Hopkins, Jr., the Rev. C. J. Machin, the Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg, D.D., and the Rev. C. C. Wambey; Mr. Charles H. Burbank, Mr. L. G. Chaffin, W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac., Mr. H. G. Gilmore, Mr. Jerome Hopkins, Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc., Mr. W. W. Rousseau, W. H. Walter, Mus. Doc., and J. H. Wilcox, Mus. Doc.

CHARLES L. HUTCHINS.

EPIPHANY, A.D. 1872.

"*It shall be the duty of every Minister, with such assistance as he can obtain from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the tunes to be sung at any time in his church; and especially, it shall be his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the Sanctuary.*"

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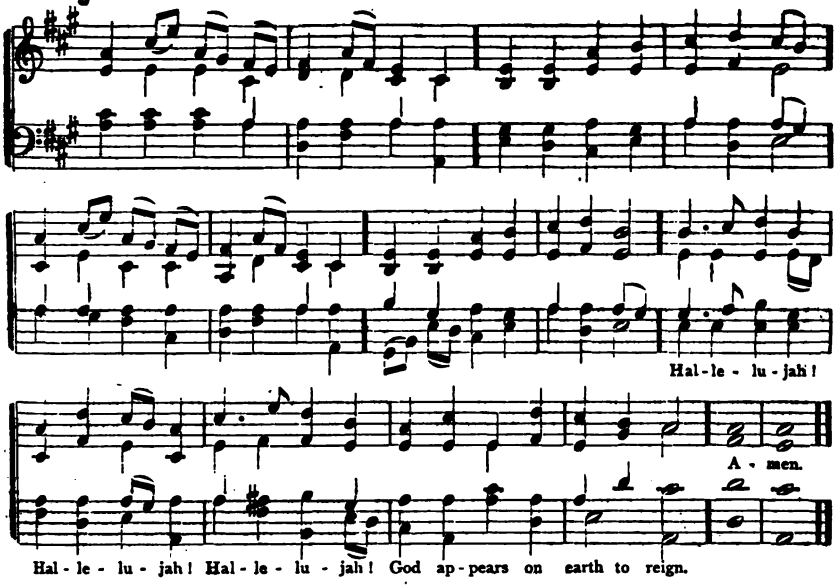
HYMNS.

ADVENT.

Hymn 1. L.

"Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him."

LO, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

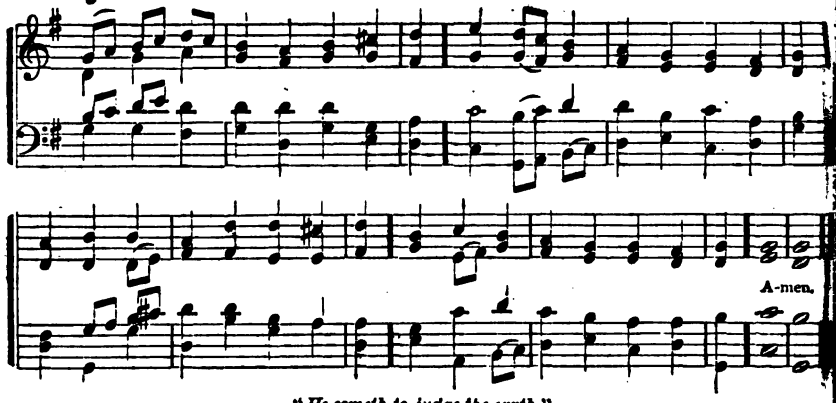
2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away:
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away.

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

5 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come. AMEN.

Hymn 2. A.



"*He cometh to judge the earth.*"

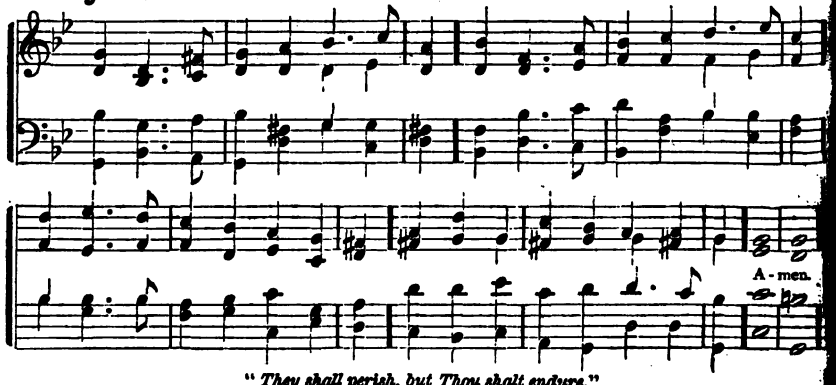
THE Lord will come: the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixèd seat forsake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come: but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come: a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

4 Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride?
O God! is this the Crucified?

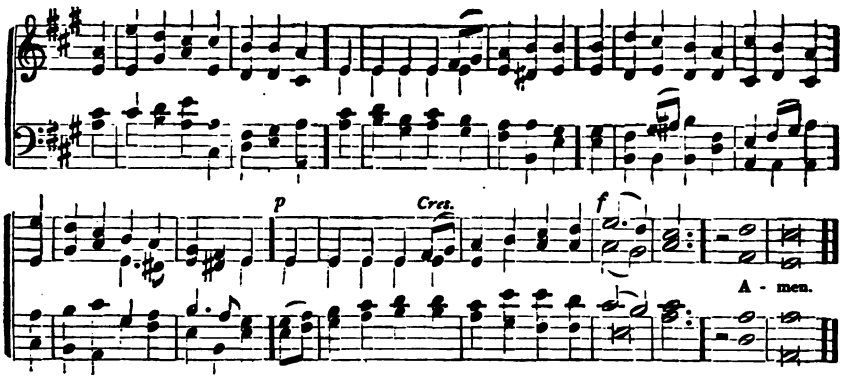
5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come. AMEN.

Hymn 3. A.

"*They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure.*"

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dea

3 O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.
AME

Hymn 4. [*First Tune.*]

"*Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord.*"

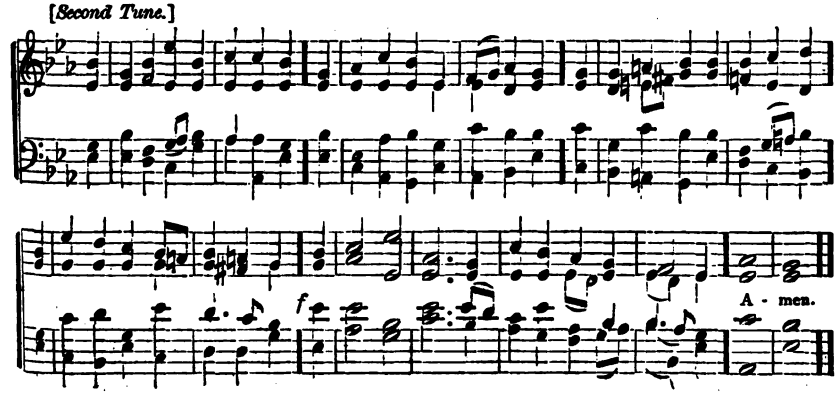
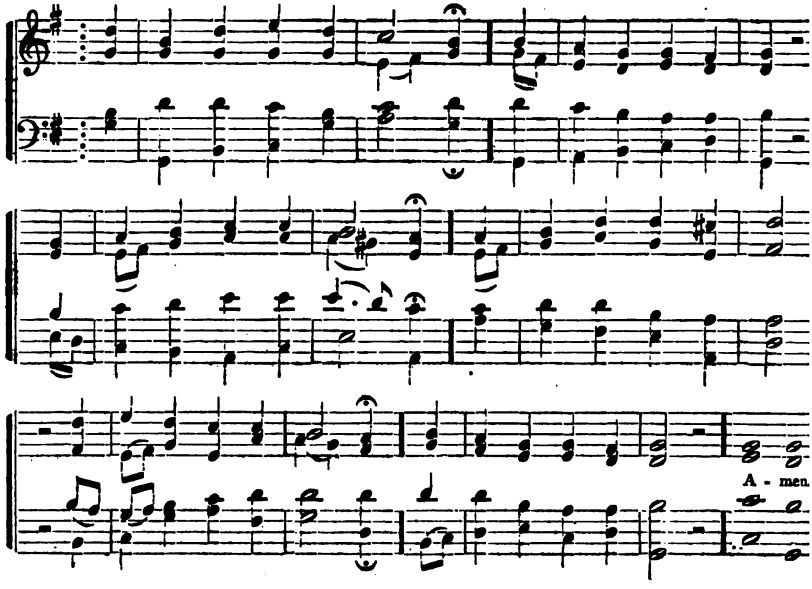
HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry:
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer:
Assembled in Thy Sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim;
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest:
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest! AMEN.

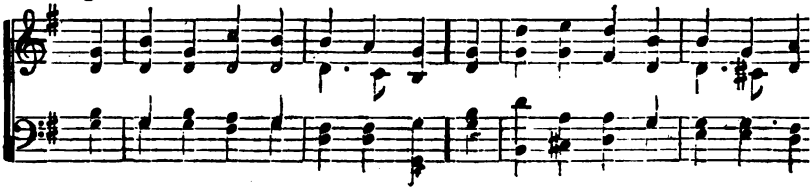
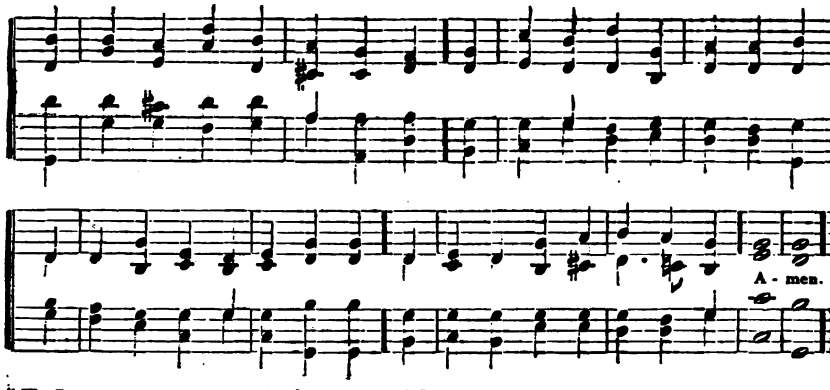
[*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 5. Q.

"*Behold the Bridegroom cometh.*"

REJOICE, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon will He draw nigh;
Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till in your jubilations
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

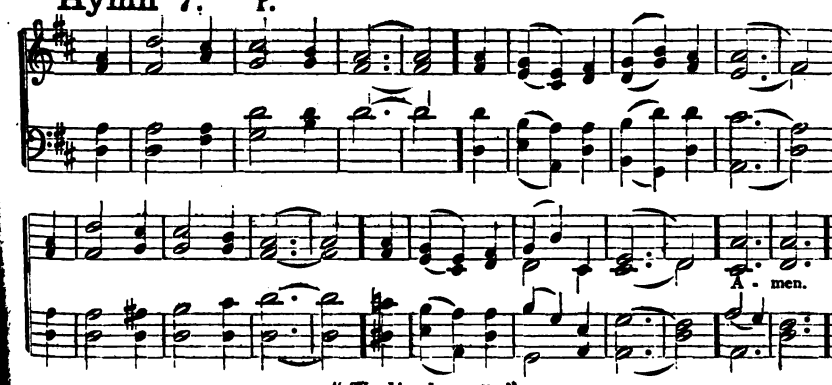
4 Our hope and expectation
O Jesu, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so look'd for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with Thee! AMEN.

Hymn 6. F.

"*The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit Thou on my right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool.*"

THE Lord unto my Lord thus spake:
"Till I Thy foes Thy footstool make,
Sit Thou in state at My right hand:
Supreme in Sion Thou shalt be,
And all Thy proud opposers see
Subjected to Thy just command.

2 "Thee in Thy power's triumphant day,
The willing people shall obey;
And, when Thy rising beams they view,
Shall all (redeem'd from error's night)
Appear more numerous and bright
Than crystal drops of morning dew."

3 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like Melchizedek's, Thy reign
And priesthood shall no period see:
Anointed Prince! Thou, bending low,
Shalt drink where darkest torrents flow,
Then raise Thy head in victory! AMEN.

Hymn 7. P.

"*Thy kingdom come.*"

THY kingdom come, O God,
Thy reign, O Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

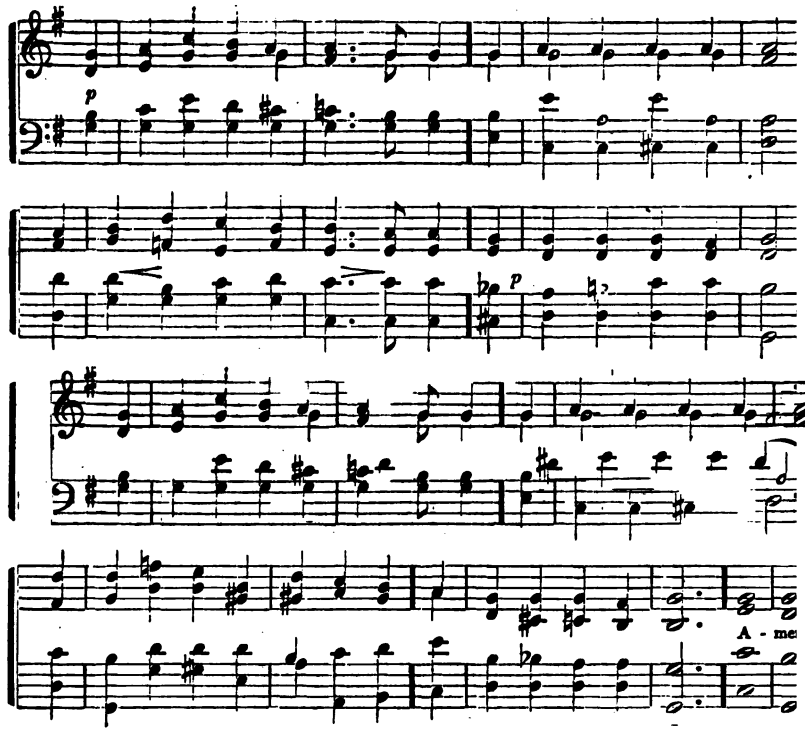
2 Where is Thy rule of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee *Thy face before?*

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

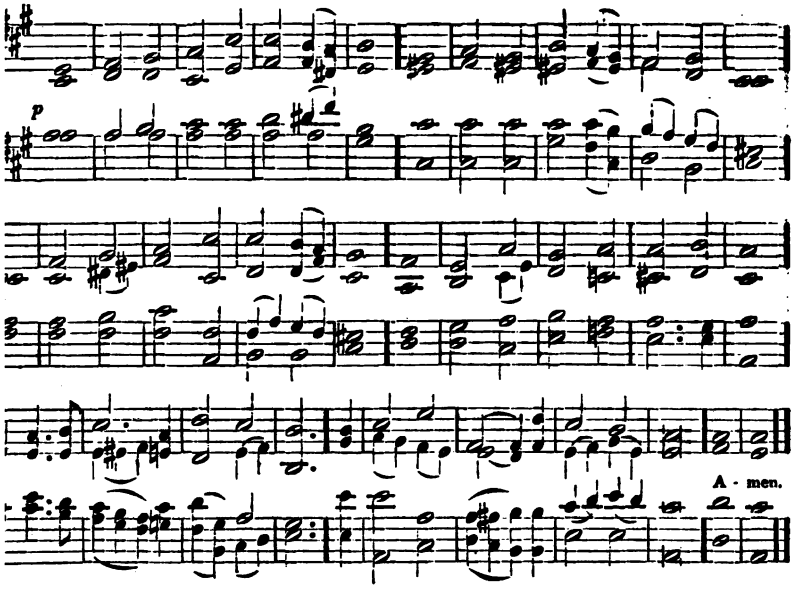
6 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet;
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set. AMEN.

Hymn 8. BB.

"Take ye heed; watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is."

ONCE more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be
Upon the heavens display'd,
And earth and its inhabitants
Be terribly afraid:
For, not in weakness clad, Thou com'st,
Our woes, our sins to bear,
But girt with all Thy Father's might,
His judgment to declare.

2 The terrors of that awful day,
O who can understand?
Or who abide, when Thou in wrath
Shall lift Thy holy hand?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roa
The sun in heaven grow pale;
But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not cha
Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass
Our time in trembling here,
That when upon the clouds of heaven
Thy glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads,
In triumph we may rise,
And enter, with Thine angel train,
Thy palace in the skies. AMEN.

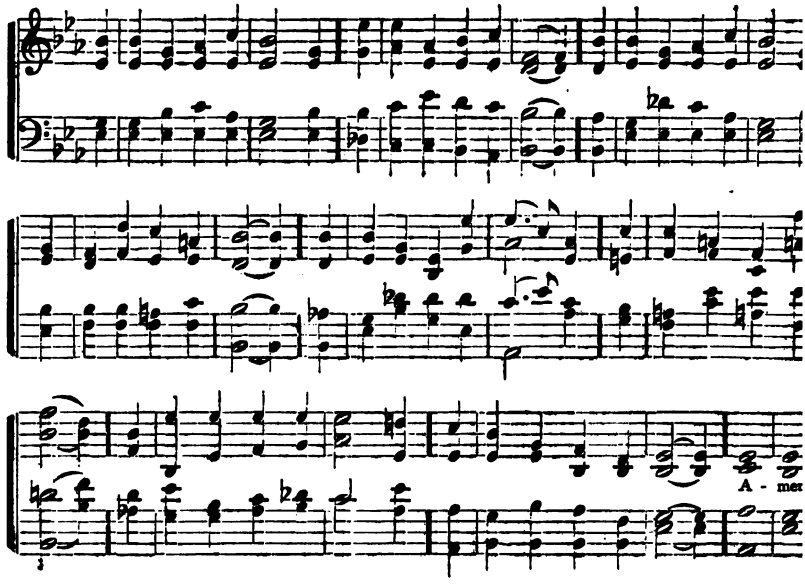
Hymn 9. E.

"*He saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.*"

COME, quickly come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though Thine Advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:
Come, quickly come: for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

2 Come, quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
Come, quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scatter'd people one.

3 Come, quickly come, true Life of all;
The curse of death is on the ground;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
Come, quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

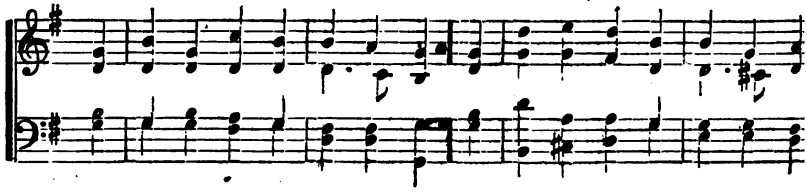
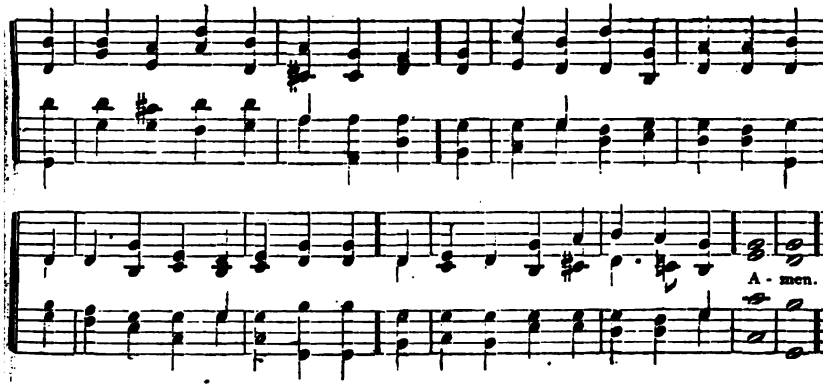
4 Come, quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And fainting souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
Come, quickly come: for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known. AMEN.

Hymn 10.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

O JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His Name and sign we bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.

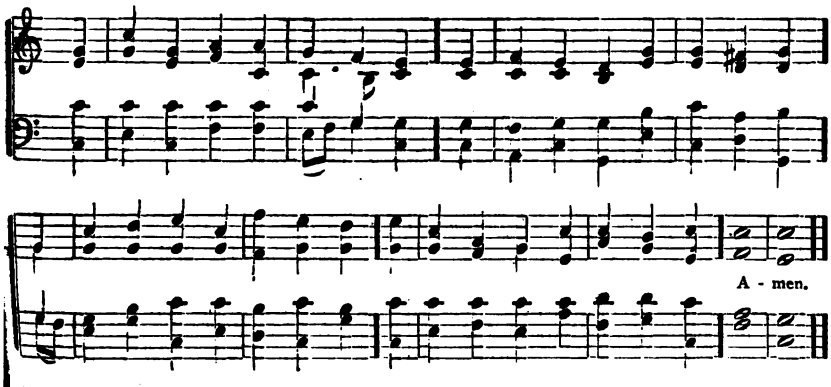
2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarr'd,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marr'd:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore. AMEN.

Hymn 11. F.

"Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence."

THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
Hath sent His summons all abroad,
From dawning light till day declines:
The listening earth His voice hath heard,
And He from Sion hath appear'd,
Where beauty in perfection shines.

2 Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstrued silence as before,
But wasting flames before Him send;
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
Whilst He does heaven and earth engage
His just tribunal to attend. AMEN.

Hymn 12.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight."

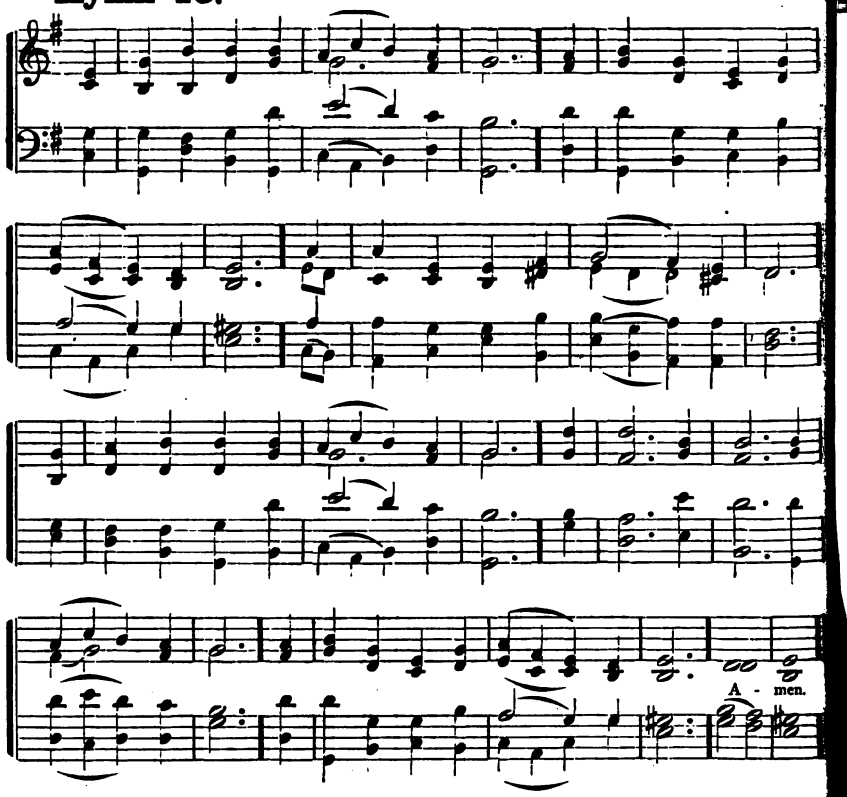
ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Awake, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin;
Make straight the way for God within;
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
Where such a mighty Guest may come.

3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge *and our great Reward;*
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Shine forth, and let Thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

5 All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose Advent doth Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. AMEN.

Hymn 13.

"The Redeemer shall come to Zion."

O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and che
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel! AMEN.

Hymn 14.

THE ADVENT ANTHEMS.

[SEE TUNE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.]

"*The Desire of all nations shall come.*"

Dec. 16.—*O Sapientia.*

O WISDOM! spreading mightily
From out the mouth of God most high,
All nature sweetly ordering,
Within thy paths thy children bring.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

Dec. 17.—*O Adonai.*

RULER of Israel, Lord of Might,
Who gavest the law from Sinai's height;
Once in the fiery bush reveal'd,
With outstretch'd arm Thy chosen shield;
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

Dec. 18.—*O Radix Jesse.*

O ROOT of Jesse! Ensign Thou!
To Whom all Gentile kings shall bow,
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

Dec. 19.—*O Clavis David.*

O ISRAEL'S Sceptre! David's Key!
Come Thou, and set death's captives free;
Unlock the gate that bars their road,
And lead them to the throne of God.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

Dec. 20.—*O Oriens.*

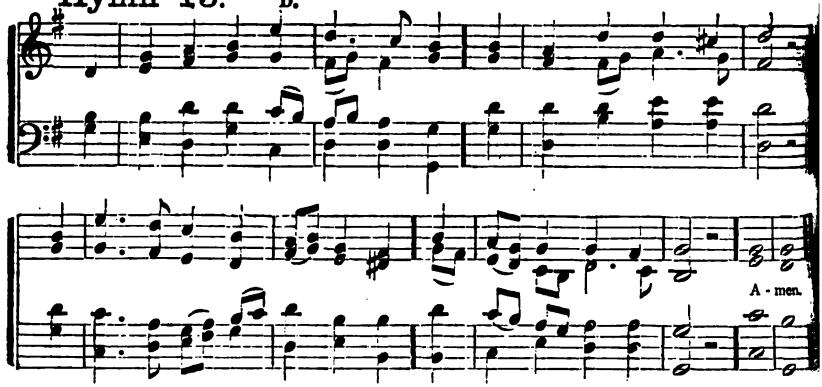
O DAYSPRING and Eternal Light!
Pierce through the gloom of error's night;
Predestined Sun of Righteousness!
Haste with Thy rising beams to bless.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

Dec. 22.—*O Rex Gentium.*

O KING! Desire of nations! come,
Lead sons of earth to heaven's high home;
Thou chief and precious Corner-stone,
Binding the sever'd into one.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

Dec. 23.—*O Emmanuel.*

O LAWGIVER! Emmanuel! King!
Thy praises we would ever sing;
The Gentiles' Hope, the Saviour blest,
Take us to Thine eternal rest.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

Hymn 15. B.

"*He hath sent Me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives.*"

HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On Him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts His sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

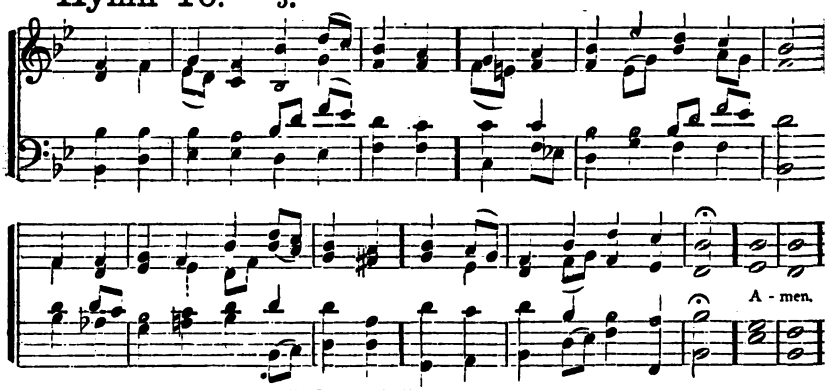
3 He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name. AMEN.

CHRISTMAS.

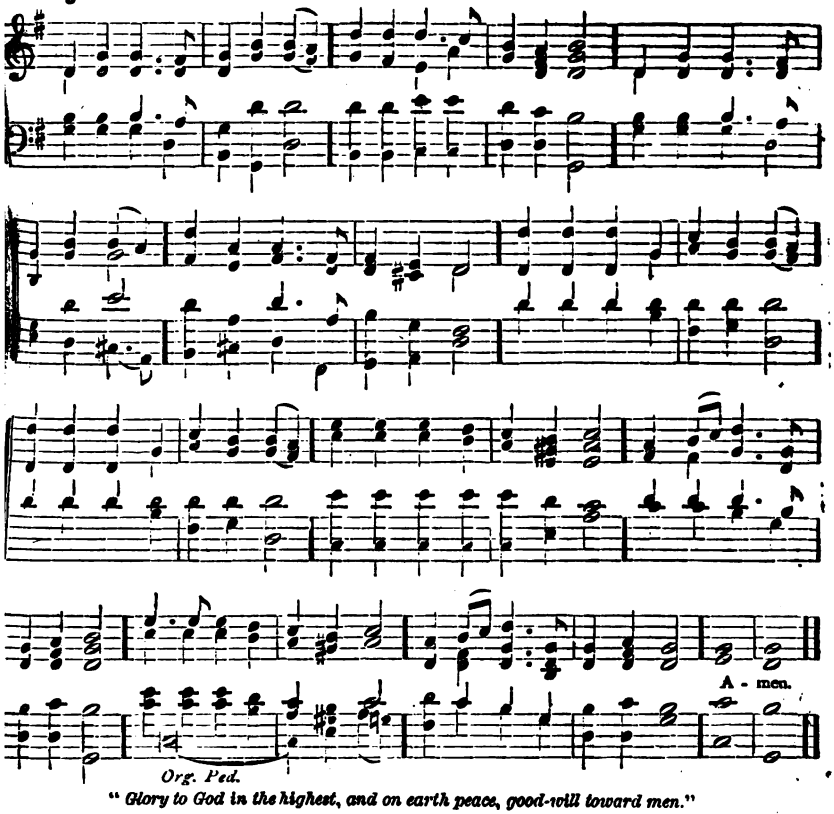
Hymn 16. J.

"*The Desire of all nations shall come.*"

HAIL! Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

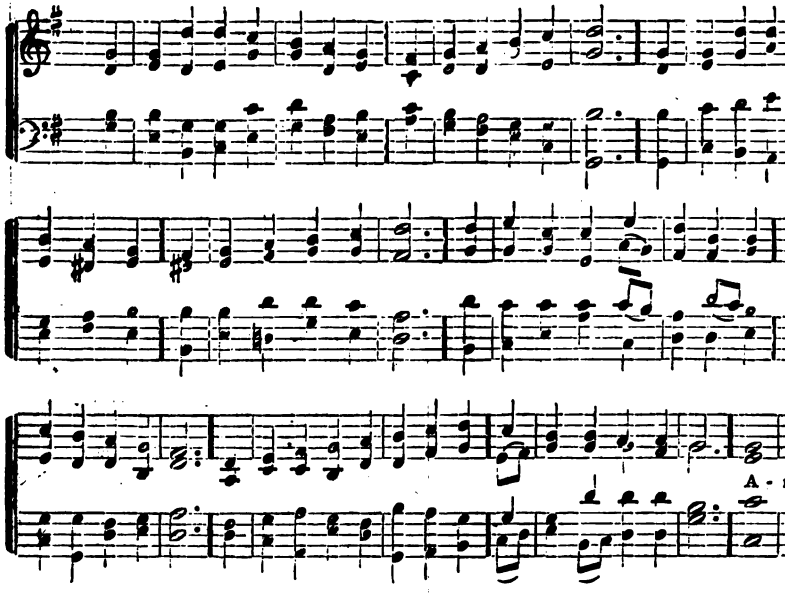
4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. AMEN

Hymn 17.

"*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.*"

HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

3 Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings.
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness;
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be!
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King. AMEN.

Hymn 18. BB.

"*Unto you is born this day a Saviour, Which is Christ the Lord.*"

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks
All seated on the ground, [by night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

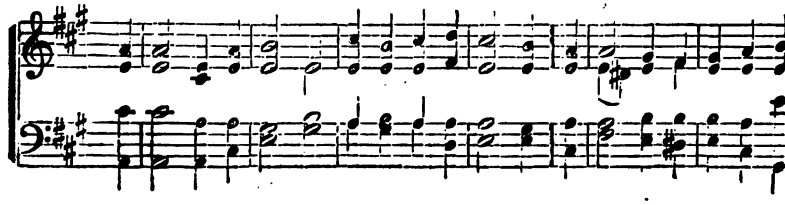
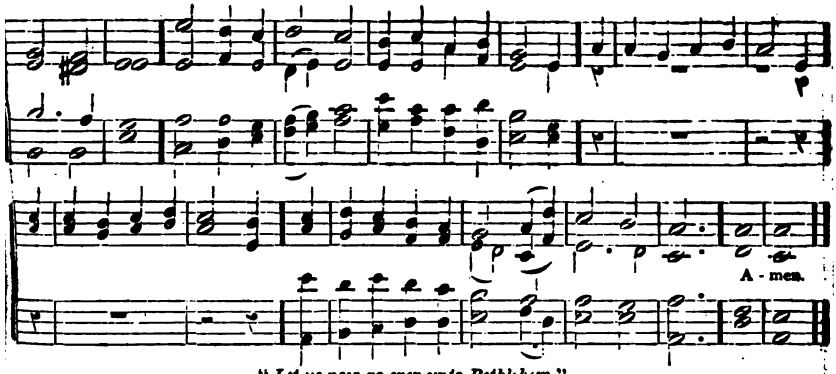
2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall fi
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven t
Begin, and never cease." AMEN.

Hymn 19.

"*Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.*"

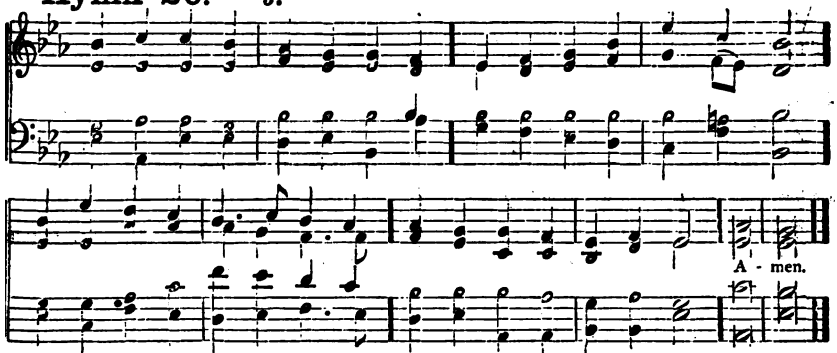
O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant:
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of angels:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created:
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

3 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

AMEN.

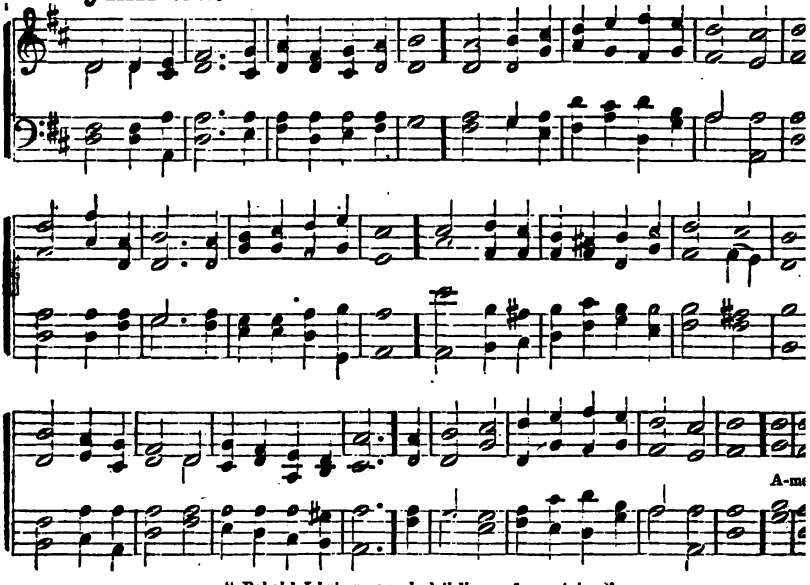
Hymn 20. J.

"*And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God.*"

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo, th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy,
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

"Peace on earth, good-will *from heaven,*
Reaching *far as man is found;*
Souls redeem'd and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

1 "Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name to magnify,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!" AMEN.

Hymn 21.

"Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy."

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

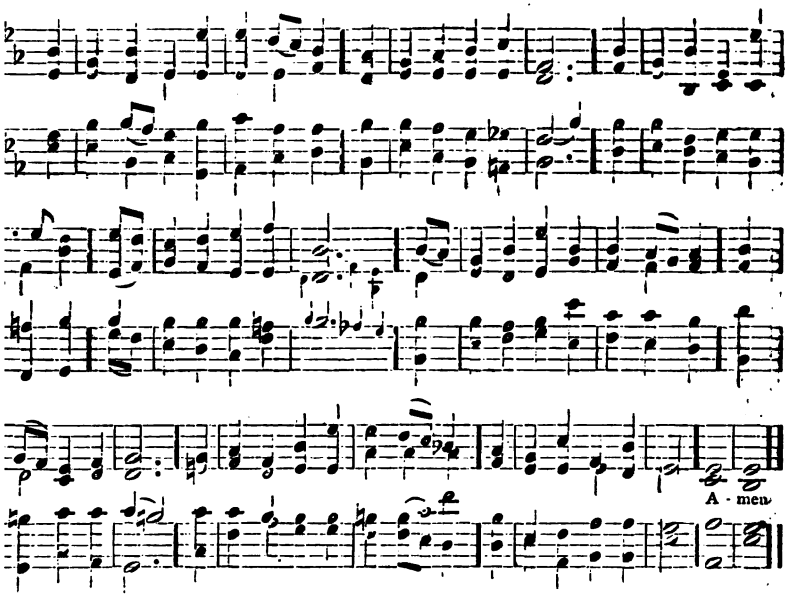
2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfill'd His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
To see the Wonder God had wrought for man:
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,
Her Son, the Saviour in a manger laid;
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.

5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor Manger to His bitter Cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King. AMEN.

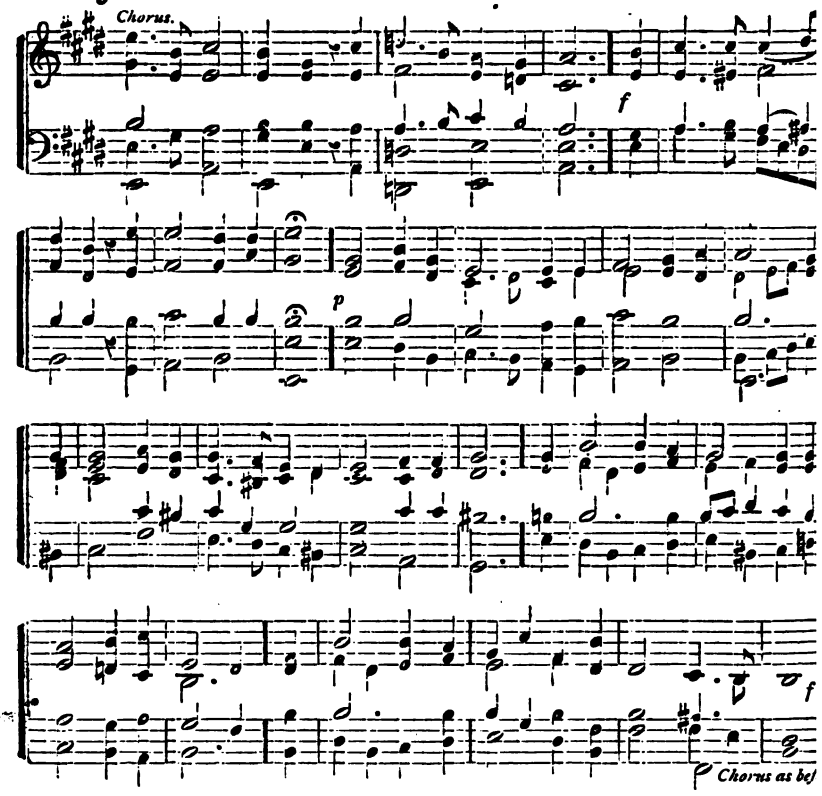
Hymn 22. BB.

d a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it."

ame upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
angels bending near the earth
touch their hearts of gold;
e on the earth, good-will to men,
om heaven's all-gracious King;
world in solemn stillness lay
hear the angels sing.

through the cloven skies they come,
th peaceful wings unfurl'd;
still their heavenly music floats
er all the weary world:
e its sad and lowly plains
ey bend on hovering wing,
ever o'er its Babel sounds
e blessed angels sing.

3 O ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. AMEN.

Hymn 23.

"*Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.*"

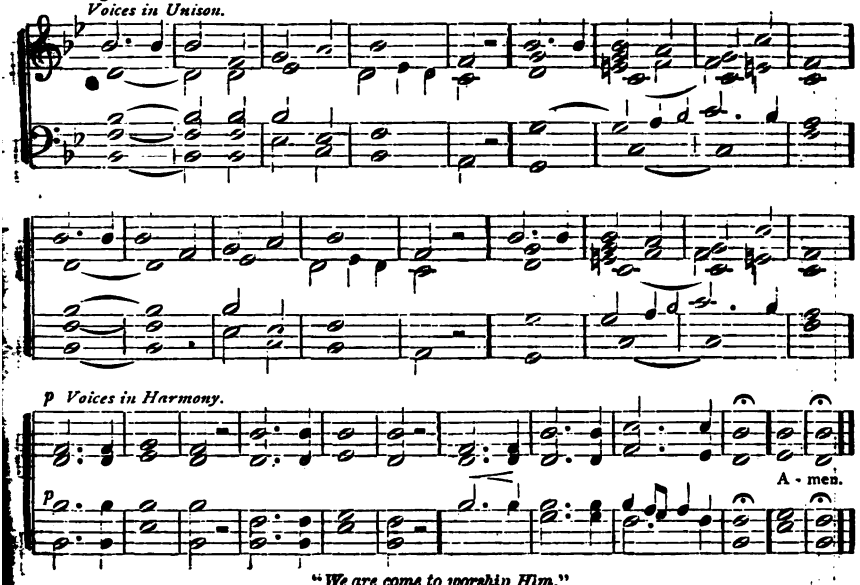
Chorus.

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

1 Sion, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth:
Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crown'd:
Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies:
Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

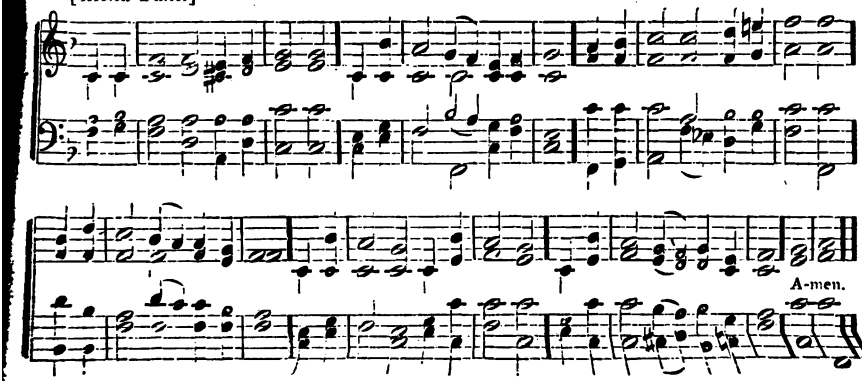
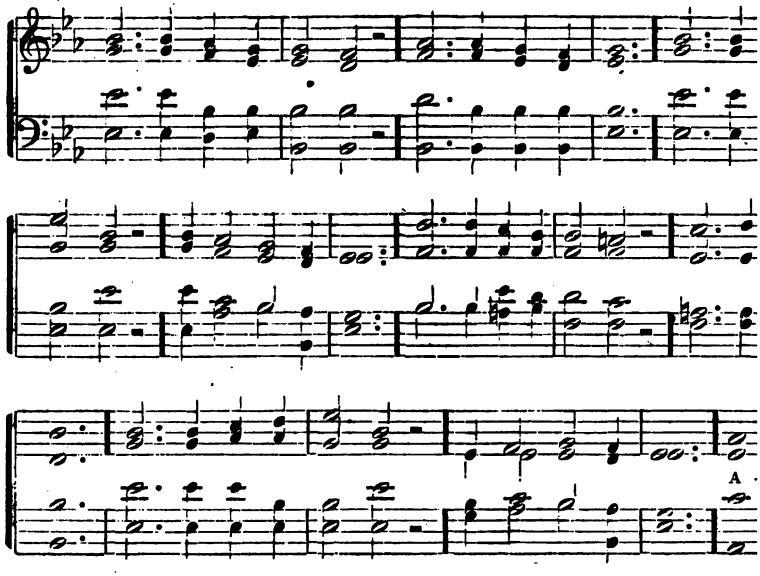
Hymn 24. L. [*First Tune.*]

"*We are come to worship Him.*"

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. AMEN.

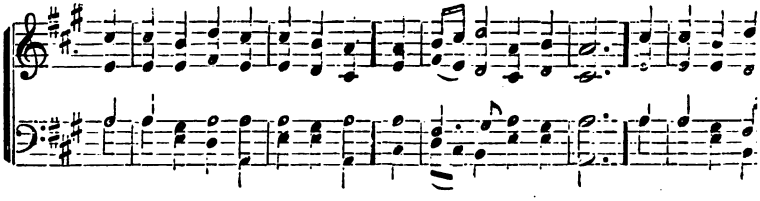
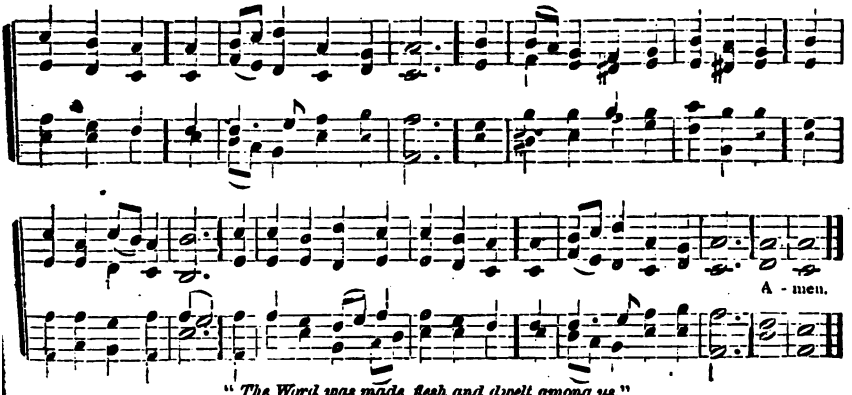
[*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 25.

"*Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.*"

COME hither, ye faithful,
Triumphantly sing!
Come, see in the manger
The angels' dread King!
To Bethlehem hasten
With joyful accord!
O come ye, come hither
To worship the Lord!

2 True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

3 Hark, hark to the angels!
All singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, etc

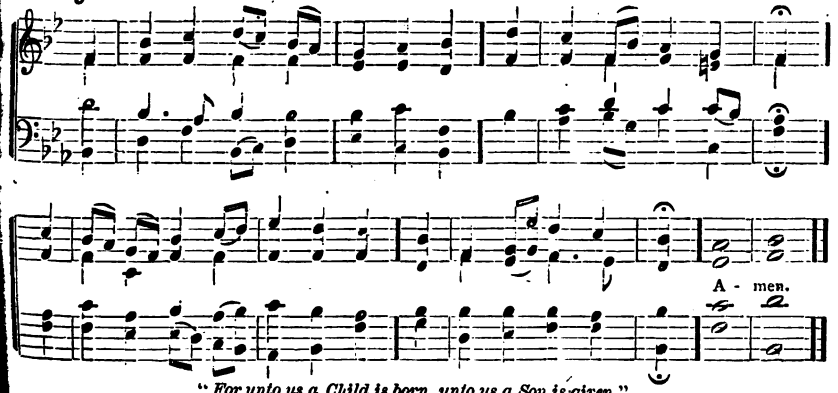
4 To Thee, then, O Jesu,
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honour
Through heaven and earth;
True Godhead Incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord! AMEN

Hymn 26. BB.

"*The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.*"

CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Dayspring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"
Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn. AMEN.

Hymn 27. B.

"*For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given.*"

TO hail Thy rising, Sun of life,
The gathering nations come;
Joyous as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

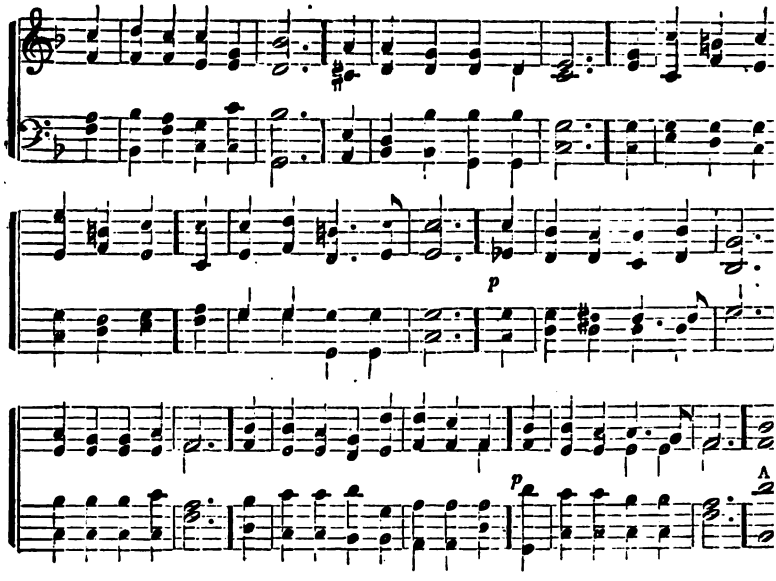
2 For Thou our burden hast removed;
Th' oppressor's reign is broke;
Thy fiery conflict with the foe
Has burst his cruel yoke.

3 To us the promised Child is *born;*
To us the *Son is given;*
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty God and Lord.

5 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below. AMEN.

END OF THE YEAR.

Hymn 28. CC.

"The time is short."

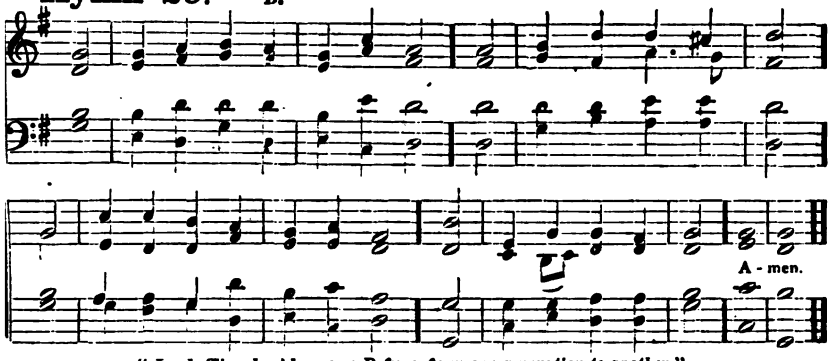
A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

4. A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away. AMEN.

Hymn 29. B.

"*Lord, Thou hast been our Refuge from one generation to another.*"

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

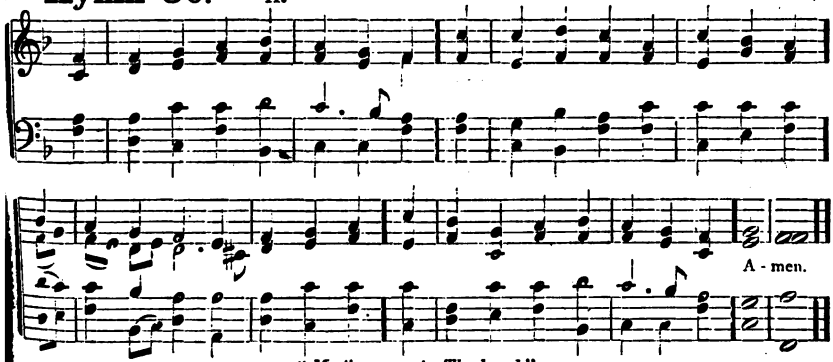
3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home. AMEN.

THE NEW YEAR.

Hymn 30. A.

"*My times are in Thy hand.*"

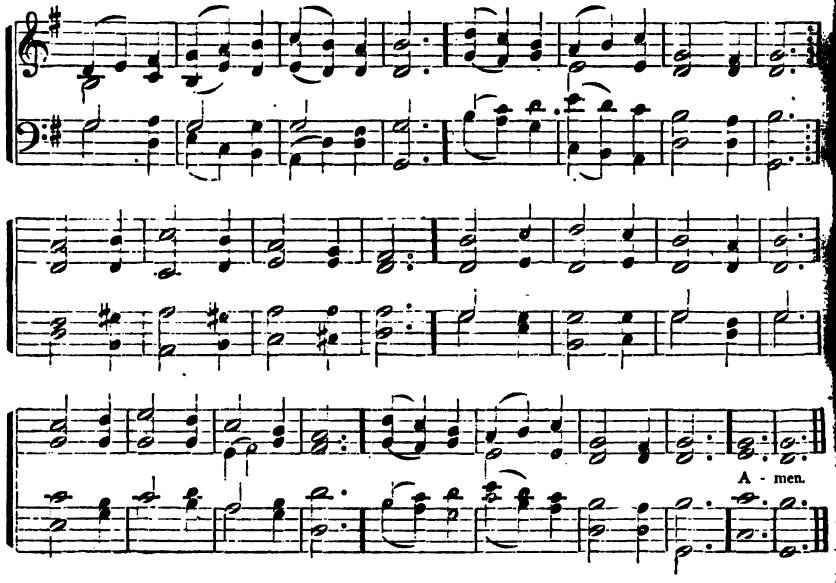
THE God of life, Whose constant care
With blessings crowns each opening year,
My scanty span doth still prolong,
And wakes anew mine annual song.

2 Thy children, panting to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore
Where years and death are known no more.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that *place;*
No groans, to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues:

4 No more alarms from ghostly foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected year! begin;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God. AMEN.

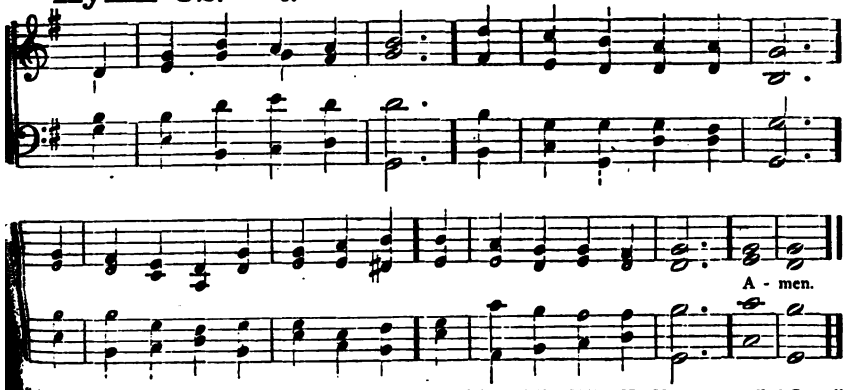
Hymn 31. I.

"*Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.*"

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year.
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above. AMEN.

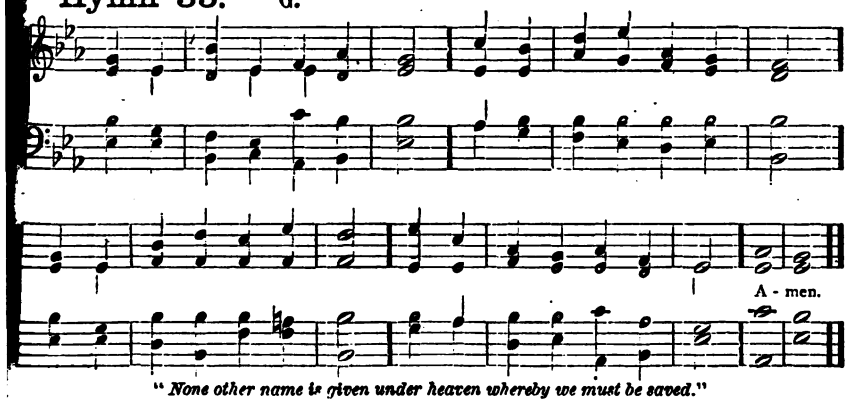
CIRCUMCISION.

Hymn 32. C.

"*And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the Child, His Name was called Jesus.*"

THE ancient law departs
And all its terrors cease;
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
A covenant of peace.

2 The Light of light divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy, spotless Child.

3 To-day the Name is Thine,
At which we bend the knee;
They call Thee Jesus, Child divine!
Our Jesus deign to be. AMEN.

Hymn 33. G.

"*None other name is given under heaven whereby we must be saved.*"

JESUS! Name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! Name decreed of old:
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

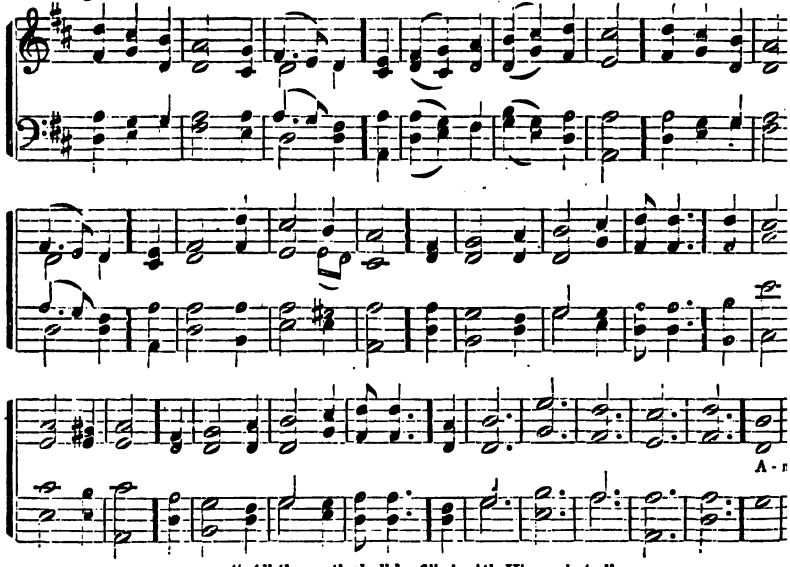
3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave—
"Jesus shall His people *save.*"

4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

5 Jesus! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee. AMEN.

EPIPHANY.

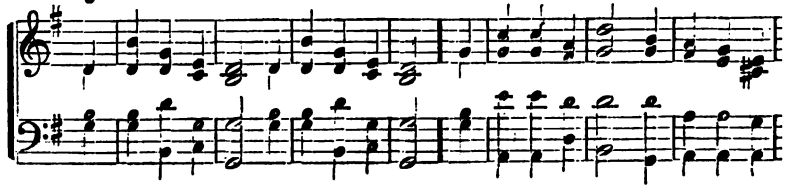
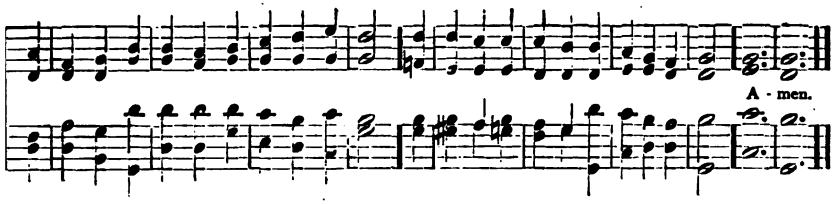
Hymn 34. Q.

"*All the earth shall be filled with His majesty.*"

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

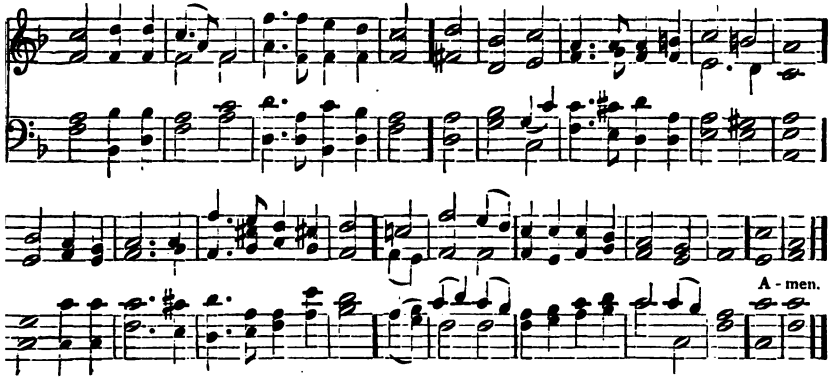
4 To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That Name to us is Love. AMEN

Hymn 35. O.



Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty: just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints."

HOW wondrous and great
Thy works, God of praise!
How just, King of saints,
And true are Thy ways!
O who shall not fear Thee,
And honour Thy Name?
Thou only art holy,
Thou only supreme.

2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to Thy throne:
Thy truth and Thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people
Confess Thee their God. AMEN.

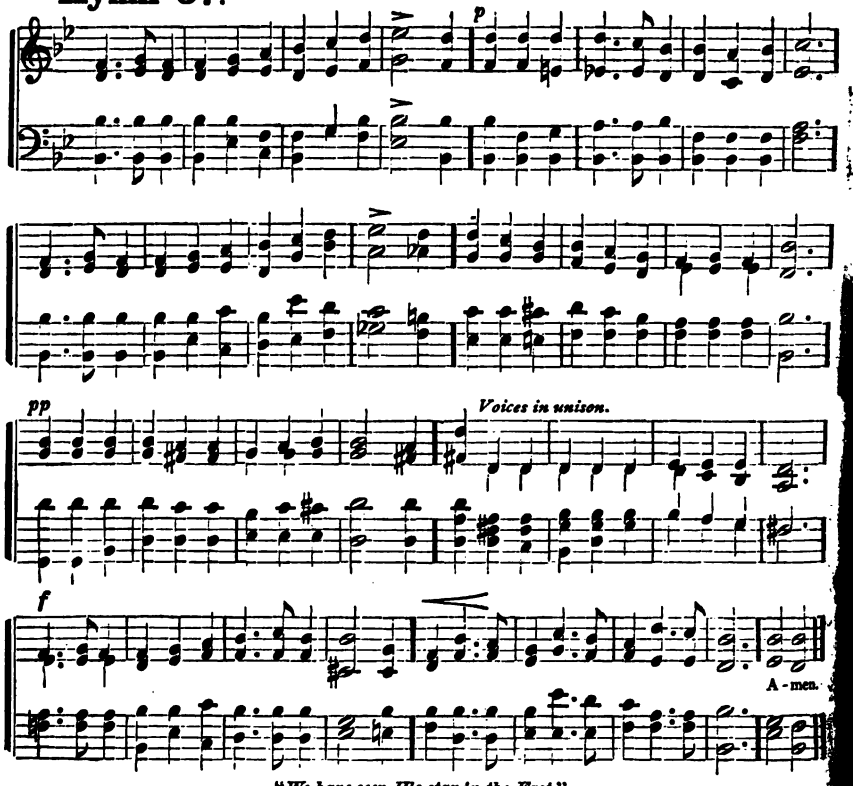
Hymn 36. N.

"*Arise, shine: for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.*"

RISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes:
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns. AMEN.

Hymn 37.

"*We have seen His star in the East.*"

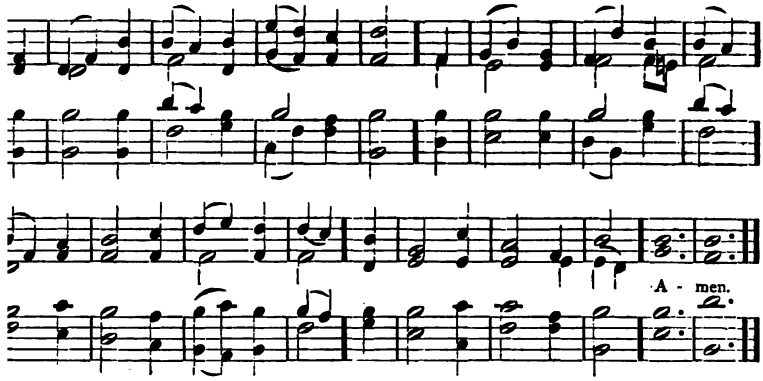
BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. AMEN.

ymn 38. B.

The mountains also shall bring peace, and the little hills righteousness unto the people."

hills and mountains shall bring forth
ıe happy fruits of peace,
all the land shall own to be
vork of righteousness;

)avid's Son our needy race
rule with gentle sway;
)m their humble neck shall take
:ssive yokes away.

y heart Thy awful fear
then be rooted fast,
as sun and moon endure,
ne itself shall last.

l descend like rain, that cheers
ıeadow's second birth;
warm showers, whose gentle drops
sh the thirsty earth.

)lest days the just and good
spring up all around:
)py land shall everywhere
endless peace abound.

)ntroll'd dominion shall
sea to sea extend;
proud Euphrates' stream,
ure's limits end.

the savage nations round
)ow their servile heads;
uish'd foes shall lick the dust,
He His conquest spreads.

8 The kings of Tarshish and the isles
Shall costly presents bring;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy Saba's king.

9 To Him shall every king on earth
His humble homage pay;
And differing nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.

10 For He shall set the needy free,
When they for succour cry;
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

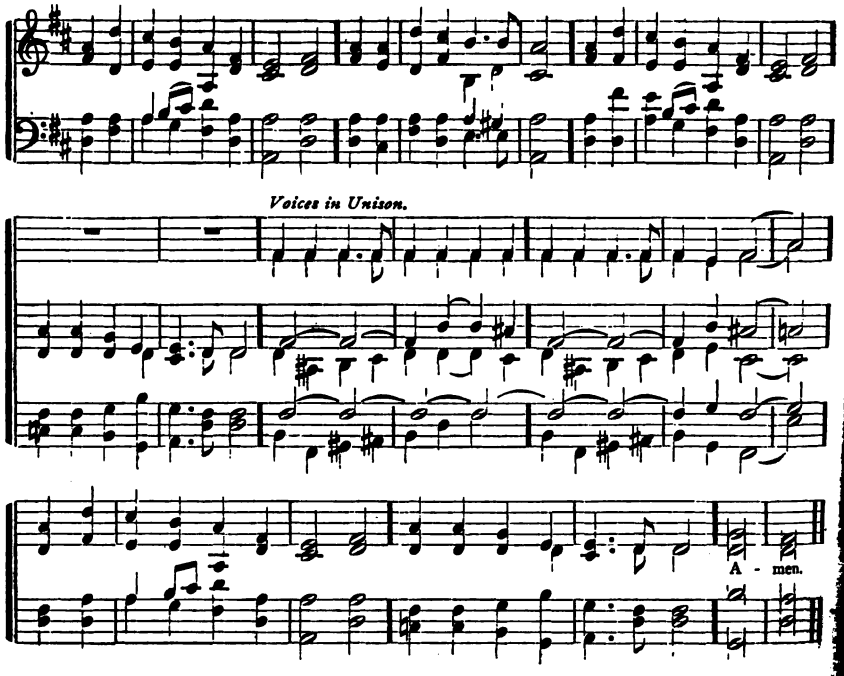
11 For Him shall constant prayer be made,
Through all His prosperous days:
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme of praise.

12 The memory of His glorious Name
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

13 In Him the nations of the world
Shall be completely bless'd,
And His unbounded happiness
By every tongue confess'd.

14 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God Whom Israel fears;
Who only wondrous in His works,
Beyond compare, appears.

15 Let earth be with His glory fill'd,
For ever bless His name;
Whilst to His praise the listening world
Their glad assent proclaim. AMEN.

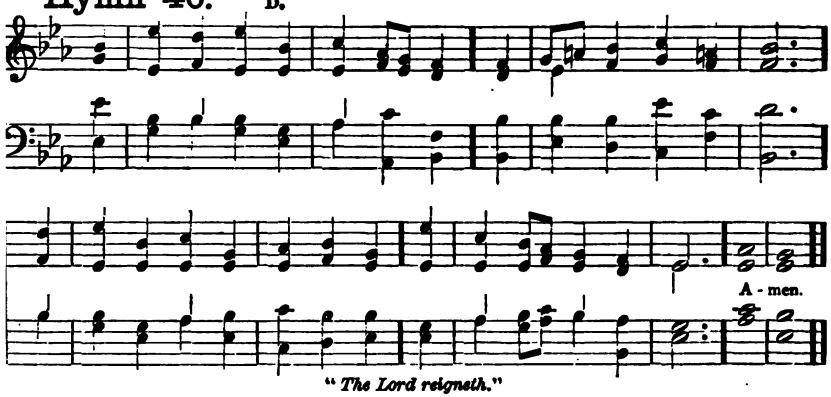
Hymn 39. K.

"A Light to lighten the Gentiles."

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Jesu, now Thyself revealing,
Scatter every cloud beneath.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

3 Show Thy power in every nation,
O Thou Prince of peace and love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release:
By the presence of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace. AMEN.

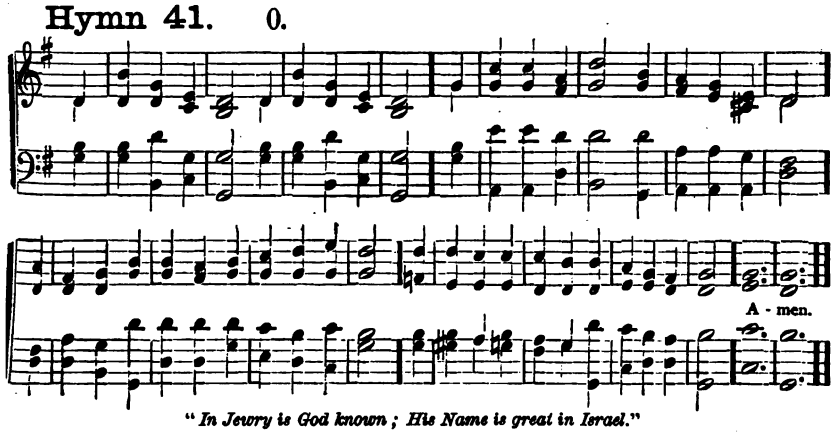
Hymn 40. B.

"*The Lord reigneth.*"

JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

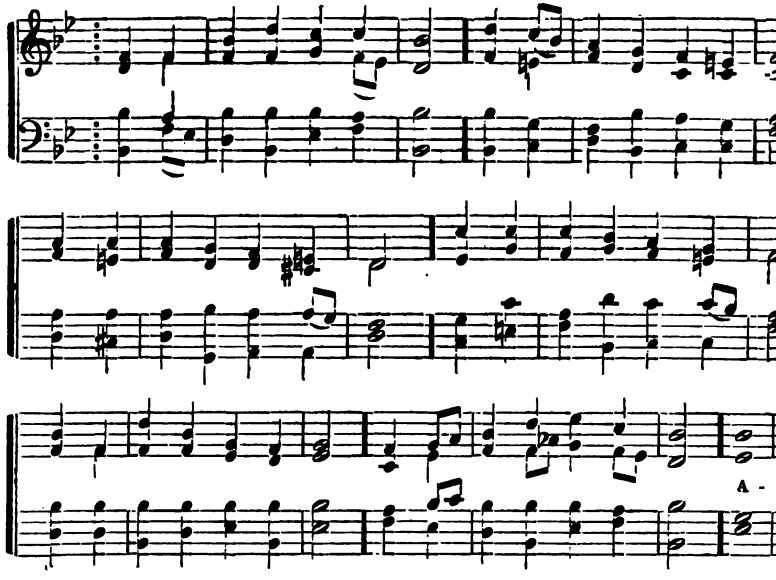
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love. AMEN.

Hymn 41. 0.

"*In Jewry is God known; His Name is great in Israel.*"

THE Name of our God
In Israel is known;
His mansion beloved
Is Sion alone:
There broke He the arrows
The enemy hurl'd,
And honour'd His mountain
Above all the world.

2 The pride of Thy foes
Is turn'd to Thy praise;
Their fierceness o'erruled
Thy providence sways;
Their sin overflowing
Thy power will restrain;
Thy arm on the wicked
New glory will gain.

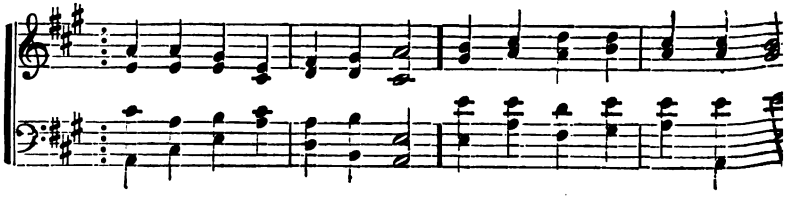
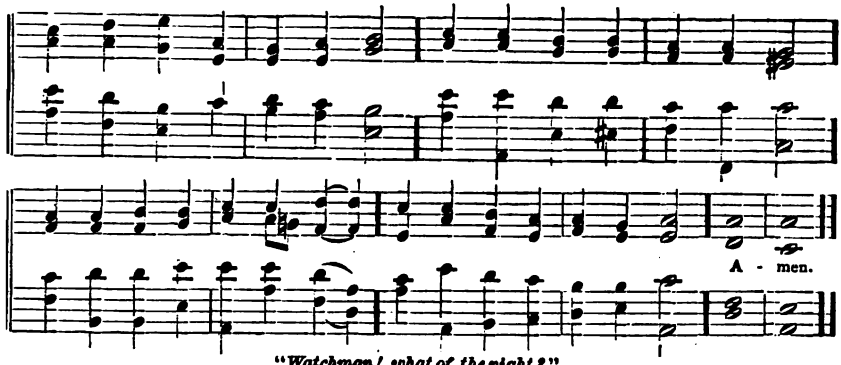
3 Ye nations, to God
Vow homage sincere;
Devote to Him gifts,
Love, worship, and fear;
Before Him, ye mighty,
Your spirits repress;
Ye high and ye humble,
His wonders confess! AMEN.

Hymn 42. I.

"*The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.*"

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furl'd;
Sheathed His sword; He speaks,—'tis
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away:
Then the end; beneath His rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all. AMEN.

Hymn 43. I.



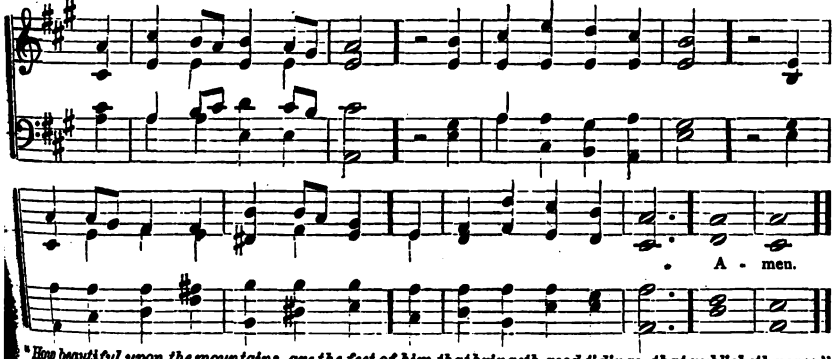
"Watchman! what of the night?"

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come. AMEN.

Hymn 44. C.



"How beautiful upon the mountains, are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Sion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

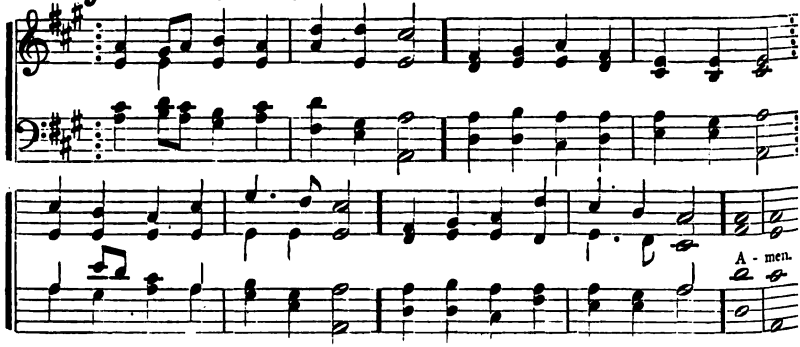
2 How charming is their voice:
How sweet their tidings are!—
"Sion, behold thy Saviour-King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never *found!*

4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God. AMEN.

Hymn 45. H.

"*When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.*"

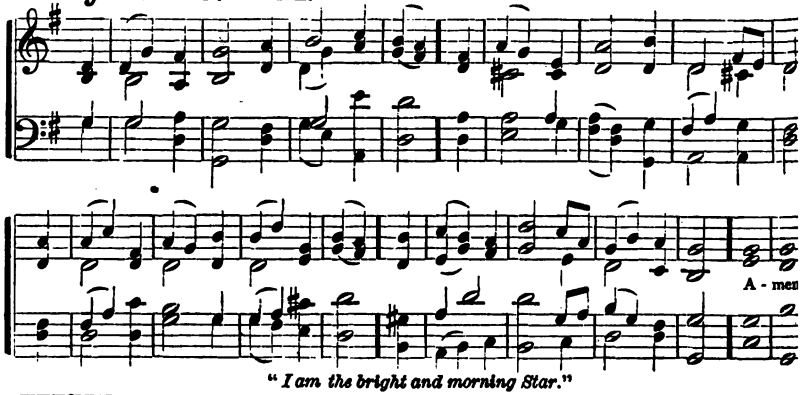
AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offer'd gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesu, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransom'd souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King. AMEN.

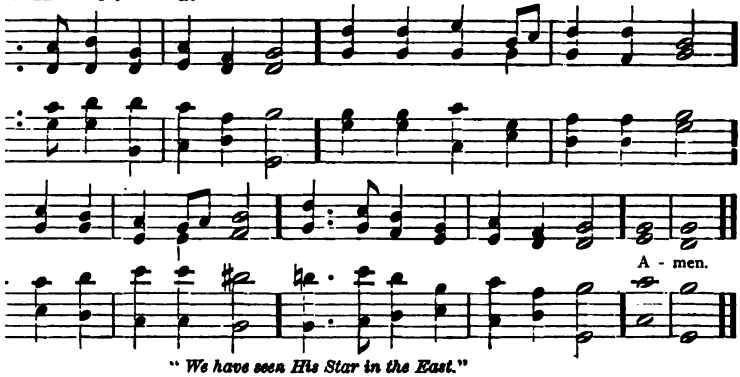
Hymn 46. AA.

"*I am the bright and morning Star.*"

WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks;
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It is my guide, my light, my all,
It bids my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thr
It leads me to the port of peace.

4 Then, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem! A

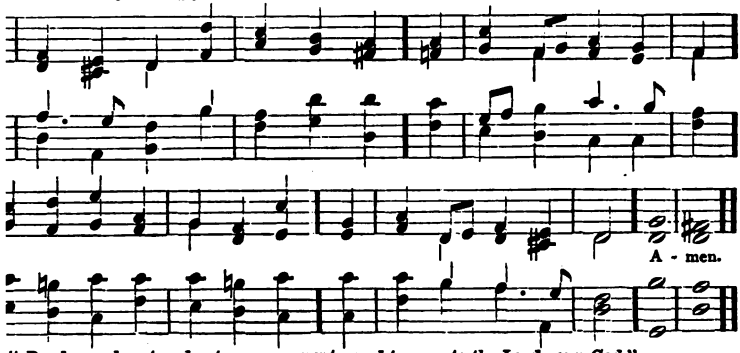
mn 47. G.

"*We have seen His Star in the East.*"

of men, behold from far,
il the long-expected star;
star that gilds the night,
bewilder'd nature right.
shines on all beneath,
g through the shades of death;
ing error's wide-spread night,
g darkness into light.
all, remote and near,
o see your God appear:
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there.

4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes:
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

5 Sing, ye morning stars, again,
God descends on earth to reign,
Deigns for man His life to employ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy. AMEN.

ASH WEDNESDAY AND LENT.

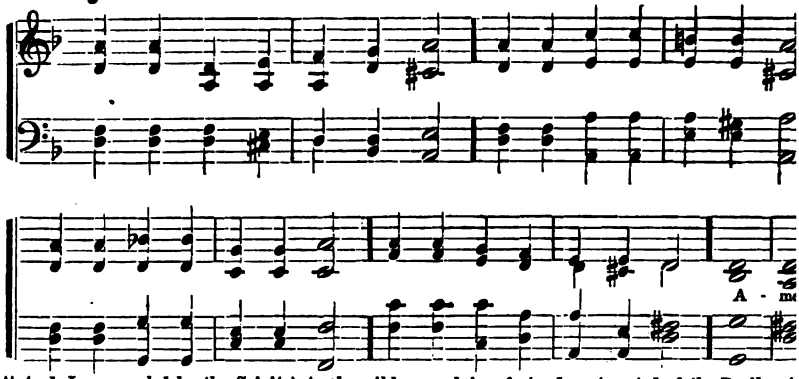
mn 48. B.

"*Rend your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God.*"

E more the solemn season calls
holy fast to keep;
w within the temple walls
priest and people weep.
n all outward sign of grief,
ain the form of prayer,
the heart implore relief,
penitence be there.
te the breast, we weep in vain,
in in ashes mourn,
with penitential pain
mitten soul be torn.

4 In sorrow true then let us pray
To our offended God,
From us to turn His wrath away,
And stay the uplifted rod.

5 O God, our Judge and Father, deign
To spare the bruised reed;
We pray for time to turn again,
For grace to turn indeed.

6 Blest Three in One, to Thee we bow;
Vouchsafe us in Thy love
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above. AMEN.

Hymn 49. G.

"And Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the Devil. A those days He did eat nothing."

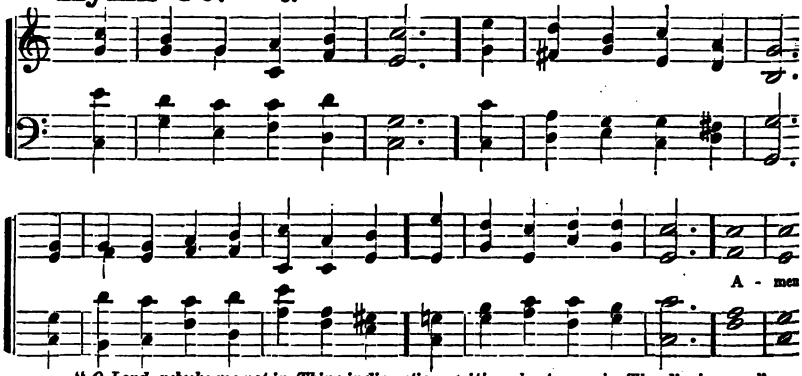
FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

3 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

4 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as minister'd to Thee.

5 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
That with Thee we may appear
At th' eternal Eastertide. AMEN.

Hymn 50. C.

"O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine indignation, neither chasten me in Thy displeasure."

IN mercy, not in wrath,
Rebuke me, gracious God!
Lest, if Thy whole displeasure rise,
I sink beneath Thy rod.

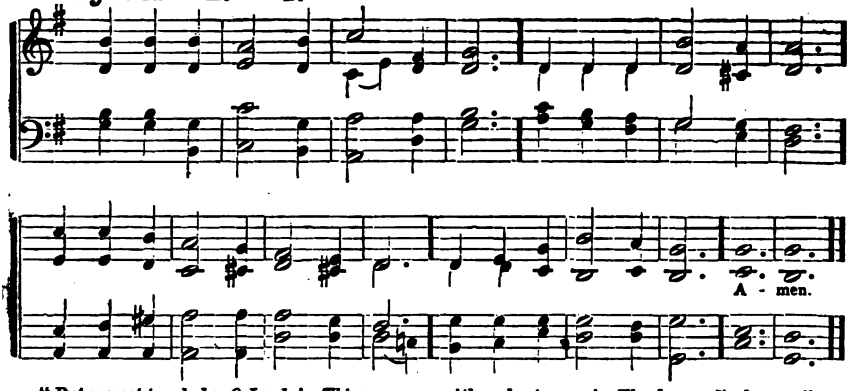
2 Touch'd by Thy quickening power,
My load of guilt I feel;
The wounds Thy Spirit hath unclosed,
O let that Spirit heal.

3 In trouble and in gloom,
Must I for ever mourn?
And wilt Thou not at length, O God,
In pitying love return?

4 O come, ere life expire,
Send down Thy power to save;
For who shall sing Thy Name in death,
Or praise Thee in the grave?

5 Why should I doubt Thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfil Thy promised word,
And grant me all my prayer. AMEN.

LENT.

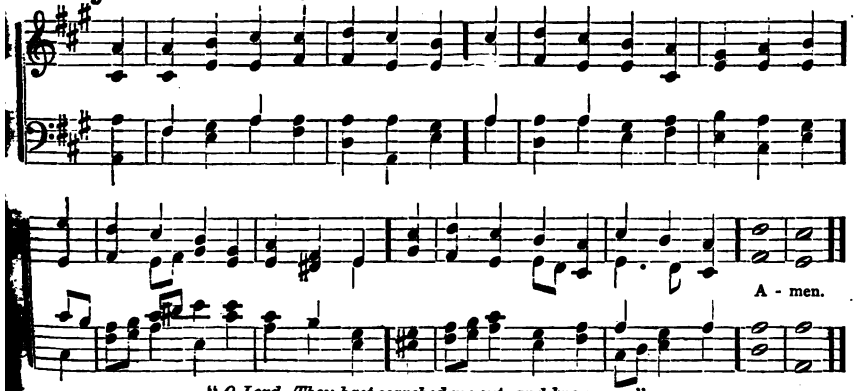
Hymn 51. B.

"*Put me not to rebuke, O Lord, in Thine anger; neither chasten me in Thy heavy displeasure.*"

THY chastening wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though I deserve it all;
Nor let on me the heavy storm
Of Thy displeasure fall.

2 My sins, which to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And, for my feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.

3 But, Lord, before Thy searching eyes
All my desires appear;
The groanings of my burden'd soul
Have reach'd Thine open ear.

4 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,
Nor far from me depart:
Make haste to my relief, O Thou
Who my salvation art. AMEN.

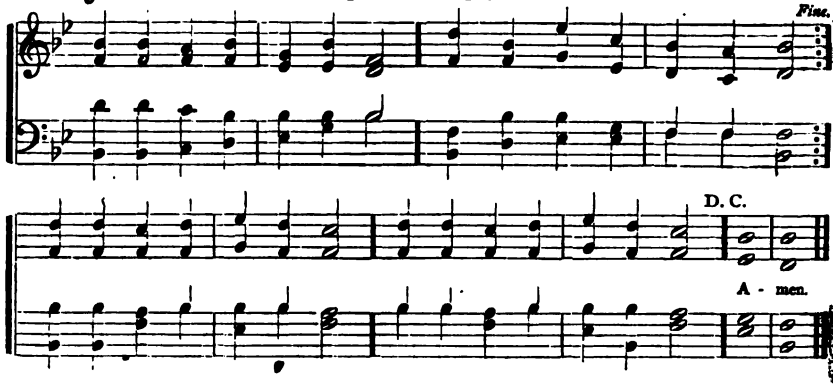
Hymn 52. A.

"*O Lord, Thou hast searched me out, and known me.*"

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

2 From Thy all-seeing Spirit, Lord,
What hiding-place does earth afford?
O where can I Thy influence shun,
Or whither from Thy presence run?

3 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from Thy all-searching eyes;
Through midnight shades Thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

4 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way. AMEN.

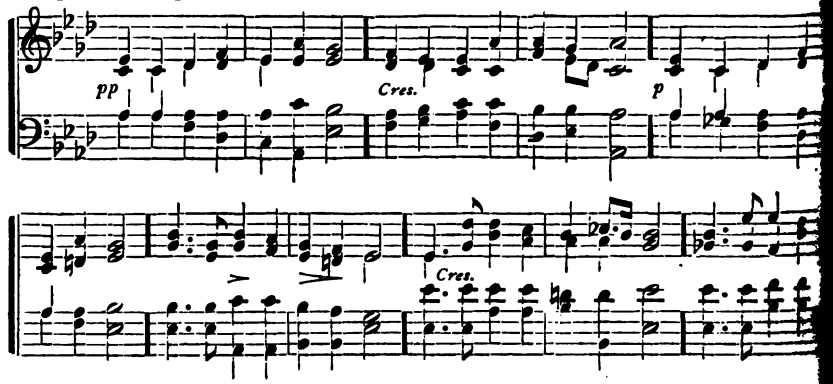
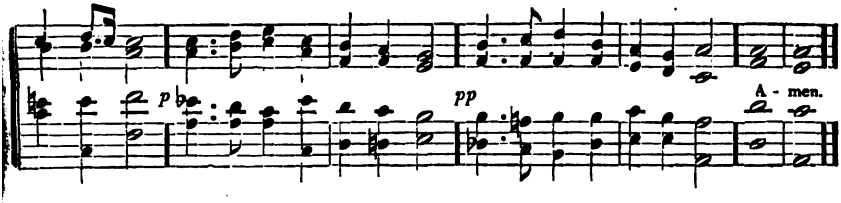
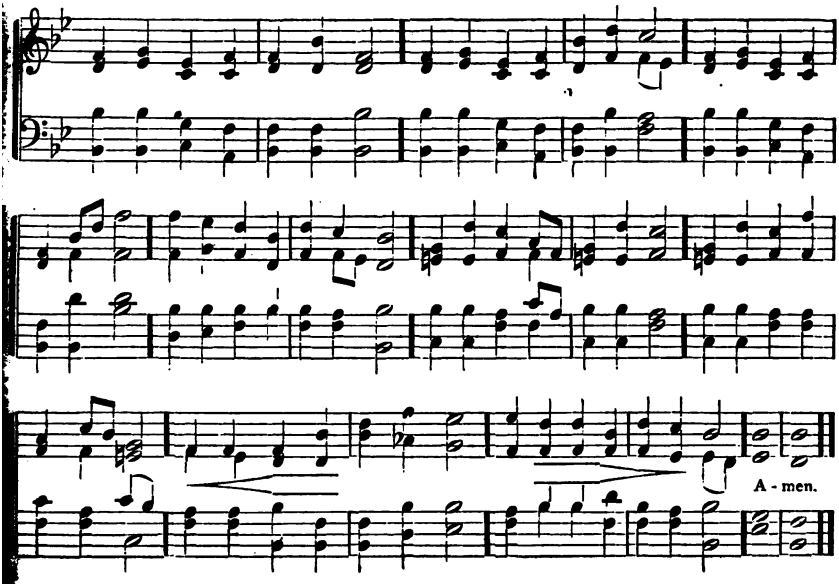
Hymn 53. I. [*First Tune.*]

"*In that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted.*"

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O, by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By Thy conflict with despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

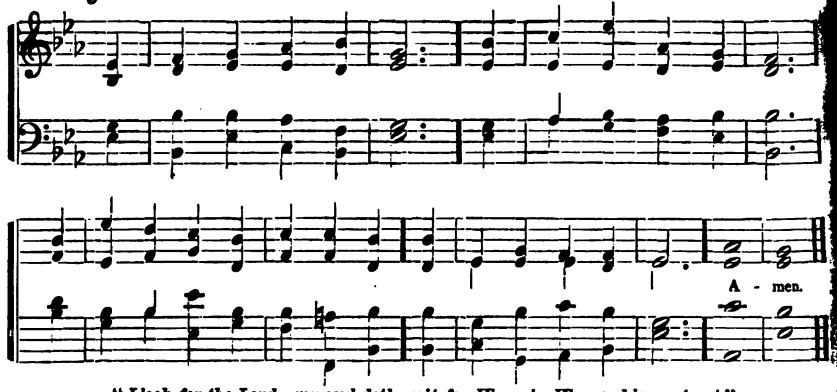
4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany. AMEN.

[*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 54. I.

"Turn ye! turn ye! for why will ye die."

SINNERS! turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, Who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live:
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the works of His own hands:
Why, ye thankless creatures! why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
God Who did your souls retrieve,
That ye might forever live.
Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He Who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love.
Will ye not the grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die? AMEN.

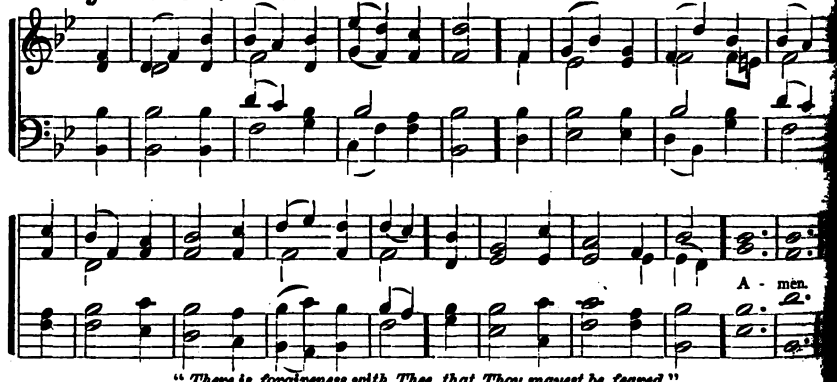
Hymn 55. C.

"I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for Him; in His word is my trust."

MY soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on Thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

2 My longing eyes look out
For Thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

3 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds His mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from
Eternal succour flows; [whence

4 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away. AMEN.

Hymn 56. B.

"There is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared."

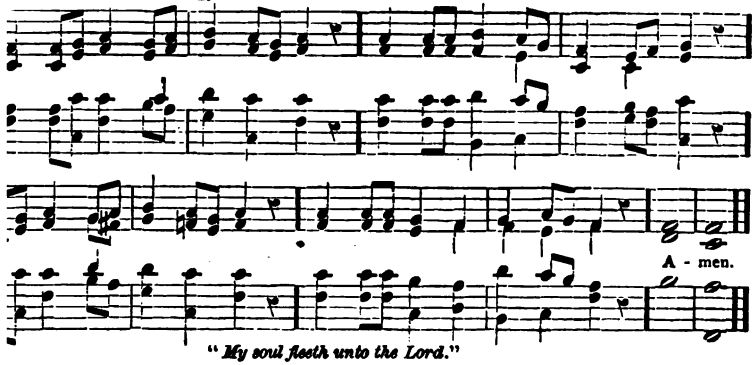
HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of His word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, Thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

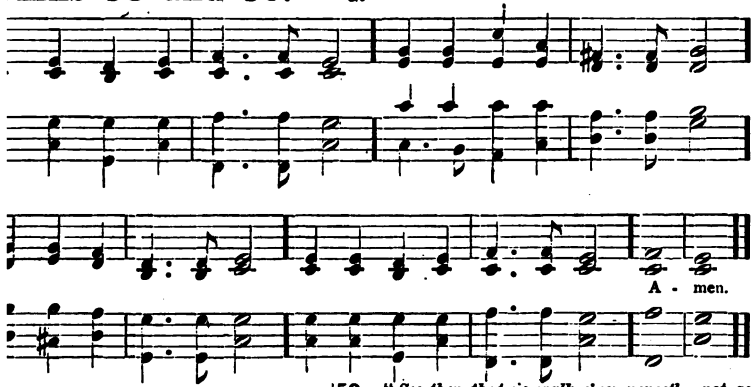
5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore:
O keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more. AMEN.

rmn 57. A.

"*My soul fleeth unto the Lord.*"

God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee:
t a thousand thoughts I rove,
tful of my highest love.

hould my passions mix with earth,
ius debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign. AMEN.

rmns 58 and 59. G.

ake to righteousness, and sin not."

3TEN, sinner! to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
m, if you still despise,
der is it to be won.

n, mercy to implore;
not for the morrow's sun;
hy season should be o'er,
this evening's stage be run.

n, sinner! now return;
y not for the morrow's sun;
hy lamp should cease to burn,
salvation's work is done.

n, sinner! to be blest;
y not for the morrow's sun;
perdition thee arrest,
e the morrow *is begun.* AMEN.

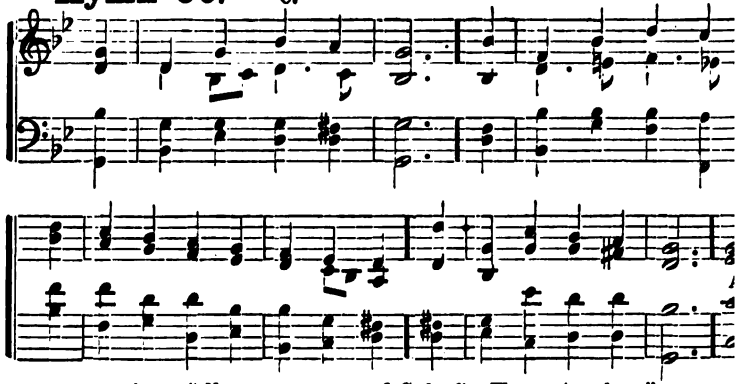
59. "*See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time.*"

SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
Jesus waits His light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still;
Call'd of Jesus, learn His will:
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed His light. AMEN.

Hymn 60. C.

"*Have mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness.*"

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

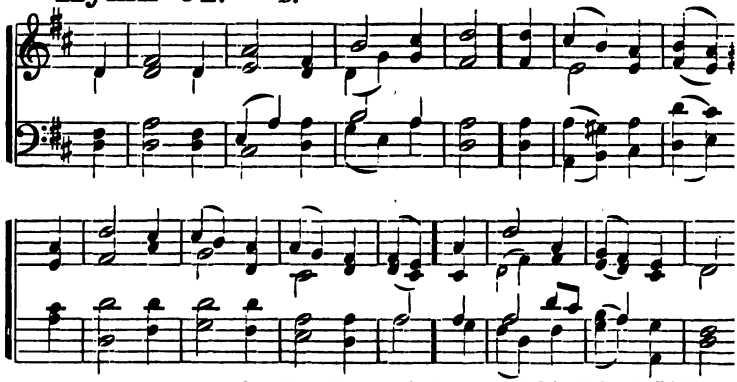
2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 Against Thee, Lord, alone,
And only in Thy sight, [demn'd,
Have I transgress'd; and, though con-
Must own Thy judgment right.

4 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view:
Create in me a heart that's clea
An upright mind renew.

5 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

6 The joy Thy favour gives
Let me, O Lord, regain;
And Thy free Spirit's firm sup
My fainting soul sustain. A

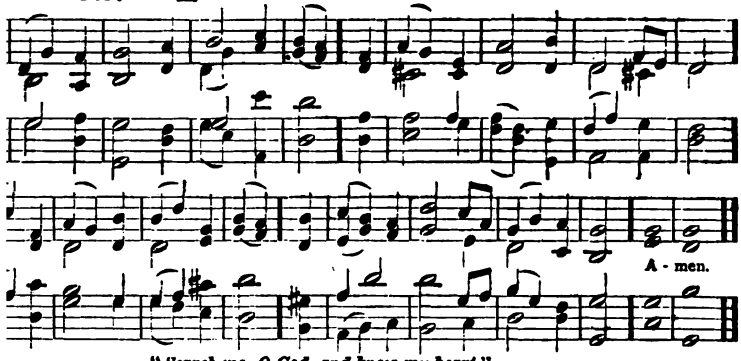
Hymn 61. B.

"*Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life.*"

AS o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employ'd;
And time unhallow'd, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my labouring br
Thy grace it is which prompts
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be
And when Thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath re
O speed my soul to Thee. A

mn 62. A.

"*Search me, O God, and know my heart.*"

U to Whose all-searching sight
darkness shineth as the light,
ove my heart; it pants for Thee,
ese bonds, and set it free.

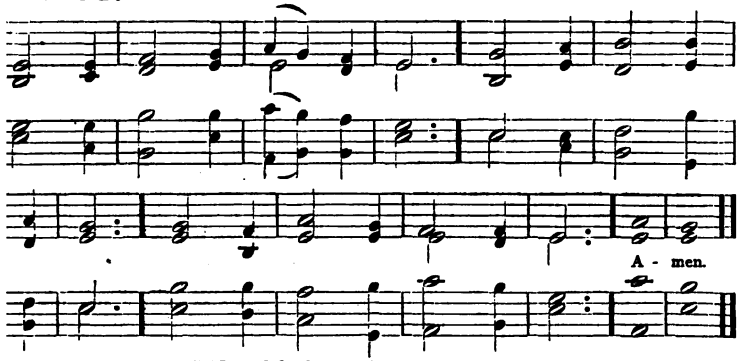
its stains, refine its dross,
ffections to the Cross;
ch thought; let all within
as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

darksome wild I stray,
ny light, be Thou my way;
o violence I fear,
while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day,
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace. AMEN.

mn 63.

"*My soul fleeth unto the Lord.*"

in this Thy mercy's day,
the time shall pass away,
nees we fall and pray.

u, grant us tears,
ith heart-searching fears,
iour of doom appears.

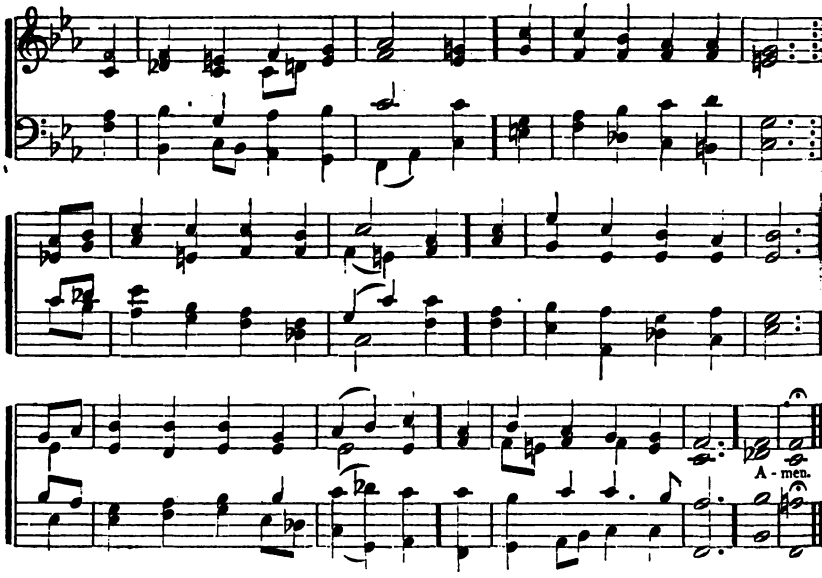
us Thy Spirit pour,
lowly at Thy door,
se for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardoned round Thy throne. AMEN.

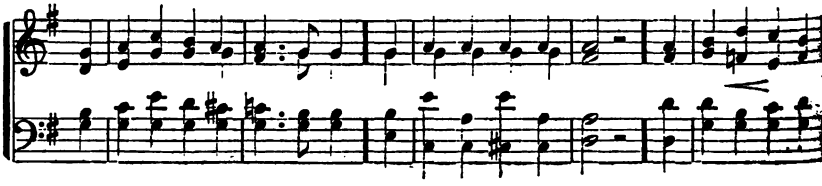
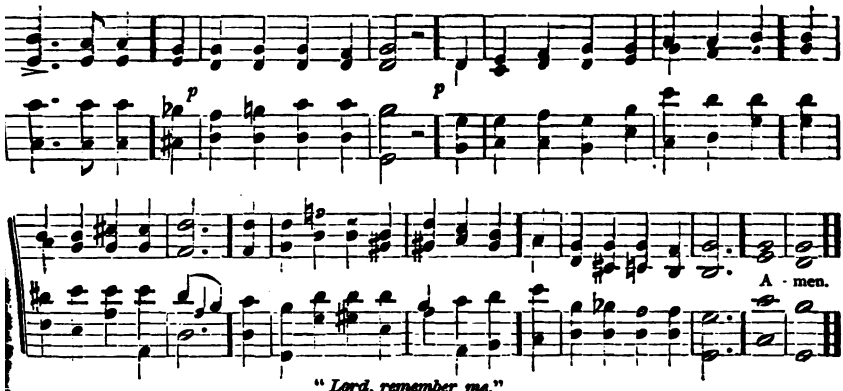
Hymn 64. Q.

"*If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.*"

MY sins, my sins, my Saviour!
They take such hold on me,
I am not able to look up,
Save only, Christ, to Thee;
In Thee is all forgiveness,
In Thee abundant grace,
My shadow and my sunshine
The brightness of Thy face.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
How sad on Thee they fall!
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all;
I know they are forgiven,
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till, with Thee, in the desert,
I near Thy Passion drew;
Till, with Thee, in the garden,
I heard thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

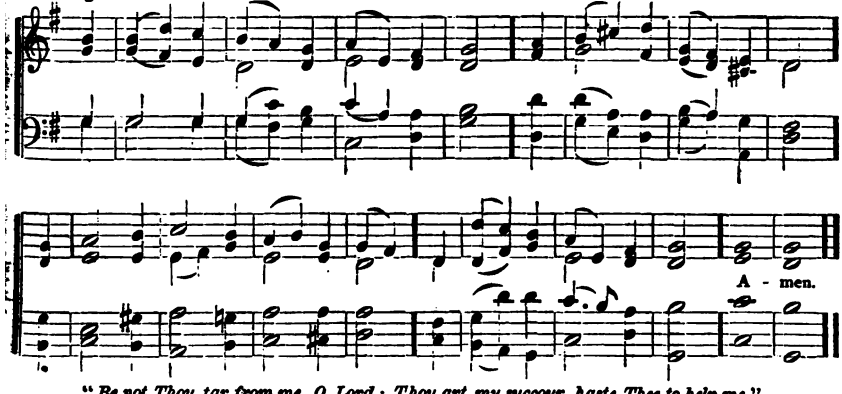
4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below;
Thy goodness and Thy favour,
Whose presence from above,
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love. AMEN.

Hymn 65. BB.

"*Lord, remember me.*"

O THOU, from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.
When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
In love, remember me.

2 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day:
For good, remember me.
If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

3 And oh, when in the hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. AMEN.

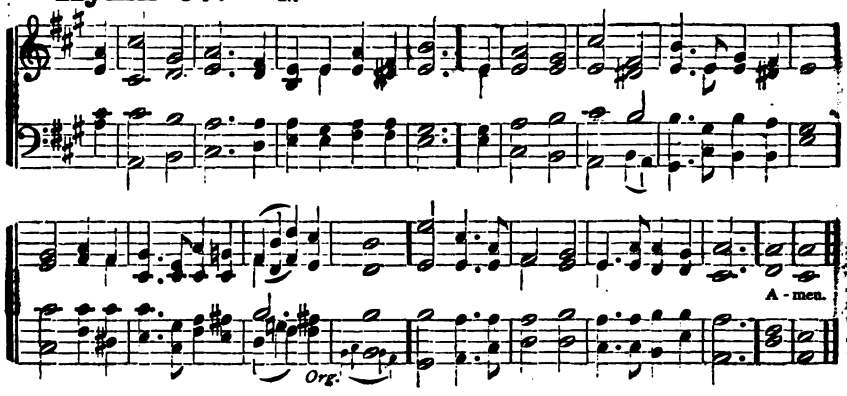
Hymn 66. B.

"*Be not Thou far from me, O Lord; Thou art my succour, haste Thee to help me.*"

O GRACIOUS God, in Whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

2 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

3 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, Thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.

4 O keep me in Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and Thee. AMEN.

Hymn 67. N.

"*In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins.*"

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

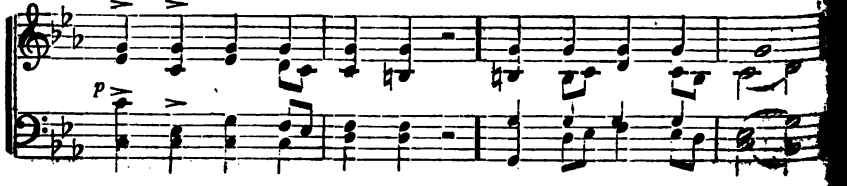
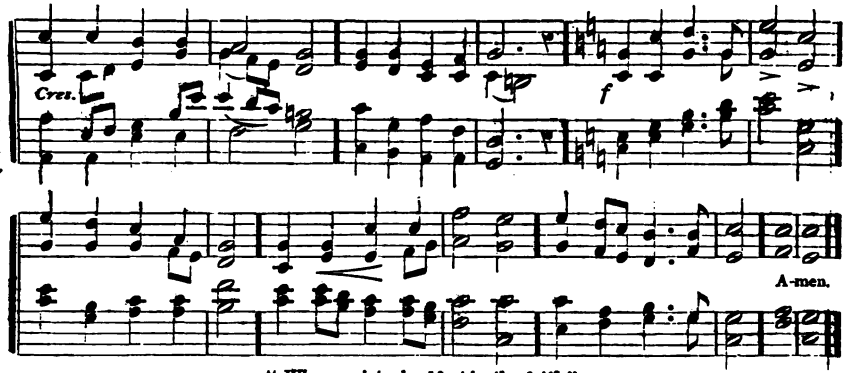
2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are Hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me, day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the Hands stretch'd out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous Lord:
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down. AMEN.

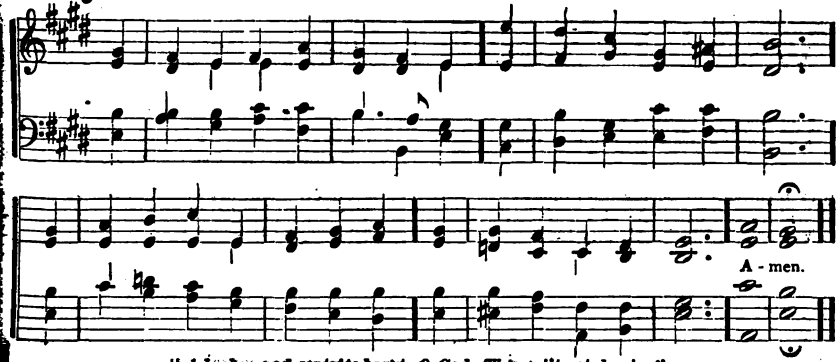
Hymn 68.

"Whom resist, steadfast in the faith."

CHRISTIAN! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
In the strength that cometh
By the Holy Cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be down-cast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My Throne." AMEN.

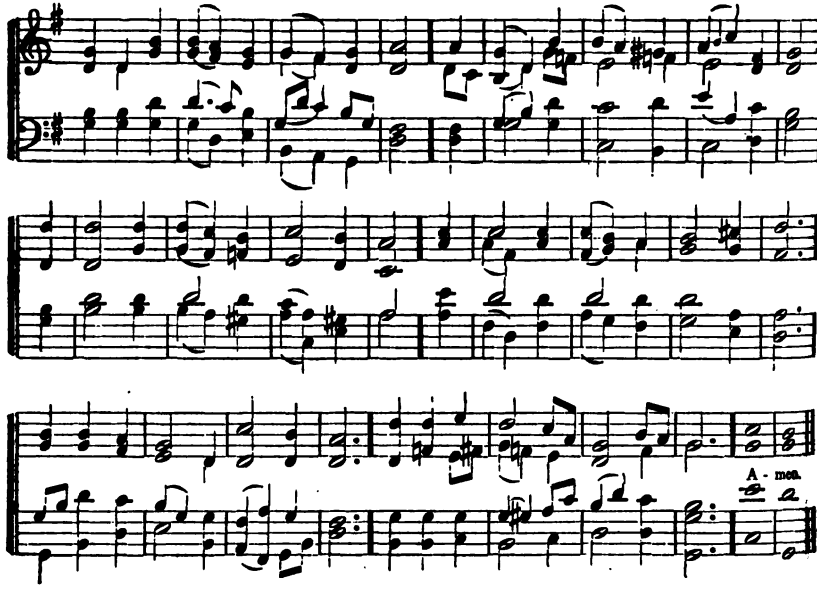
Hymn 69. B.

"A broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
And penitence impart;
And let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies. AMEN.

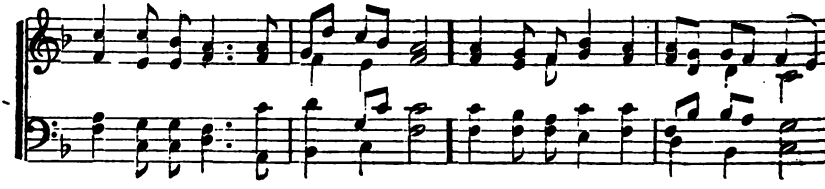
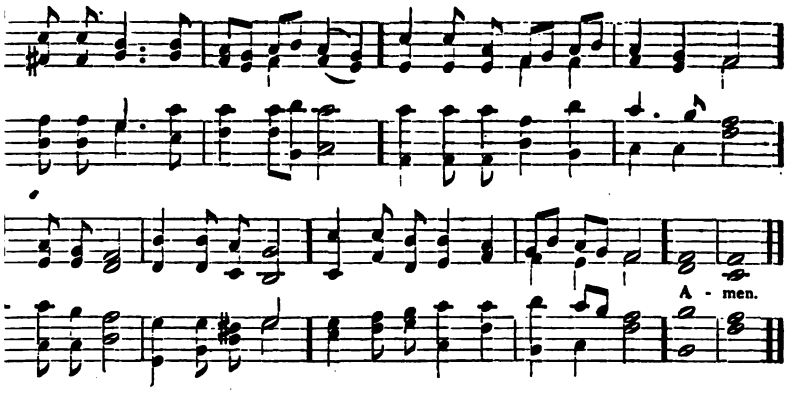
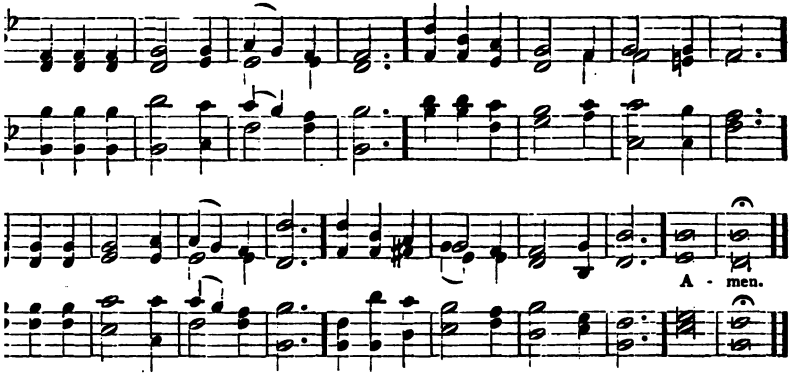
Hymn 70. E. [*First Tune.*]

"*Jesus Christ, the same, yesterday, to day, and forever.*"

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod;
For Thee, not without hope, I mourn:
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesu, full of pardoning grace—
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek Thy face:
Open Thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore:
O, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

AMEN.

[*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 71. A.

" God be merciful to me, a sinner."

ITH broken heart and contrite sigh
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
pardoning grace is rich and free:
od, be merciful to me.

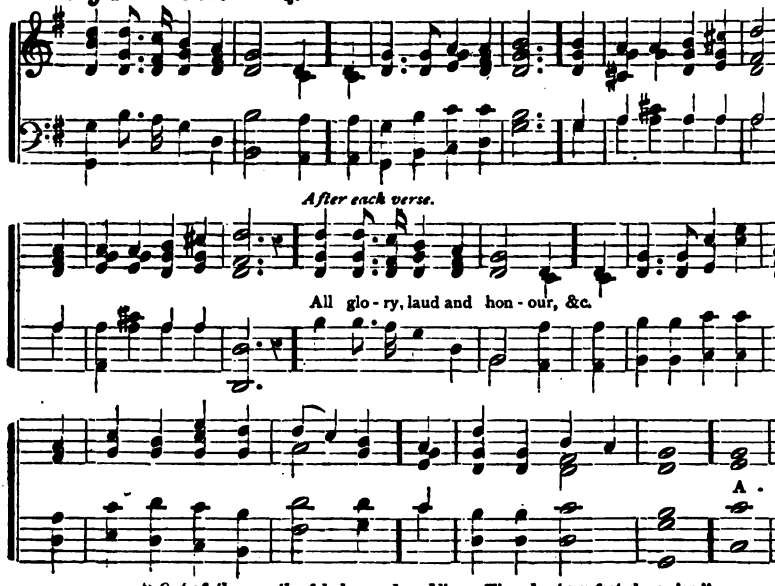
ite upon my troubled breast,
a deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
st and His Cross my only plea:
od, be merciful to me.

off I stand with tearful eyes,
dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me. AMEN.

PALM SUNDAY AND PASSION WEEK.

Hymn 72. Q.

"*Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.*"

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

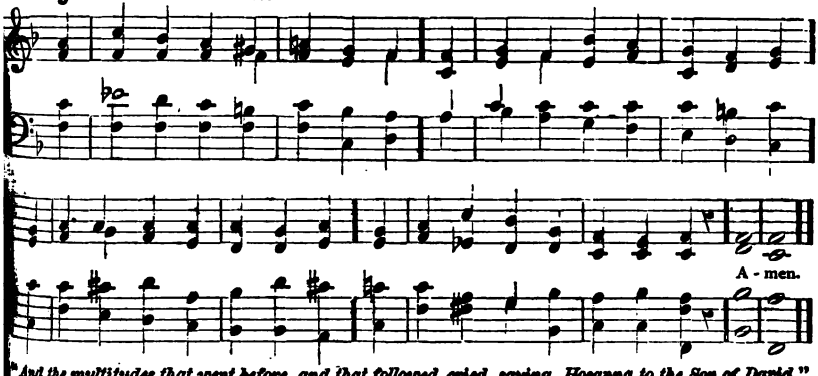
2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.
All glory, etc.

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To Thee, now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc. AMEN.

Hymn 73. A.

"*And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David.*"

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

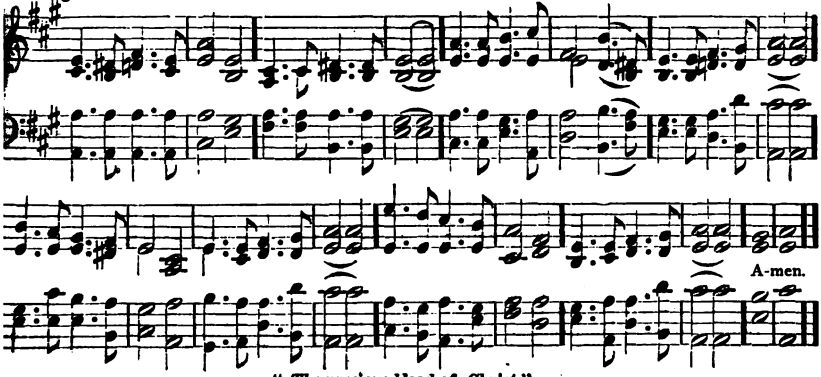
Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

AMEN.

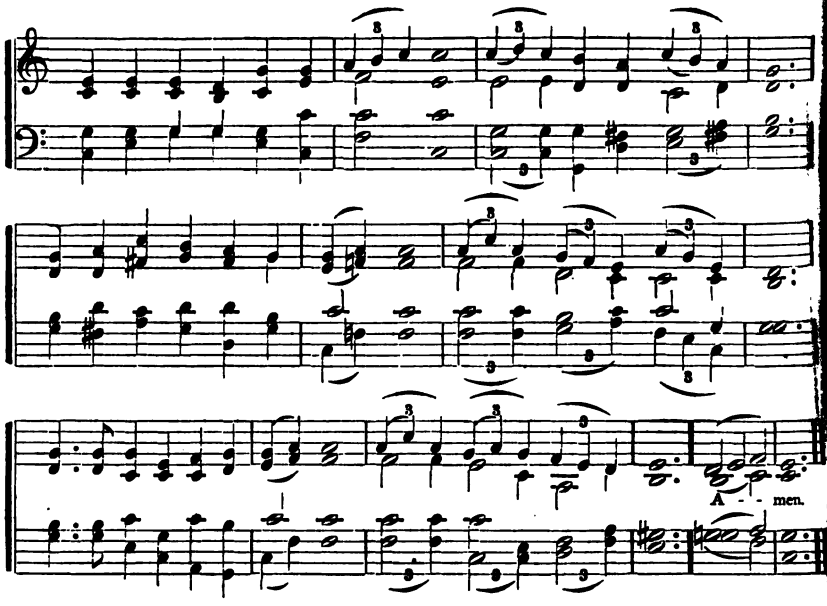
Hymn 74.

"*The precious blood of Christ.*"

GLORY, be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins!
Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find,
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind!

2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the *world* redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

3 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious Blood. AMEN.

PASSION WEEK.

Hymn 75.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."

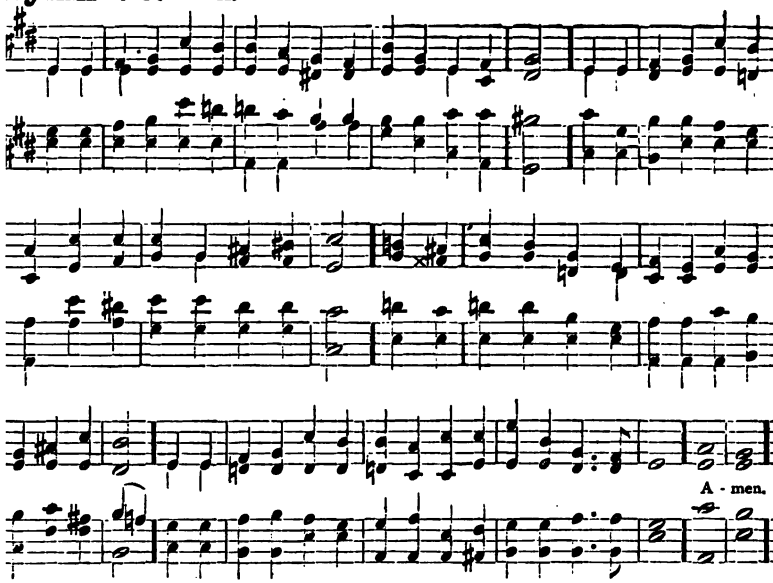
NOW, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Tell in sweet and mournful strain,
How the Crucified, enduring
Grief, and wounds, and dying pain,
Freely of His Love was offered,
Sinless was for sinners slain.

2 Scourged with unrelenting fury
For the sins which we deplore,
By His livid Stripes He heals us,
Raising us to fall no more;
All our bruises gently soothing,
Binding up the bleeding sore.

3 See! His Hands and Feet are fastened;
So He makes His people free:
Not a wound whence Blood is flowing
But a Fount of grace shall be;
Yea the very nails which nail Him
Nail us also to the Tree.

4 Through His Heart the spear is piercing,
Though His foes have seen Him die;
Blood and Water thence are streaming
In a tide of mystery,
Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
Blood to win us crowns on high.

5 Jesu, may those precious Fountains
Drink to thirsting souls afford:
Let them be our Cup and Healing,
And at length our full Reward;
So a ransomed world shall ever
Praise Thee its redeeming Lord. Amen.

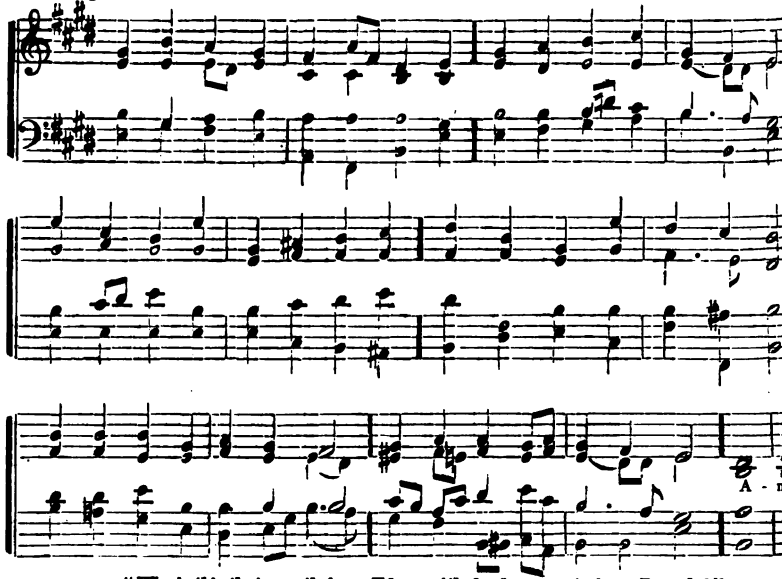
Hymn 76. K.

"Who, when He had purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

HAIL, Thou once-despisèd Jesus;
Hail, Thou Galilean King;
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring!
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame;
By Thy merit we find favour;
Life is given through Thy Name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy Blood
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side;
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise. AMEN.

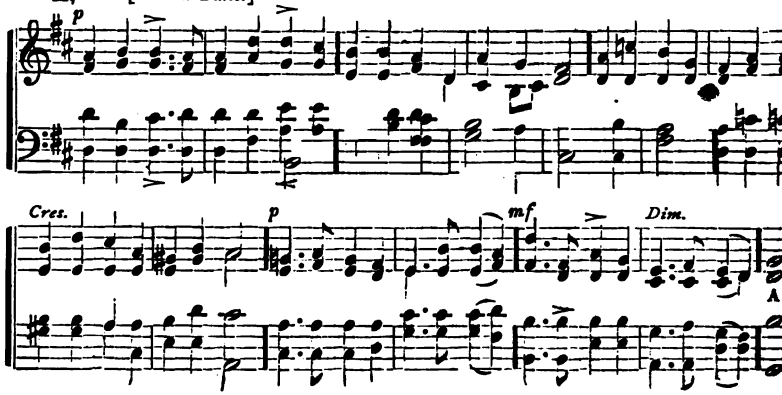
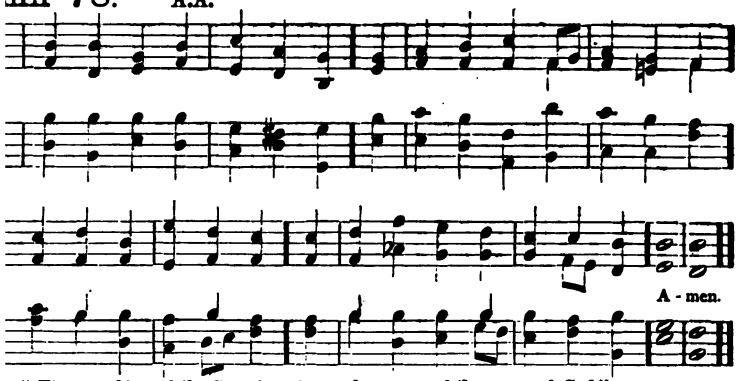
Hymn 77. M. [*First Tune.*]

"*Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?*"

WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All His raiment stained with blood,
To the captive speaking freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good;
Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoil He bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious,
To His people, is the sight!
Satan conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain:
Fallen they are, no more to rise;
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never,
Cease to sing what Thou hast done;
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

M. [*Second Tune.*]

mn 78. A.A.

"The preaching of the Cross is unto us who are saved the power of God."

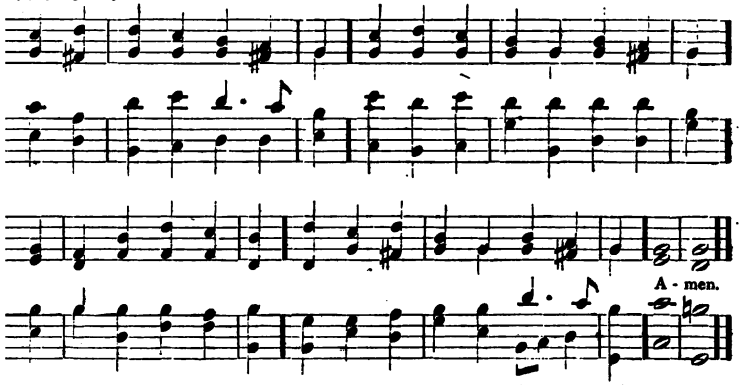
ıg the praise of Him Who died,
Him Who died upon the Cross:
r's hope let men deride:
we count the world but loss.

upon the Cross we see
ng letters, God is love:
our sins upon the tree:
gs us mercy from above.

—it takes our guilt away;
the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above. AMEN.

mn 79.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

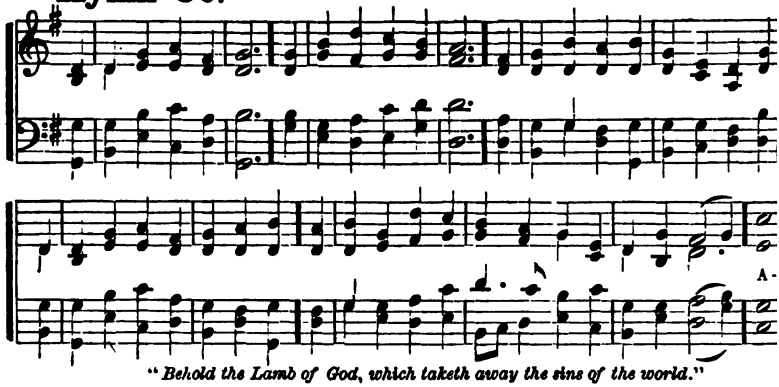
yal Banners forward go,
Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
in flesh, our flesh Who made,
ıce bore, our ransom paid.

lst He hung, His sacred Side
's spear was opened wide,
: us in the precious flood
mingled with His Blood.

glory, tree most fair,
those Holy Limbs to bear.
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's Blood!

4 Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

5 To Thee Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the Cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore. AMEN.

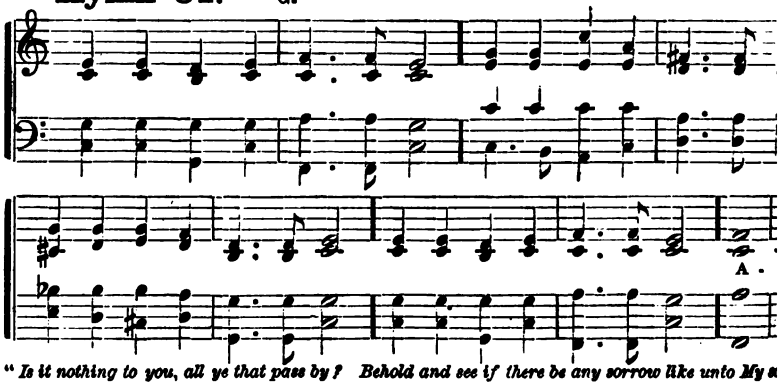
Hymn 80.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."

BEHOLD the Lamb of God!
O Thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That Thou hast died:
Thee for my Saviour let me take,
My only refuge let me make
Thy pierced Side.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious Blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, Incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest;
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blessèd Saints
Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone,
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All Light and Love. AMEN.

Hymn 81. G.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My s

SEE the destined day arise!
See, a willing Sacrifice,
Jesus, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful Cross!

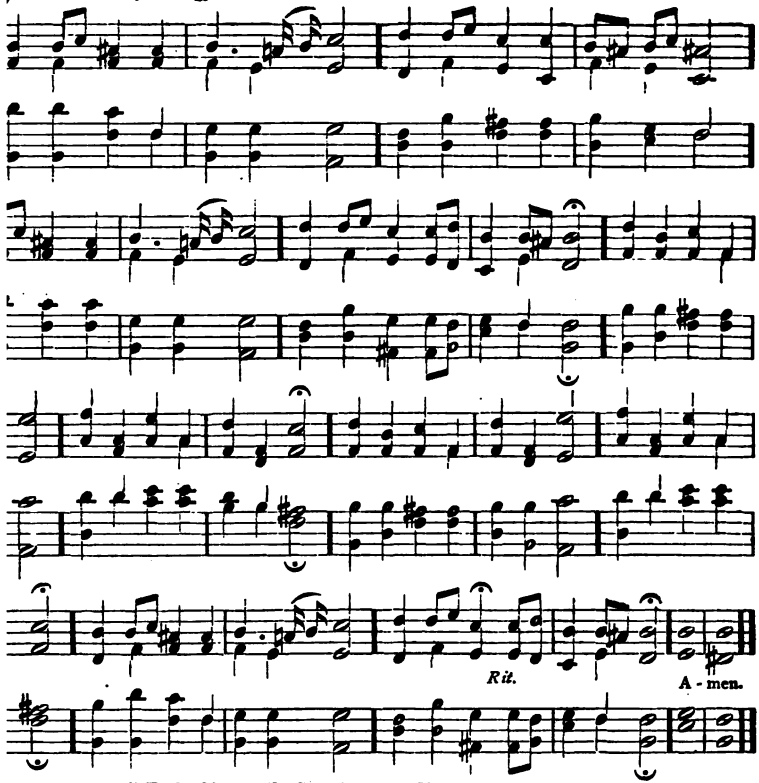
2 Jesu, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

3 *Who but Thou had* dared to drain
Steeped in gall the cup of pain,
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spea

4 Thence the cleansing Water flowed,
Mingled from Thy Side with Blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished Sacrifice.

Holy Jesu, grant us grace
In that Sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good.

GOOD FRIDAY.

ymn 82. I.

"*Truly this was the Son of God.*"—MATT. xxvii. 54.

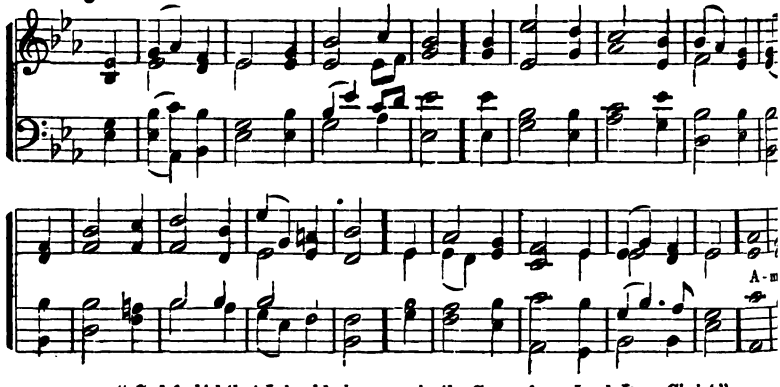
ND upon the accursèd tree,
aint and bleeding, who is He?
eyes so pale and dim,
ing blood, and writhing limb,
flesh with scourges torn,
crown of twisted thorn,
side so deeply pierced,
baffled, burning thirst,
drooping, death-dew'd brow,
Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

upon the accursèd tree,
and awful, who is He?
sun at noonday pale,
ing rocks, and rending veil,
earth enwrapt in gloom,
saints who burst their tomb,
romised ere He died
felon at His side;
our suppliant knees we bow!
God! 'tis Thou! 'tis *Thou!*

3 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry
Of the dying agony,
By the lifeless body, laid
In the chambers of the dead,
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,
Crucified, we know Thee now:
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

4 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou! AMEN.

Hymn 83. AA.



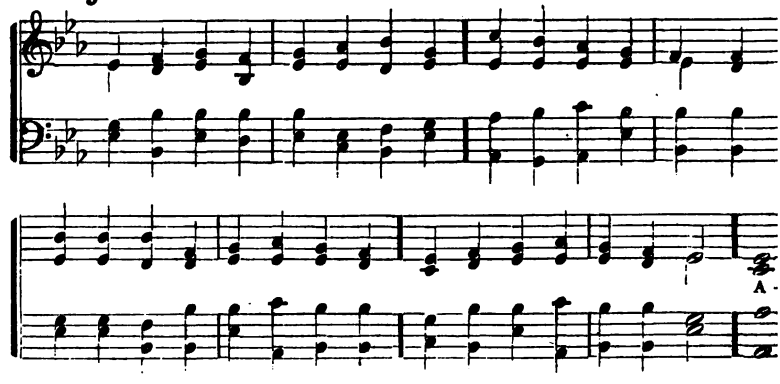
"God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His fe
Sorrow and love flow mingled down
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

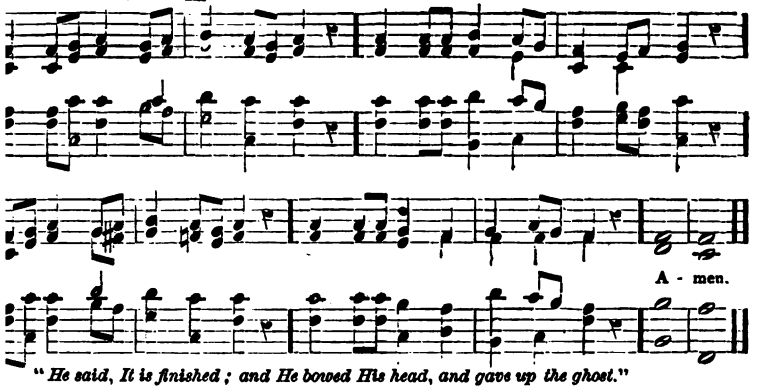
Hymn 84. J.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of Blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His languid eye.

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation
And Thine unveilèd glory see.

ymn 85. A.

"*He said, It is finished; and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.*"

nish'd; so the Saviour cried,
id meekly bowed His head and died:
h'd: yes, the work is done,
le fought, the victory won.

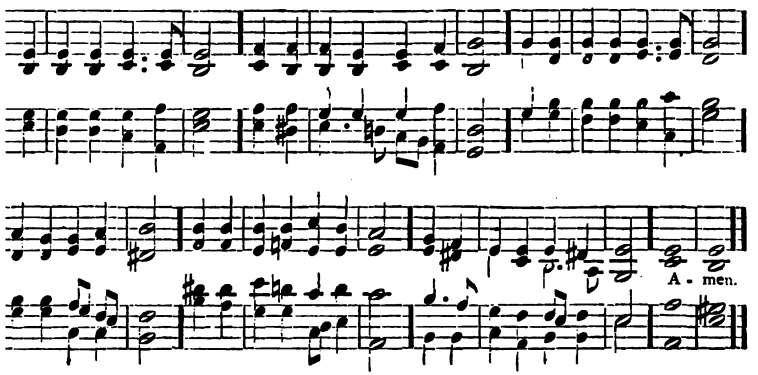
h'd: all that heaven decreed,
he ancient prophets said,
ulfilled, as long designed,
ie Saviour of mankind.

h'd: Aaron now no more
in his robes with purple gore:
ed veil is rent in twain,
ish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finish'd: this My dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this, My last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finish'd: heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finish'd: let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finish'd: let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky. AMEN.

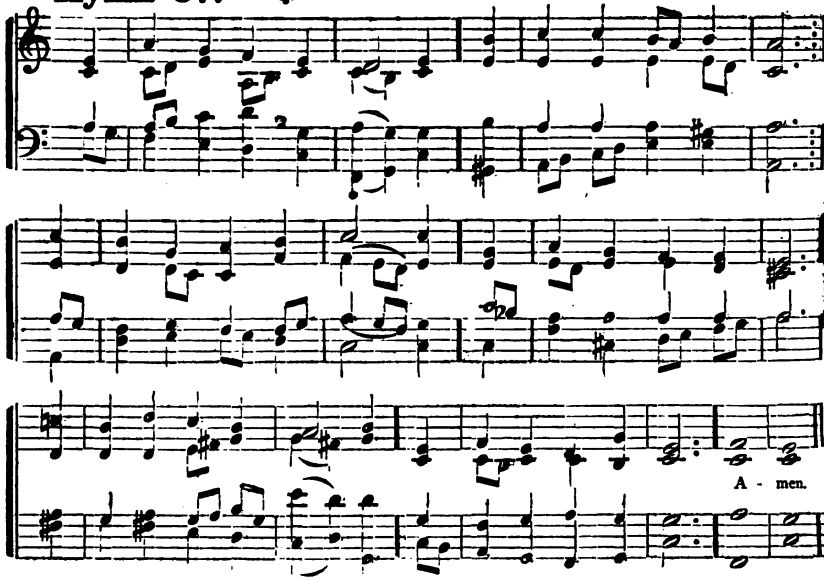
ymn 86. H.

"*Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall.*"

o dark Gethsemane,
'e that feel the tempter's power,
tedeemer's conflict see,
h with Him one bitter hour;
ot from His griefs away,
of Jesus Christ to pray.

to the judgment-hall;
the Lord of life arraign'd;
ormwood and *the gall!*

O the pangs His soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finish'd!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die. AMEN.

Hymn 87. Q.

"*Who loved me and gave Himself for me.*"

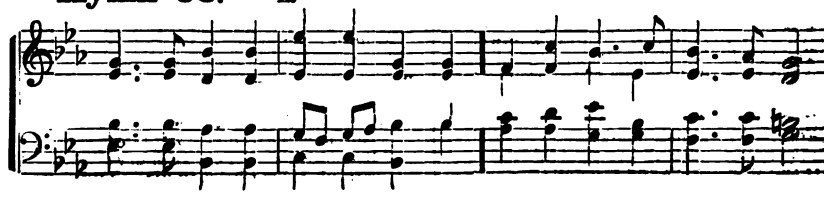
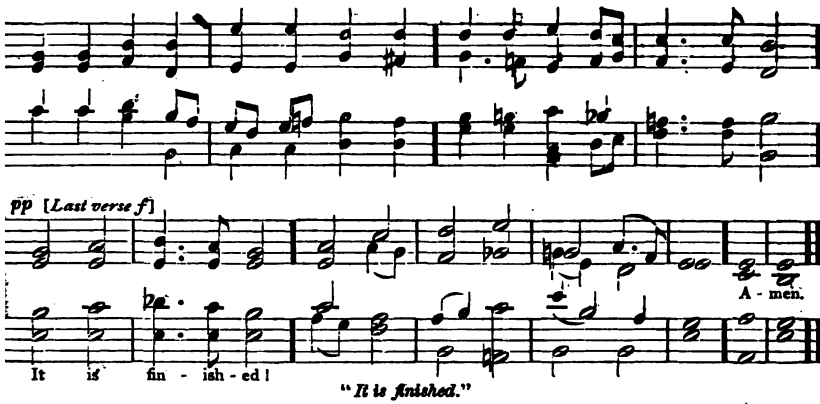
O SACRED Head, once wounded,
With grief and shame bowed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown.
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
Yes, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour:
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
Lord of my life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside Thy Cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love for Thee.

5 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy Cross to me:
And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love. AMEN.

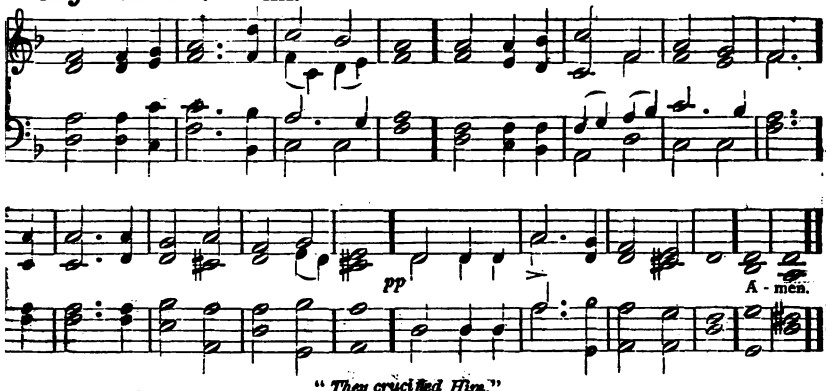
Hymn 88. L.

"*It is finished.*"

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finish'd!" O what pleasure
Do the precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish'd all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finish'd!"
Saints from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Strike them to Emmanuel's Name;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! Amen.

Hymn 89. AA.

"*They crucified Him.*"

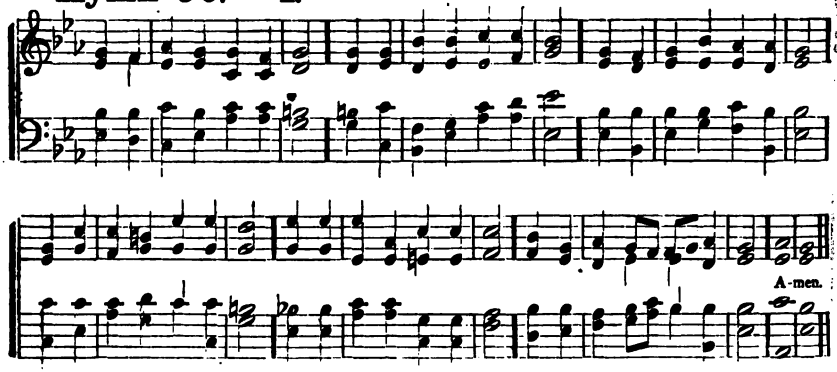
O COME and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and three will not be denied;
Lord Jesu, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified. Amen.

EASTER EVEN.

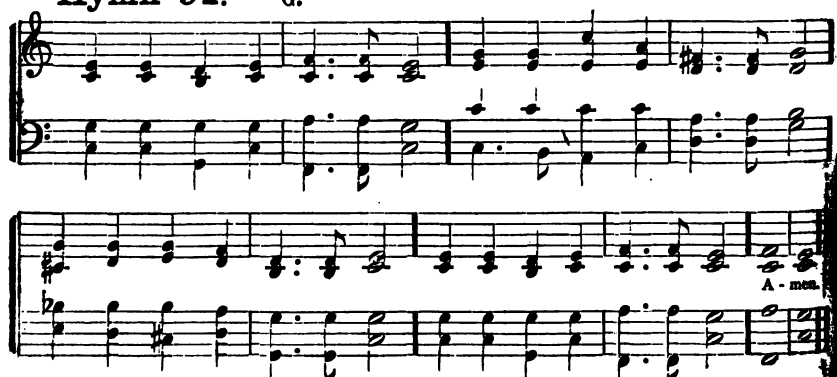
Hymn 90. H.

"And when Joseph had taken the Body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out of the rock. . . . And there was Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary sitting over against the sepulchre."

RESTING from His work to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealèd stone.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure enbalmèd cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

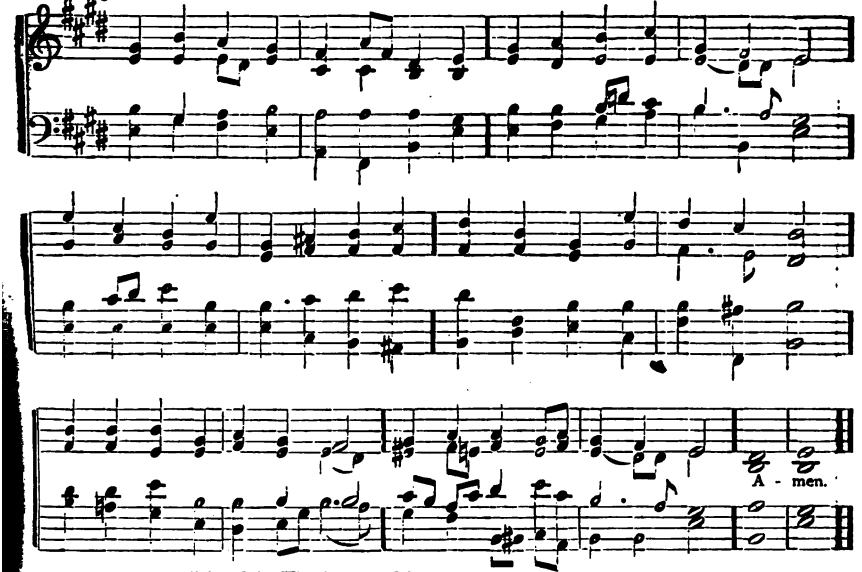
4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again. AMEN.

Hymn 91. G.

"Then took they the Body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes with the spices."

PAIN and toil are over now;
Bring the spice and bring the myrrh,
Fold the limb and bind the brow,
In the rich man's sepulchre.

2 Sin has bruised the Victor's heel;
Roll the stone and guard it well;
Bring the Roman's boasted seal,
Bring his boldest sentinel.

3 Yet the morning's purple ray
Shall present a glorious sight,
Stone by earthquake roll'd away,
Angel guards all robed in white. AMEN.

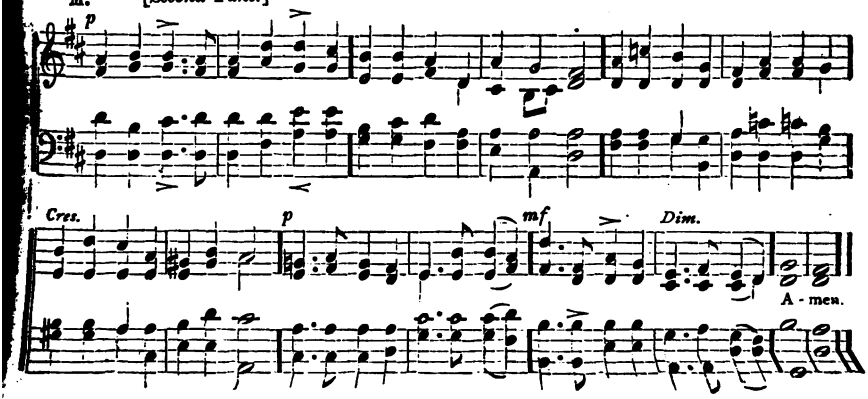
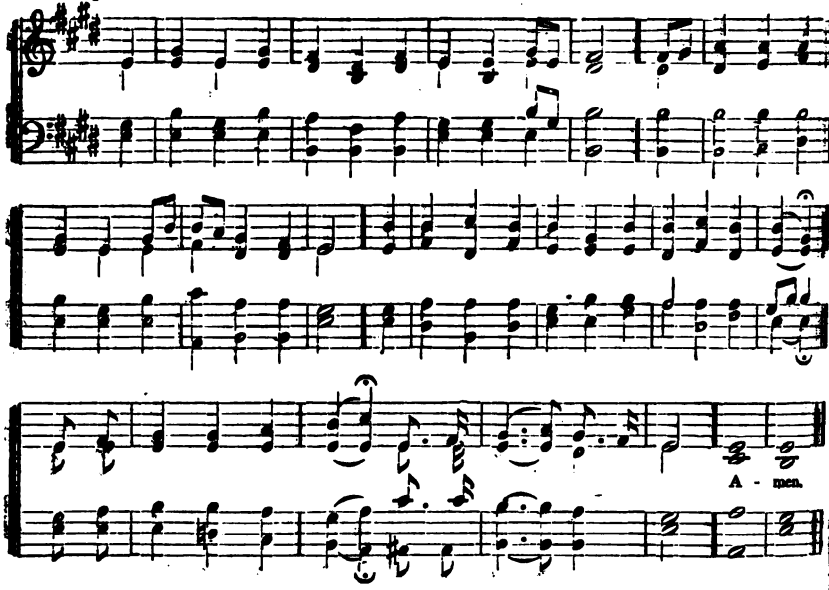
Hymn 92. M. [*First Tune.*]

"*And laid Him in a sepulchre which was hewn out of a rock.*"

ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts and Satan's spite;
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the Prey he grasps to-night.
Yet once more, His own to save
Christ must sleep within the grave.

1 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
On the bitter Cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

3 Close and still the tomb that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes:
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

4 So this night, with voice of sadness
Chant the anthem soft and low;
Loftier strains of praise and gladness
From to-morrow's harps shall flow:
"Death and hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign."
AMEN.

M. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 93.

"*I would not live alway.*"

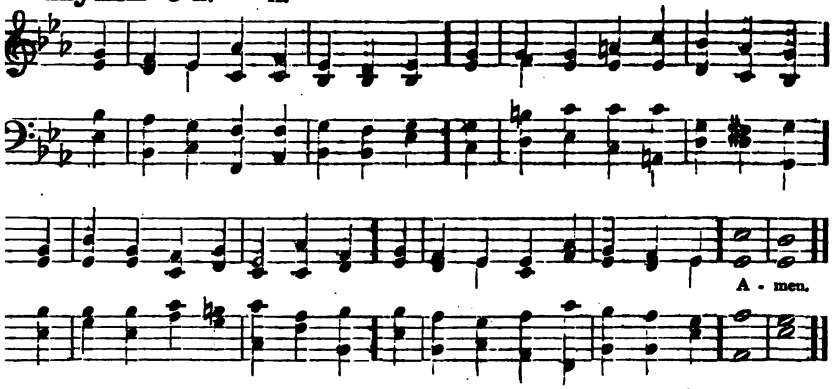
I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul. AMEN.

Hymn 94. A.

"O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before thee."

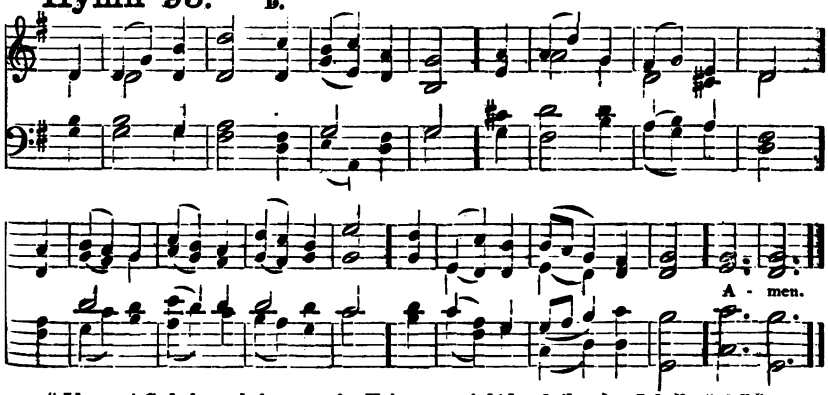
GOD of my life, O Lord most high,
To Thee by day and night I cry;
Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear,
To my distress incline Thine ear.

Like those whose strength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead;
Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
From Thee no more remembrance have.

Wilt Thou by miracle revive
The dead, whom Thou forsook'st alive?
Shall the mute grave Thy love confess,
A mouldering tomb Thy faithfulness?

4 To Thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn,
My prayer prevents the early morn:
Why hast Thou, Lord, my soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsafed a gracious look?

5 Companions dear and friends beloved
Far from my sight Thou hast removed:
God of my life, O Lord most high,
Vouchsafe to hear my mournful cry! AMEN.

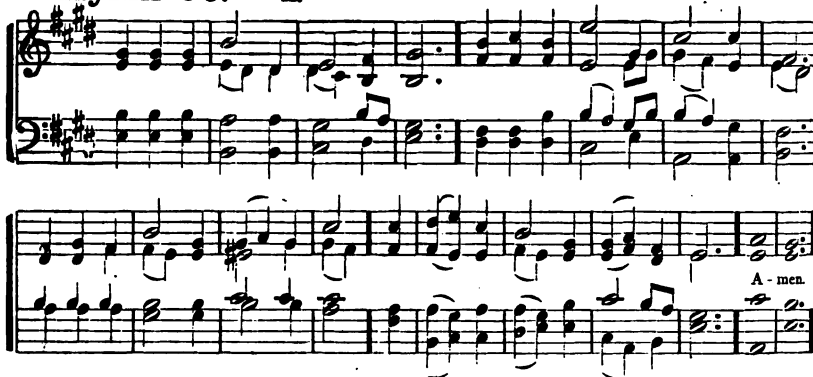
Hymn 95. B.

"I have set God always before me: for He is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall."

MY grateful soul shall bless the Lord,
Whose precepts give me light;
And private counsel still afford
In sorrow's dismal night.

2 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Waked by His powerful voice.

3 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free;
Nor let Thy Holy One in death
The least corruption see.

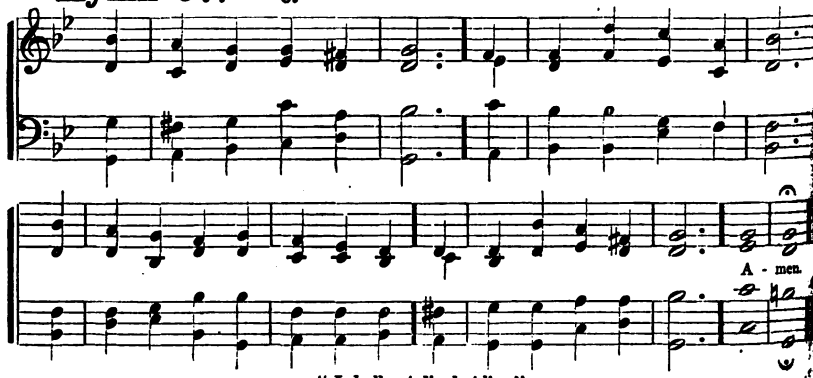
4 Thou shalt the paths of life display
Which to Thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade. AMEN.

Hymn 96. A.

"*When I awake I shall be satisfied with Thy likeness.*"

THIS life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

2 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sense no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise. AMEN.

Hymn 97. C.

"*I shall not die, but live.*"

IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And 'mid the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

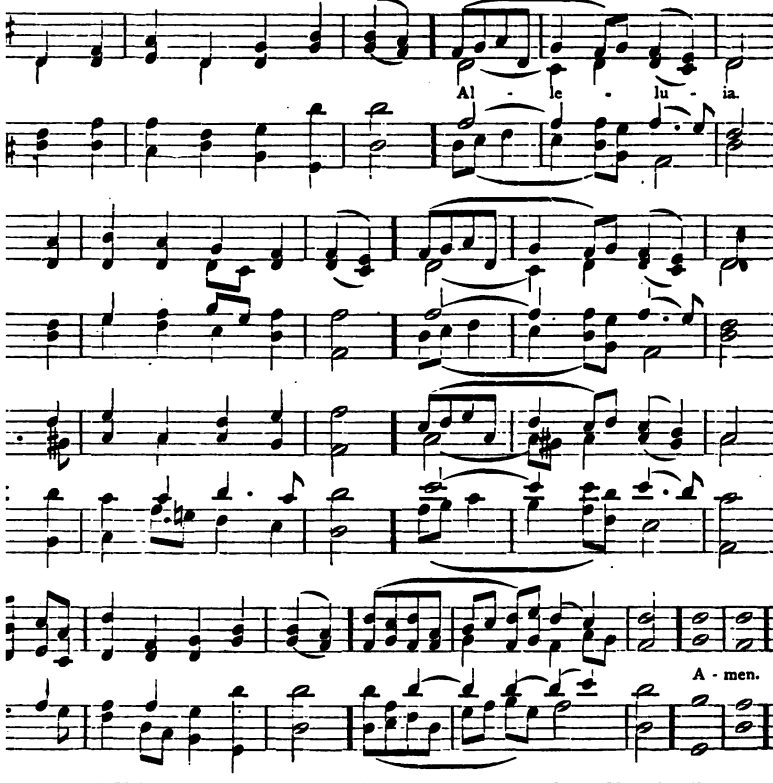
2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high. AMEN.

EASTER.

Hymns 98 and 99. G.

"He is risen."

IRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
e your joys and triumphs high,
, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

's redeeming work is done,
ght the fight, the victory won:
is' agony is o'er,
tness veils the earth no more.

1 the stone, the watch, the seal,
ist hath burst the gates of hell;
th in vain forbids Him rise,
ist hath open'd Paradise.

r we now where Christ hath led,
lowing our exalted Head;
le like Him, like Him we rise;
the cross, the grave, the skies. AMEN.

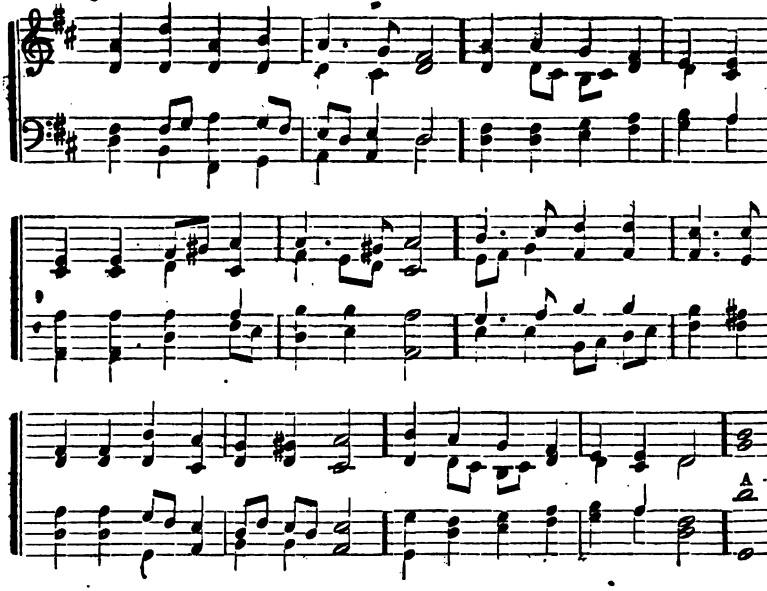
4

99. *"He is not here; He is risen."*

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day;
Who did once upon the Cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the Cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah!

3 But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing,
Hallelujah!

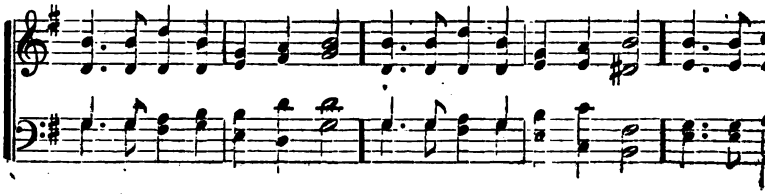
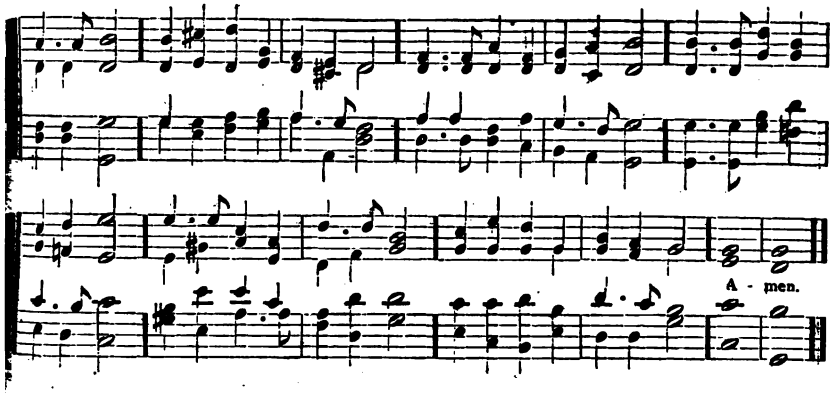
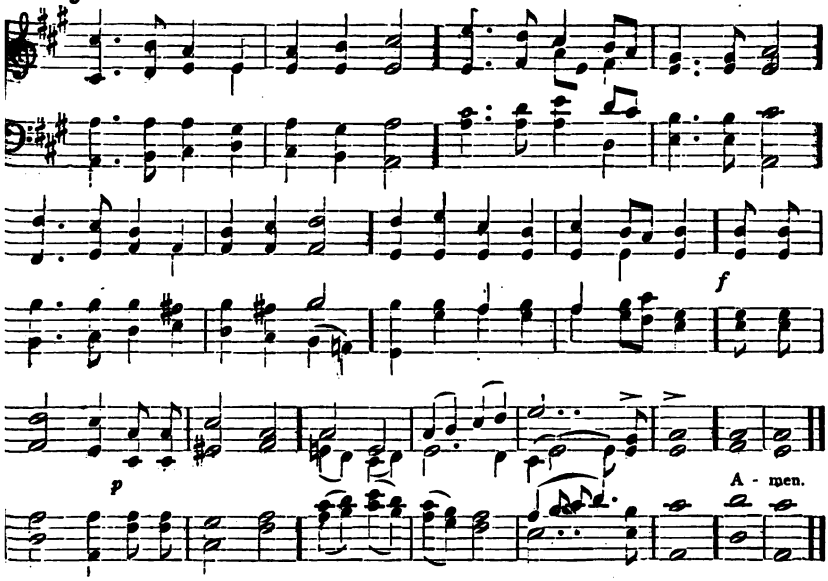
Hymn 100. [*First Tune.*]

"*Sing ye to the Lord; for He hath triumphed gloriously.*"

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His pierced Side;
Praise we Him, whose love divine
Gives His sacred Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword:
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee l
Thou hast conquer'd in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and ligh
Now no more can death appall,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

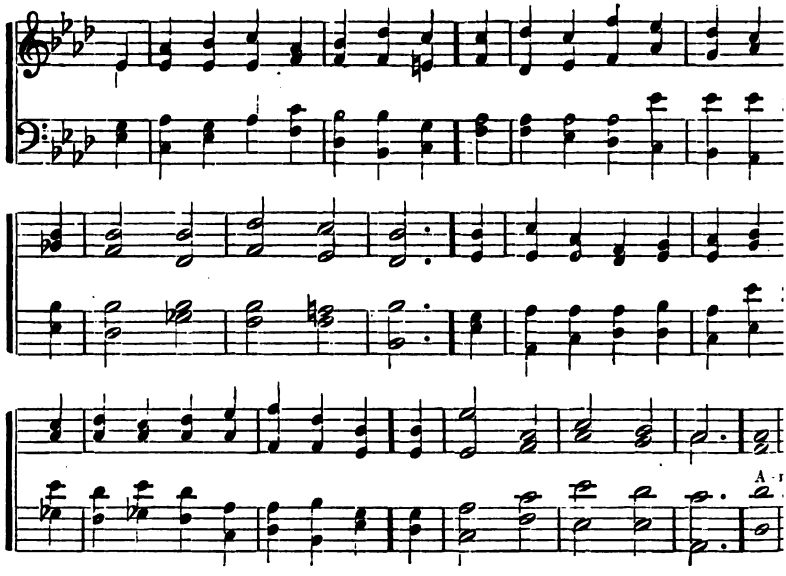
4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit ever be. AMEN.

[*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 101.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."

ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up the mighty Prey!
See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Alleluia, alleluia,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
Alleluia, alleluia,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to Thee,
Now and evermore, shall be.
Alleluia, alleluia,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day. AMEN.

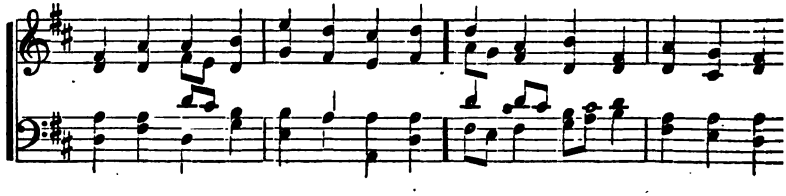
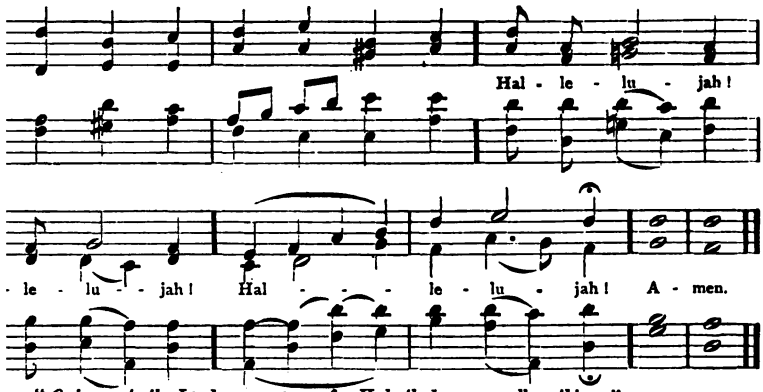
Hymn 102. D.

"*The First-begotten of the dead.*"

COME see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
"He lives, Who once was slain:
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said
That He would rise again."

2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own Almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

3 The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shal
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransom'd souls we give
To Thee our bodies trust. AMEN.

Hymn 103.

" O sing unto the Lord a new song ; for He hath done marvellous things."

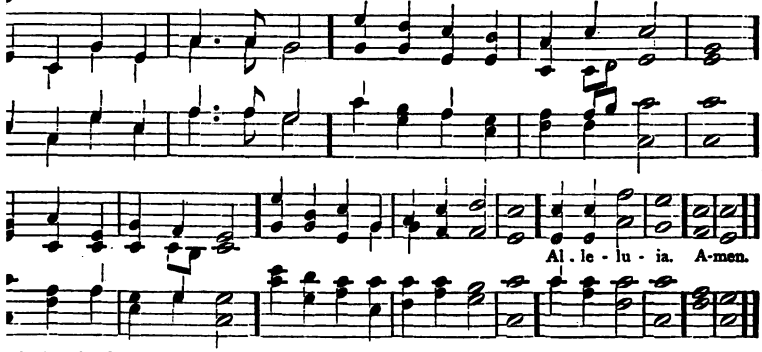
strife is o'er, the battle done!
ıe victory of life is won;
ıg of triumph has begun,
Hallelujah!

wers of Death have done their worst,
rist their legions hath dispersed;
ut of holy joy outburst,
Hallelujah!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Hallelujah!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Hallelujah!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From Death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee,
Hallelujah!

ymn 104.

He that liveth, and was dead ; and behold, I am alive forever, Amen ; and have the keys of hell and of death."

ıUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appall us;
ı lives! by this we know
ou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us,
Alleluia!

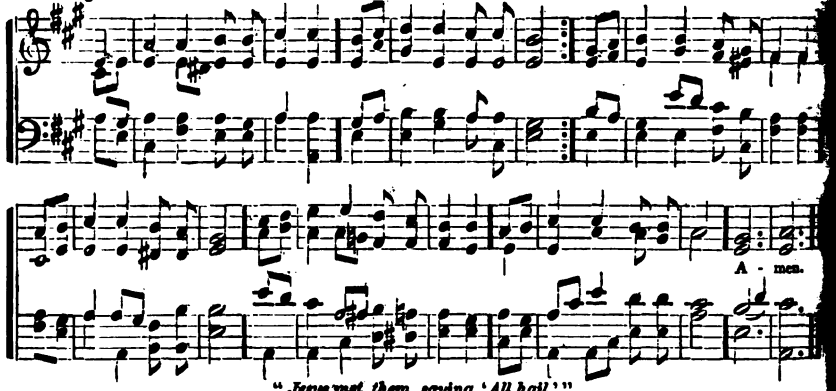
ı lives! henceforth is death
t the gate of life immortal;
shall calm our trembling breath,
ıen we pass its gloomy portal,
Alleluia!

ı lives! for us *He died;*
en, *alone to Jesus living,*
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.
Alleluia! AMEN.

Hymn 105. Q. [*First Tune.*]

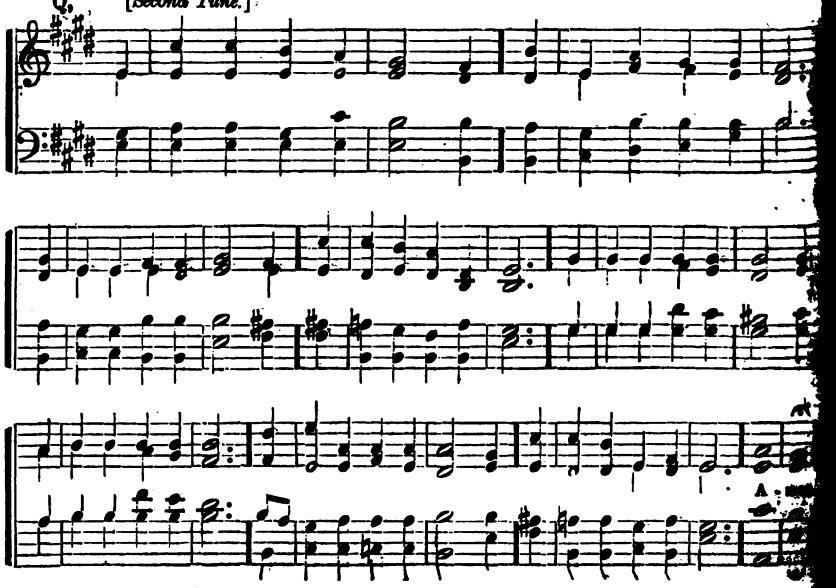
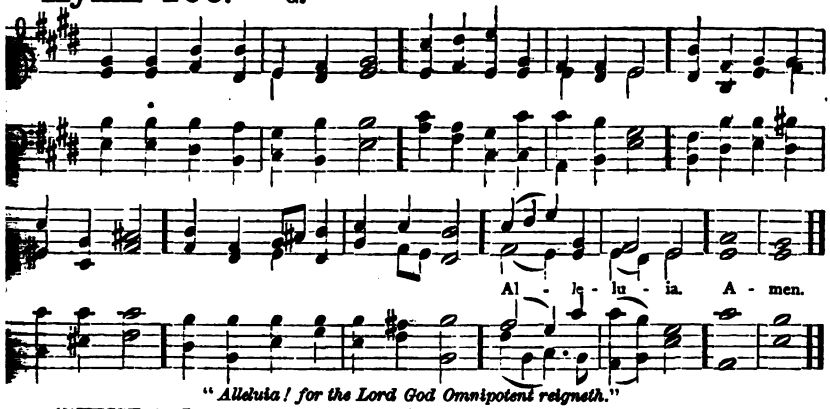


"*Jesus met them, saying 'All hail.'*"

THE Day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and hearing
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end. AMEN.

Q. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 106. G.

"*Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.*"

CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high.
Alleluia!

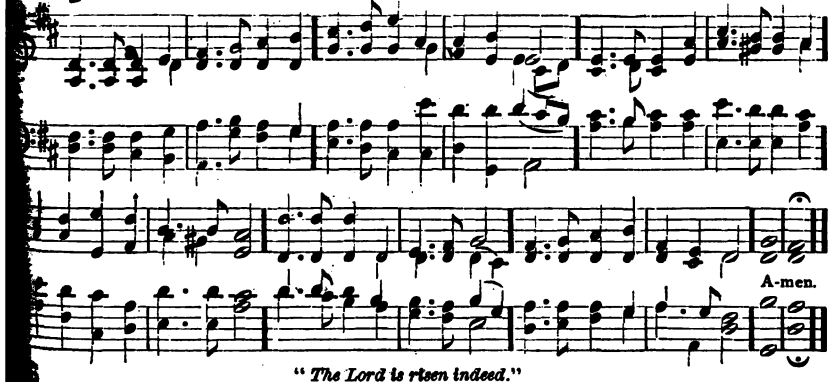
2 He, Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say,
Alleluia!

3 He, Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry;
Alleluia!

4 He, Who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia!

5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluia!

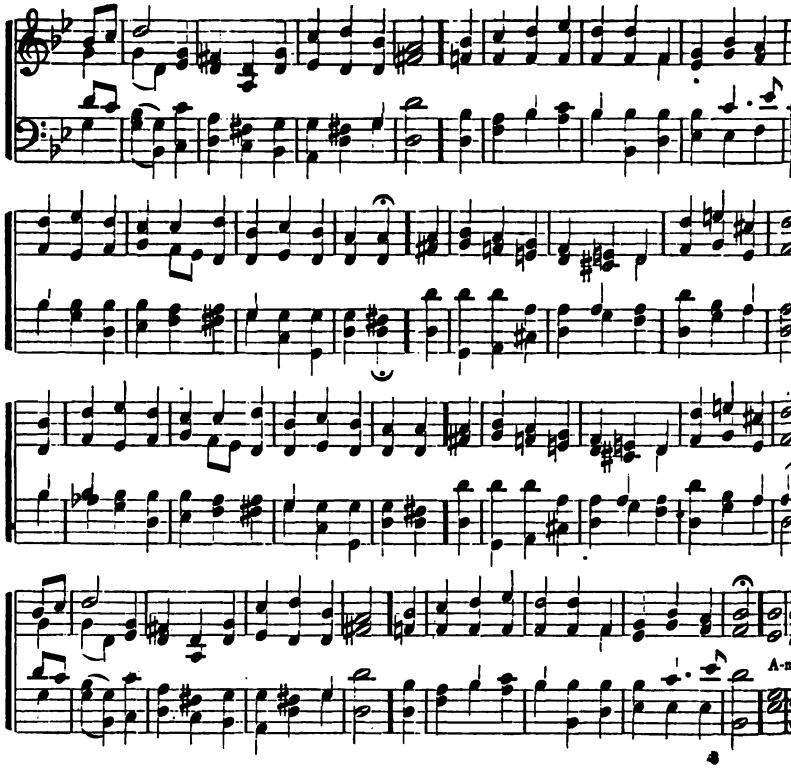
6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day
Alleluia! AMEN.

Hymn 107. M.

"*The Lord is risen indeed.*"

HE is risen! He is risen!
Tell it with a joyful voice,
He has burst his three days' prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice;
Death is vanquish'd, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

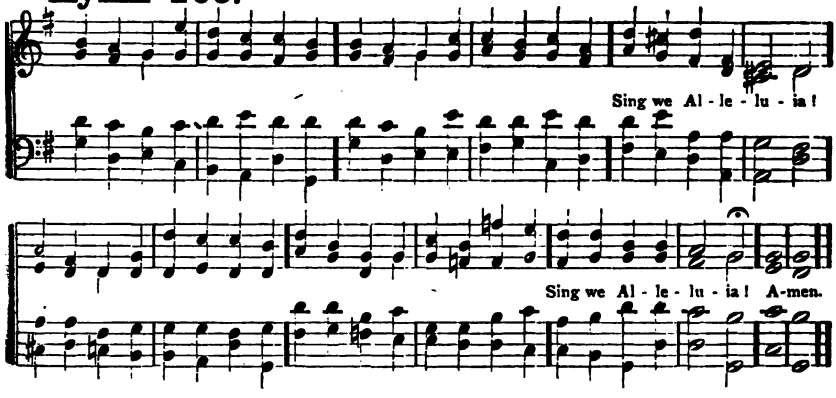
Tell it to the *sinners, weeping*
Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping;
Brightly breaks their Easter sun;
Christ has borne our sins away,
Christ has conquer'd hell to-day.

3 He is risen! He is risen!
He has oped the eternal gate;
We are loosed from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state,
Where a brightening Easter beam
On our longing eye shall stream. AMEN.

Hymn 108.

"Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously."

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.
Vain were the terrors that gathered around Him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
"The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die."

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
The being He gave us, death cannot destroy;
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die. AMEN.

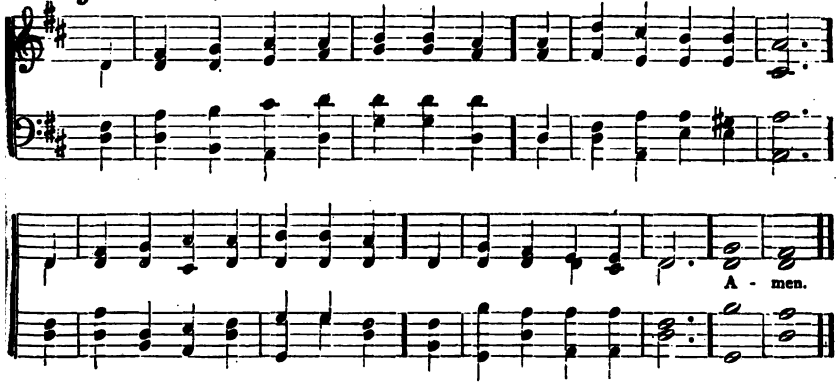
Hymn 109.

"*Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.*"

TO Him who for our sins was slain,
To Him for all his dying pain,
Sing we alleluia!
To Him the Lamb our Sacrifice,
Who gave His blood our ransom-price,
Sing we alleluia!

2 To Him who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we alleluia!
To Him who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we alleluia!

3 To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we alleluia!
To Him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we alleluia!

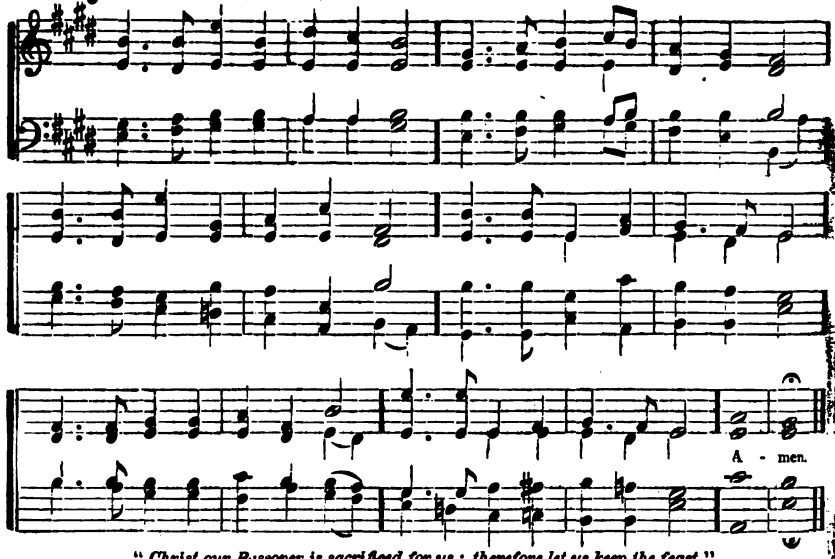
4 To Him be glory evermore:
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing we alleluia!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,
Sing we alleluia! AMEN.

Hymn 110. B.

"*Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee.*"

THUS God declares His sovereign will:
"The King that I ordain,
Whose throne is fix'd on Sion's hill,
Shall there securely reign."

2 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree:
"Thou art My Son, this day My Heir
Have I begotten Thee.

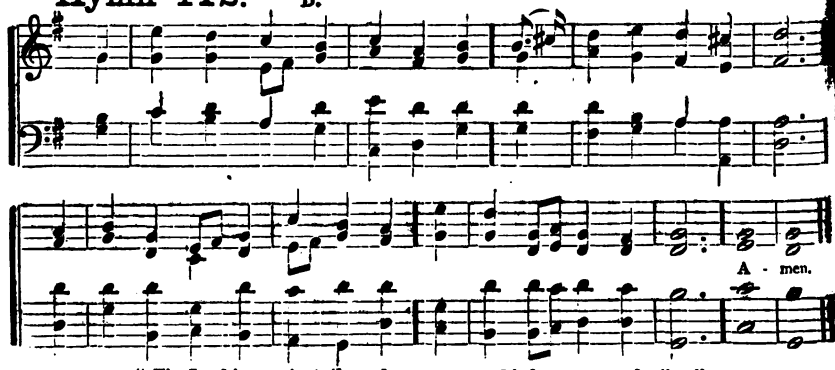
3 "Ask, and receive Thy full demands:
Thine shall the heathen be;
The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possess'd by Thee." AMEN.

Hymn 111. H.

"*Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast.*"

ONCE the angel started back,
When he saw the blood-stain'd door,
Pausing on his vengeful track,
And the dwelling passing o'er,
Once the sea from Israel fled,
Ere it roll'd o'er Egypt's dead.

2 Now our Passover is come,
Dimly shadow'd in the past,
And the very Paschal Lamb,
Christ the Lord, is slain at last.
Then with hearts and hands made meet,
Our unleaven'd bread we'll eat.

3 Blessed Victim sent from heaven,
Whom all angel hosts obey,
To Whose will all earth is given,
At Whose word hell shrinks away,
Thou hast conquer'd death's dread strife,
Thou hast brought us light and life. AMEN.

Hymn 112. B.

"*The Lord is my strength, and my song; and is become my salvation.*"

JOY fills the dwelling of the just,
Whom God saved from harm;
For wondrous things are brought to pass
By His Almighty arm.

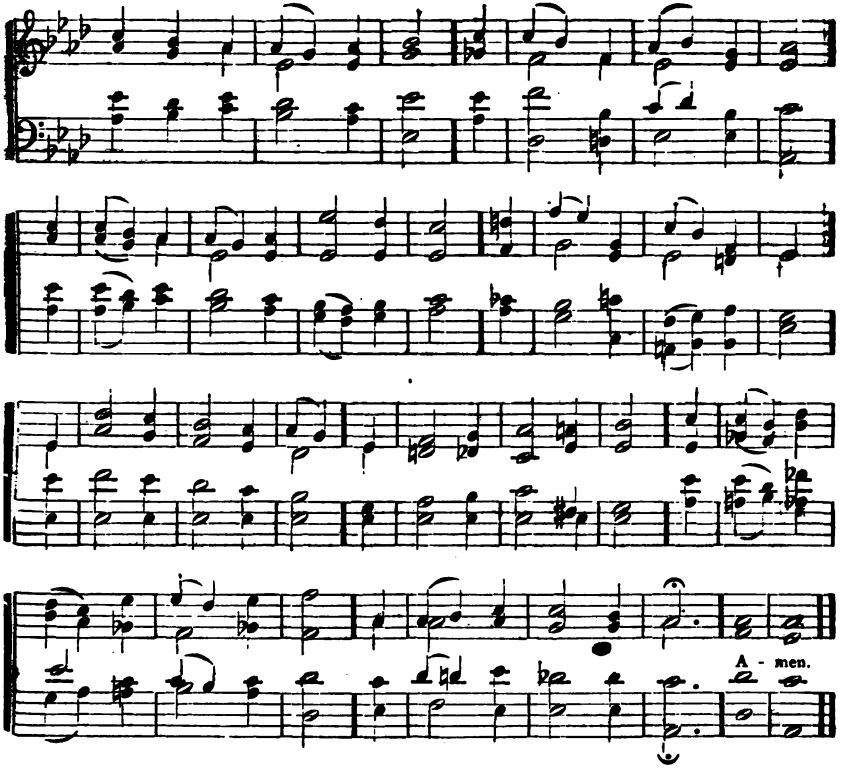
2 Then open wide the temple gates
To which the just repair,
That I may enter in, and praise
My great Deliverer there.

3 That which the builders once refused,
Is now the Corner-stone:
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.

4 This day is God's; let all the lands
Exhalt their cheerful voice:
"Lord, we beseech Thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice."

5 O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as His love. AMEN.

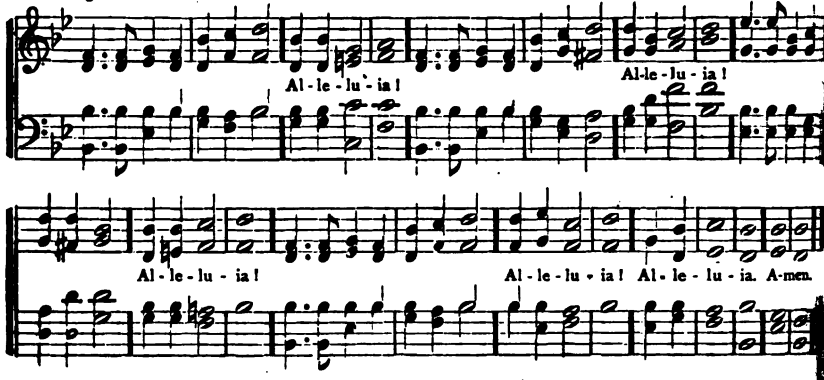
ASCENSION.

Hymn 113. CC.

"*Who is gone into heaven.*"

THOU art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies;
And round Thy Throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise:
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppress'd;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy Rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery,
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
O by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high. AMEN.

Hymn 114. G. [*First Tune.*]

"*Thou art gone up on high.*"

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven.

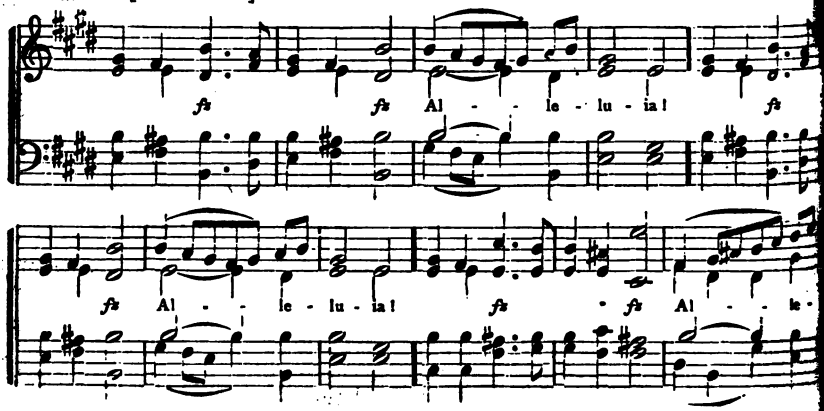
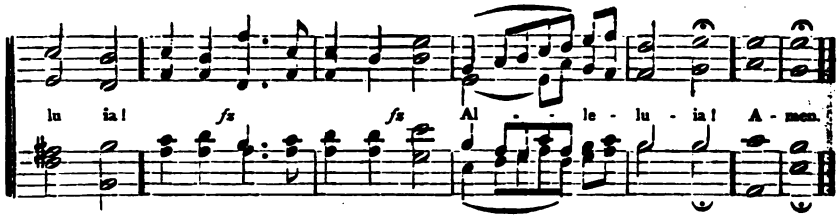
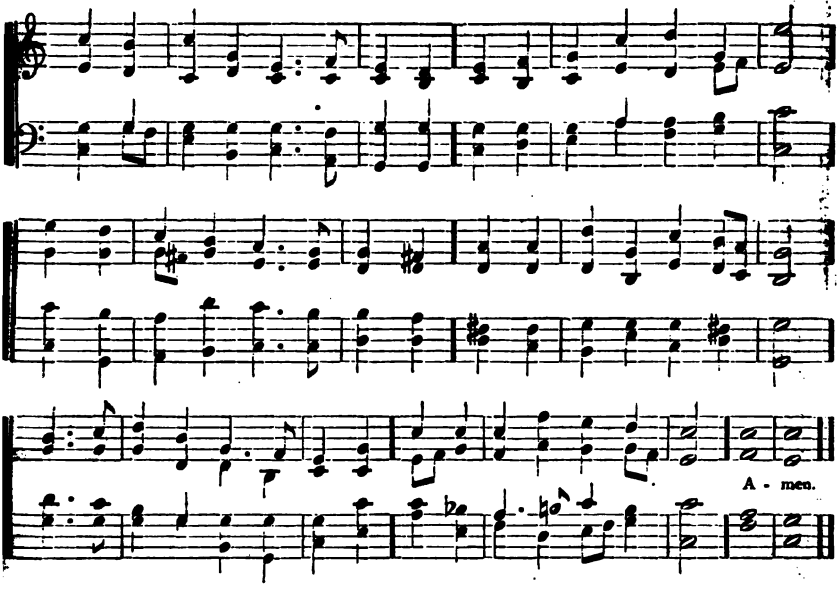
2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of Glory in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves:
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;
Hark, His gracious lips bestow—
Blessings on His Church below.

5 Still for us His death he pleads;
Prevalent, He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

6 Lord, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies. AMEN.

G. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 115. L.

"By His own blood He entered in once into the holy place."

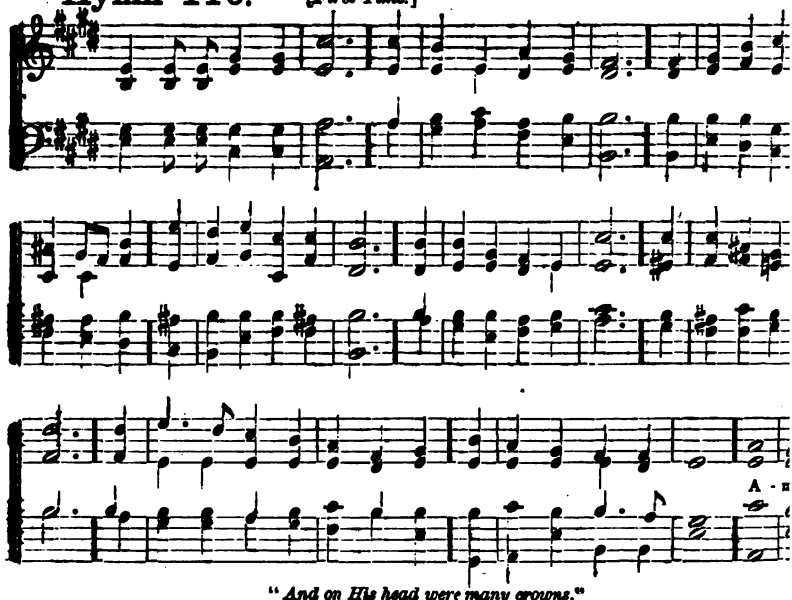
LOOK, ye saints; the sight is glorious;
See the "Man of sorrows" now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

AMEN.

Hymn 116. [*First Tune.*]

"*And on His head were many crowns.*"

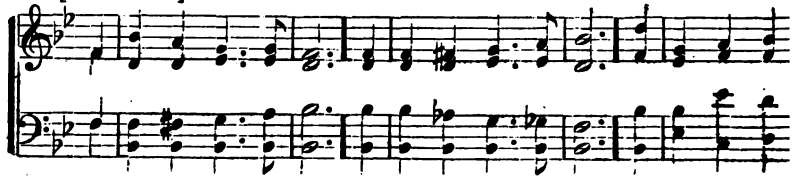
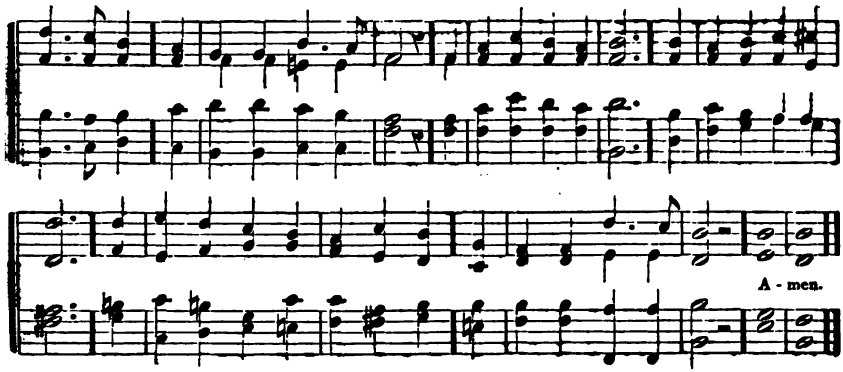
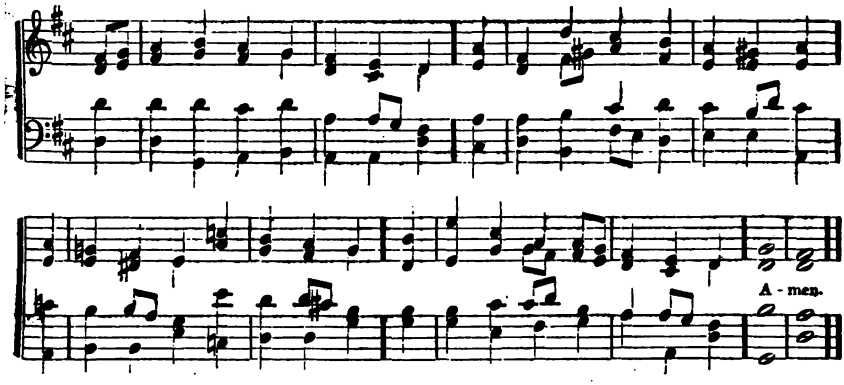
CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son!
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His brow adorn.
Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
True Branch of Jesse's stem,
The Root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem!

3 Crown Him the Lord of Love!
Behold His hands and side,—
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering e
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown him the Lord of Peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
In heaven and earth, that wars may c
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown Him the Lord of Heaven!
One with the Father known,—
And the blest Spirit, through Him giv
From yonder Triune throne!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity. AMEN.

[*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 117. AA.

"Thou hast led captivity captive."

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

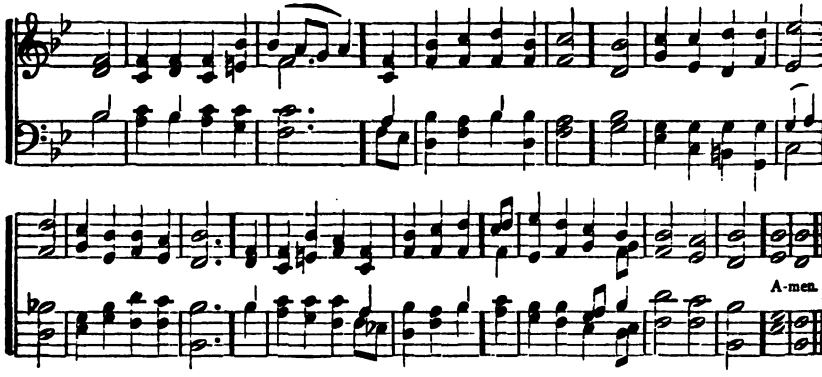
2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as His right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd. AMEN.

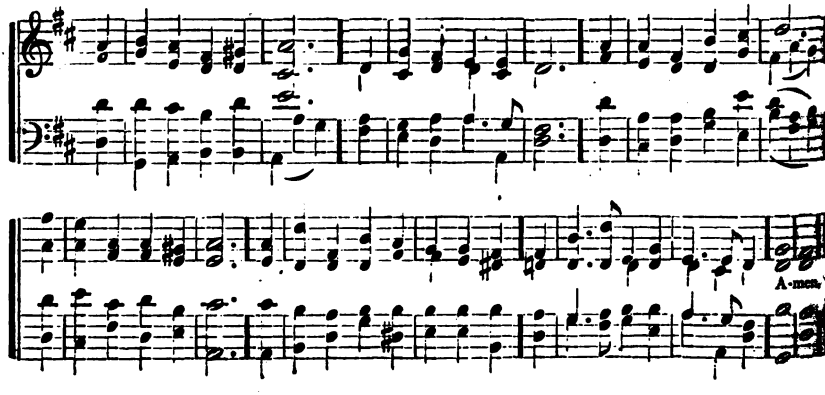
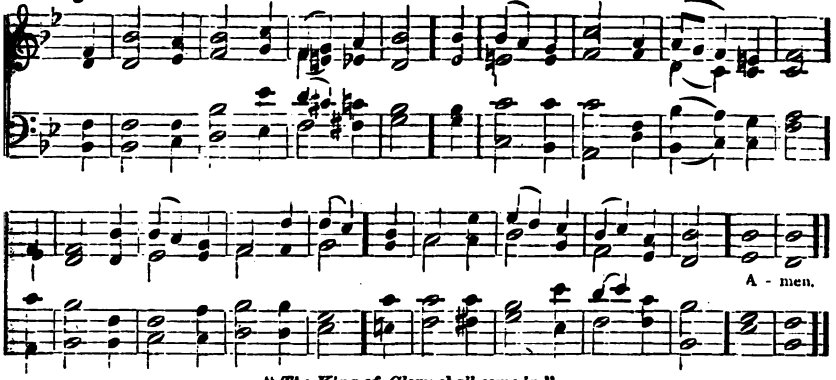
Hymn 118. U. [*First Tune.*]

"We have a great High Priest that is passed into the heavens."

THE atoning work is done,
The Victim's blood is shed,
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead;
He stands in heaven, their great High Priest,
He bears their names upon His breast.

2 He sprinkles with His blood
The mercy-seat above;
For Justice had withstood
The purposes of love;
But Justice now withstands no more,
And Mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands,
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood His.
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

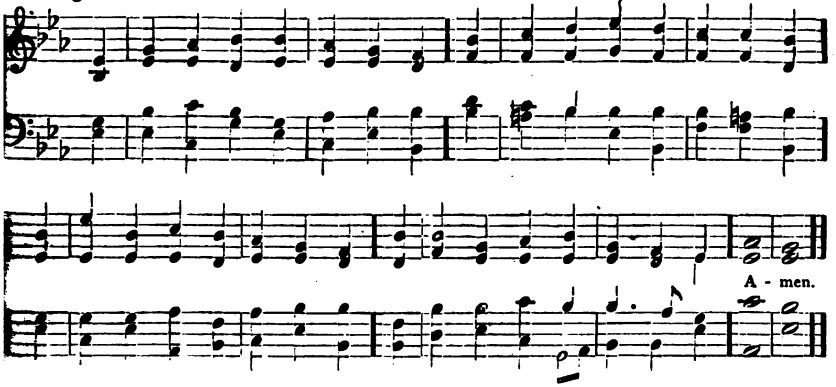
4 And though a while He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again;
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home. AMEN.

U, [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 119. AA.

"The King of Glory shall come in."

THE rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to His Father's court He flies;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

2 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.

3 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, O grave?" AMEN.

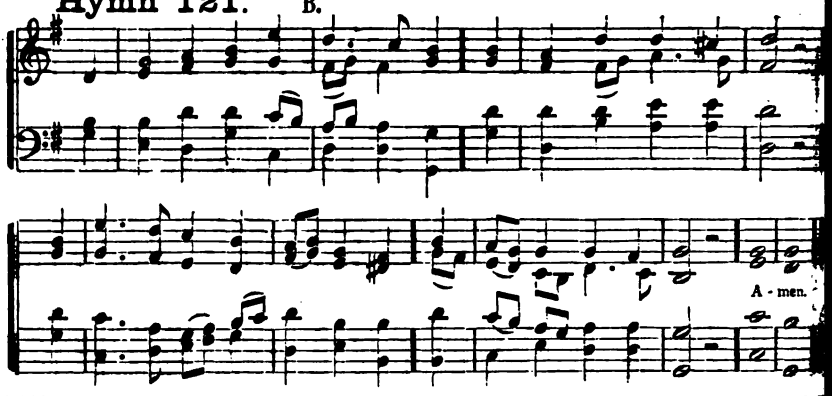
Hymn 120. AA.

"O clap your hands together, all ye people; O sing unto God with the voice of melody."

O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God the universal King.

He shall assaulting foes repel,
And with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, His delight.

3 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpet's sound;
To Him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song rebound.

4 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For Him Who all the world commands;
Who sits upon His righteous throne,
And spreads His sway o'er heathen lands.
AMEN.

Hymn 121. B.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates: and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in."

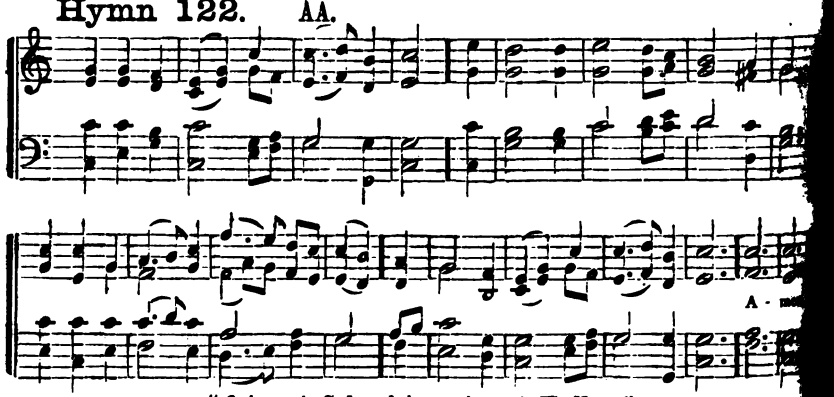
LIFT up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory! see! He comes
With His celestial train.

2 Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty; o'er His foes
Eternal Victor crown'd.

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates; unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of Glory! see, He comes
With all His shining train.

4 Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd;
Of glory He alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd. AMEN.

Hymn 122. AA.



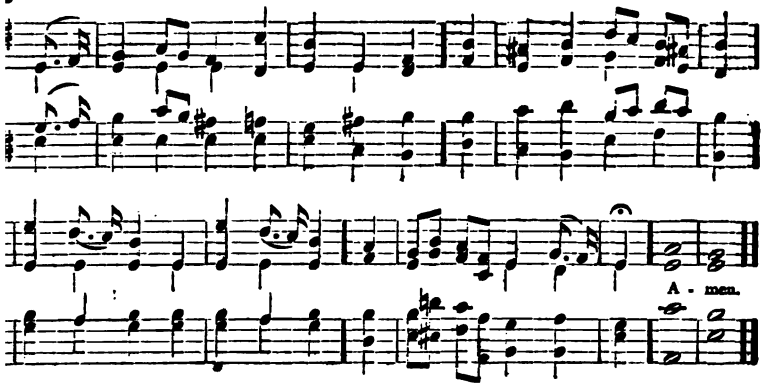
"O sing unto God, and sing praises unto His Name."

THE servants of Jehovah's will
His favour's gentle beams enjoy;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
And cheerful songs their tongues employ.

2 To Him your voice in anthems raise,
Jehovah's awful Name He bears;
In Him rejoice, extol His praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

3 His chariots numberless, His powers
Are heavenly hosts, that wait His will;
His presence now fills Sion's towers,
As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.

4 Ascending high, in triumph Thou
Captivity hast captive led,
And on Thy people didst bestow
Thy gifts and graces freely shed. A

ymn 123. B.

"We see Jesus crowned with glory and honour."

HOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amid His Father's throne;
re new honours for His Name,
d songs before unknown.

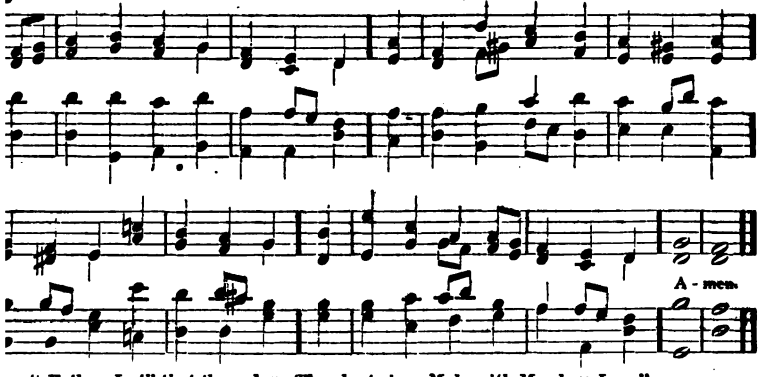
lders worship at His feet,
e Church adore around,
vials full of odours sweet,
d harps of sweeter sound.

to the Lamb that once was slain
endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on Thy head.

4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

5 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour. AMEN.

ymn 124. AA.



"Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am."

D up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
d gird the gospel armour on;
to the gates of endless joy,
e Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

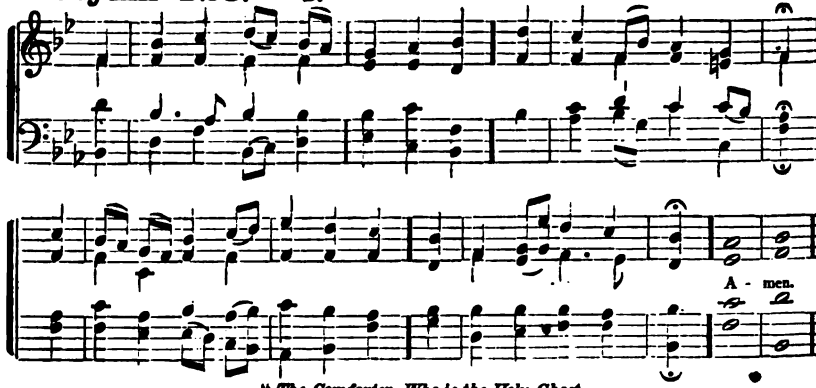
d thy sins resist thy course,
ell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
viour nail'd them to the Cross,
sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 Then shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise. AMEN.

WHITSUNTIDE.

Hymn 125. B.



"*The Comforter, Who is the Holy Ghost.*

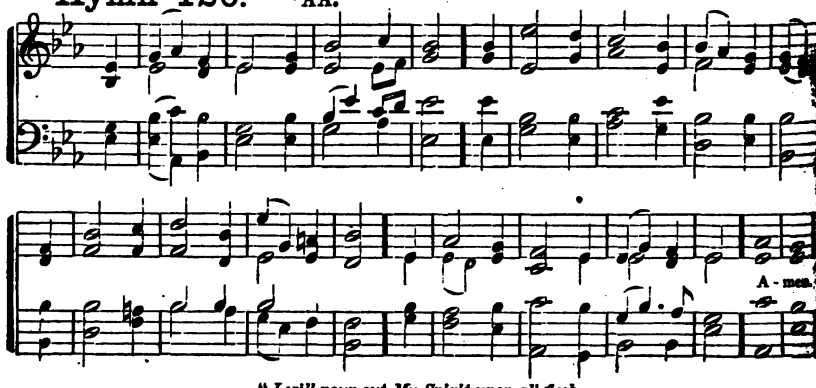
HE'S come! let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume;
Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent,
"The Comforter is come."

2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below!

3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do Thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wav'ring zeal!

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey,
Those checks which we should know
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go. AMEN.

Hymn 126. AA.



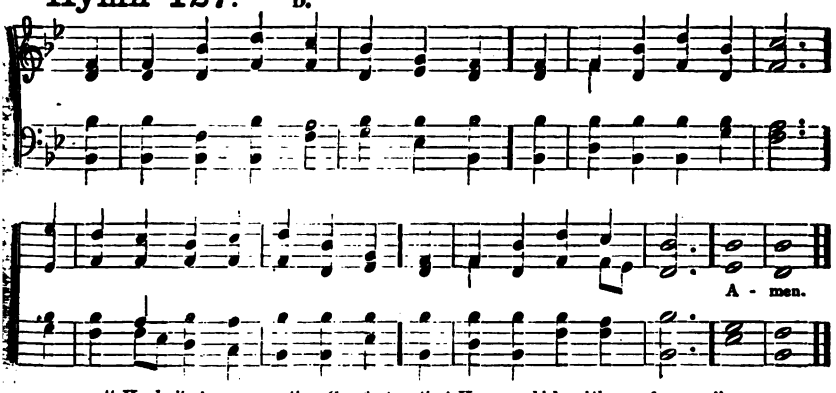
"*I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.*

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call Him Lord. AMEN.

Hymn 127. B.

"*He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever.*"

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come
Inspire these souls of Thine;
Till every heart which Thou hast made
Be fill'd with grace divine.

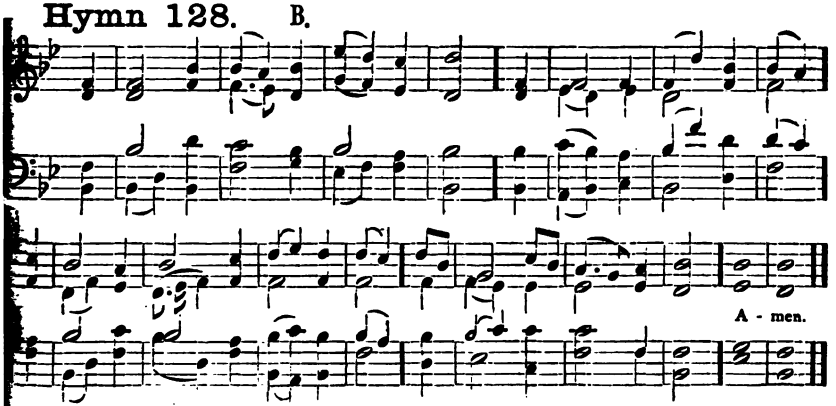
2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Thy gifts are manifold, Thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart;
The promise of the Father, Thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.

4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With Thy celestial grace.

5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within;
That, by Thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And Thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived. AMEN.

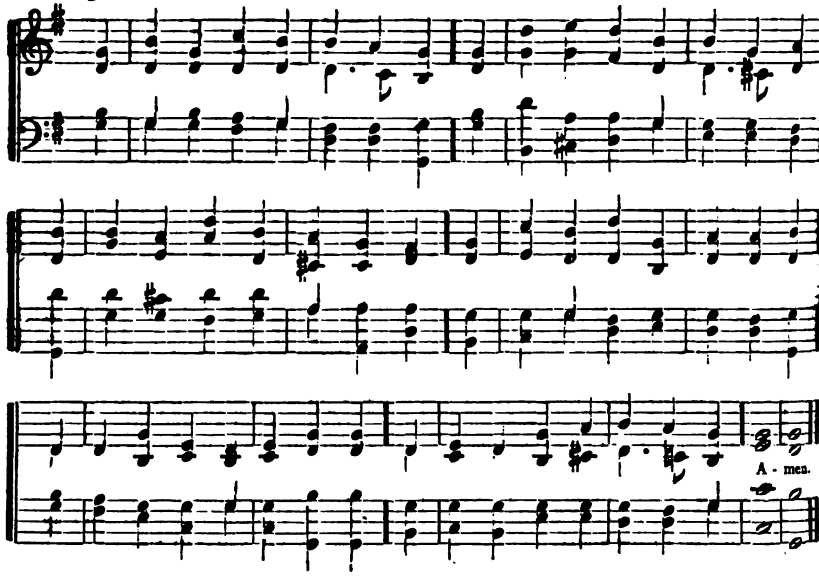
Hymn 128. B.

"*The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost.*"

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal *joys*.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. AMEN.

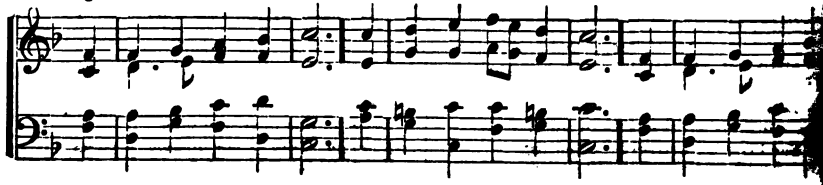
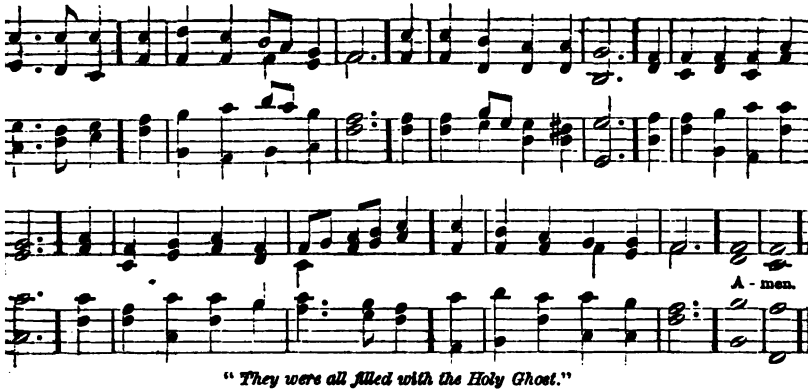
Hymn 129.

"The Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters."

CREATOR Spirit, by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human-kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice Holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy seven-fold energy;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practice all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

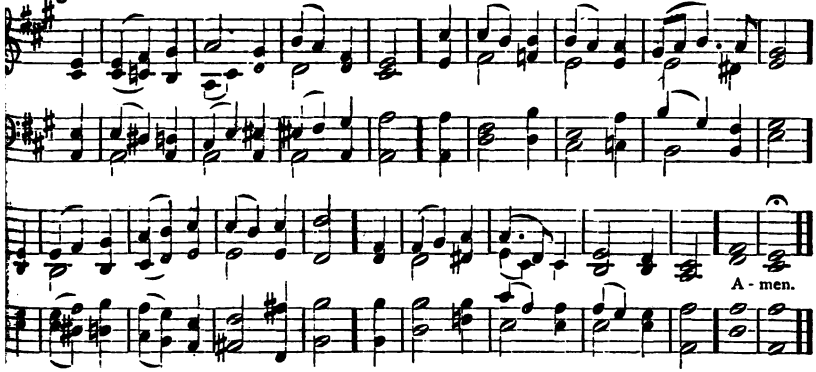
4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee. AMEN.

Hymn 130. CC.

"*They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.*"

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power:
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling, breathe:
The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day;
Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified. AMEN.

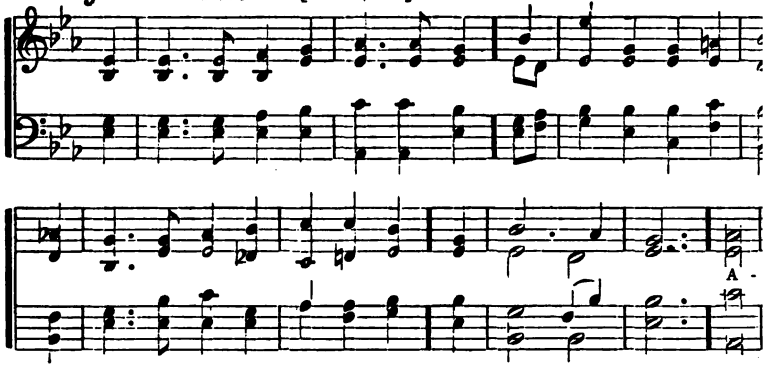
Hymn 131. A.

"*As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*"

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
Or every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Mit holy fear in every heart,
hat we from Thee may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there:
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest. AMEN.

Hymn 132. [*First Tune.*]

"*If I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send Him unt*

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in semblance of a Dove
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

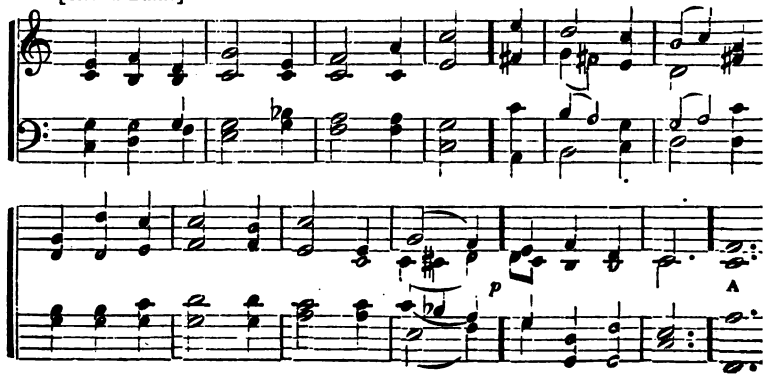
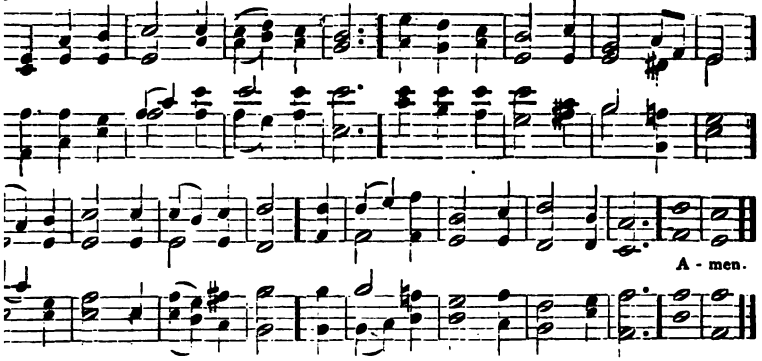
3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that cal
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

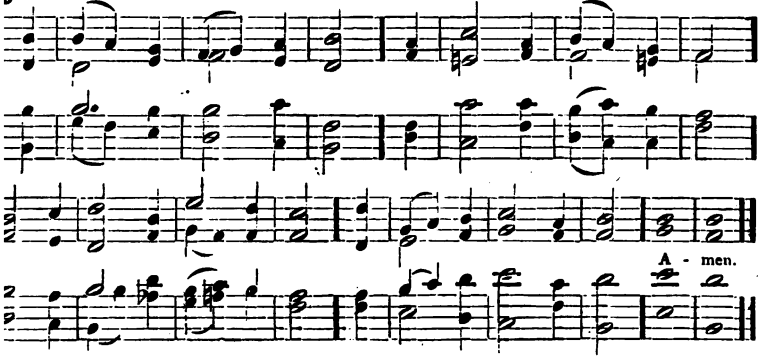
6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-p
And meet for Thee.

7 O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three. AMEN.

[*Second Tune.*]

ymn 133. A.

"And the same day there were added unto them three thousand souls."

RIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above;
still from age to age convey
vonders of this sacred day.
ery clime, by every tongue,
od's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love. AMEN.

ymns 134 and 135. C.

nd the Spirit and the Bride say, Come."

Spirit, in our hearts,
s whispering, Sinner, come:
ride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
ll His children, Come.

m that heareth, say
ll about him, Come:
m that thirsts for righteousness,
Christ, the fountain, come.

hosoever will,
t him freely come,
reely drink the stream of life:
Jesus bids him come.

sus, Who invites,
lares, I quickly come.
even so; I wait Thy hour:
s, my Saviour, come. AMEN.

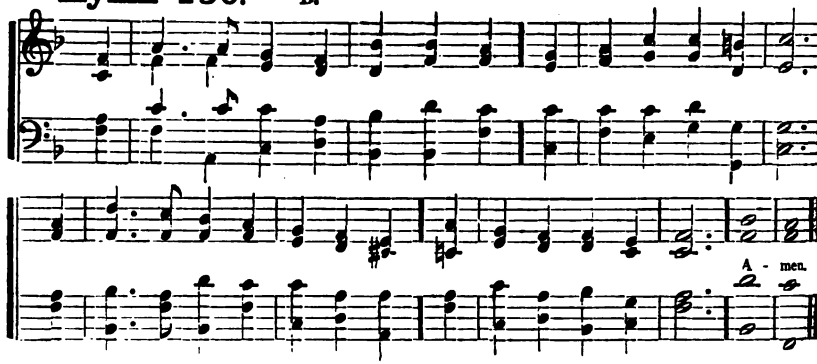
135. *"He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."*

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole. AMEN.

Hymn 136. B.

"*And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind.*"

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd His holy Dove.

3 The fires that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

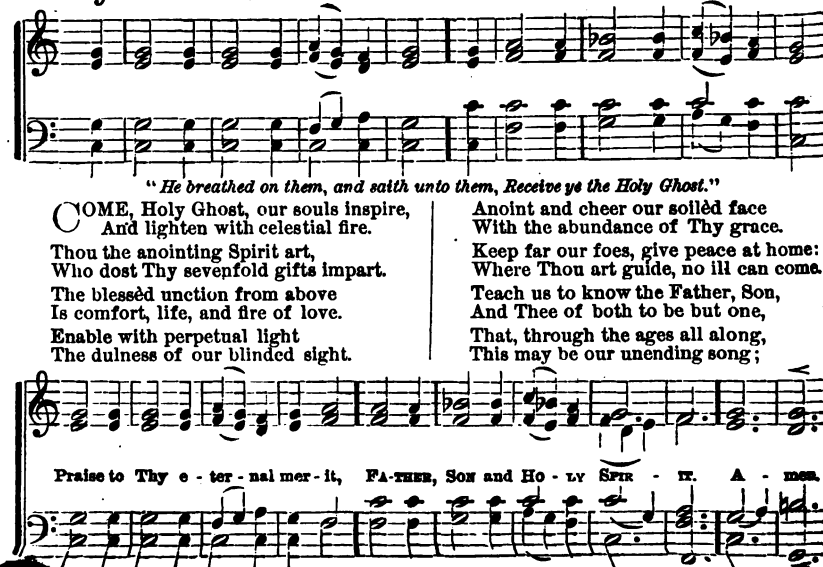
4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep dark cloud;

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of God: it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7 Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. AMEN.

Hymn 137.



"*He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.*"

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

The blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

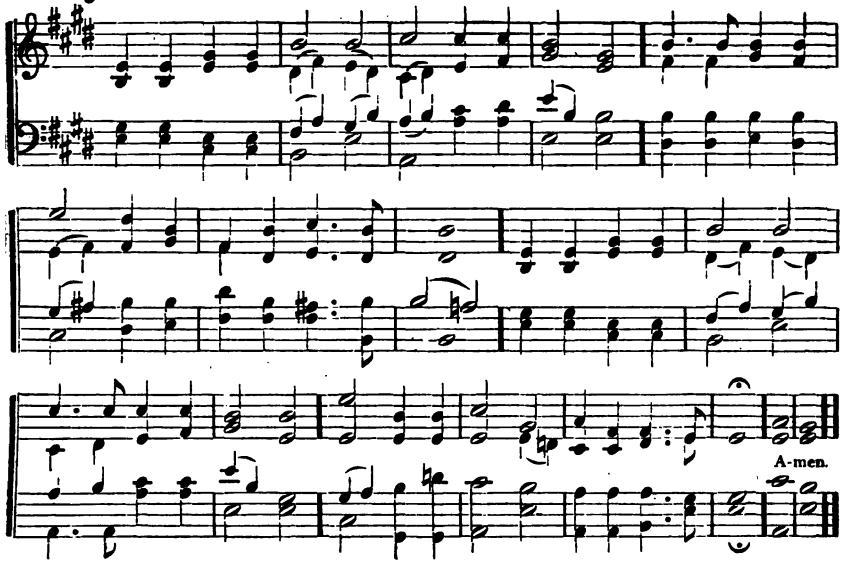
Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but one,

That, through the ages all along,
This may be our unending song;

TRINITY SUNDAY.

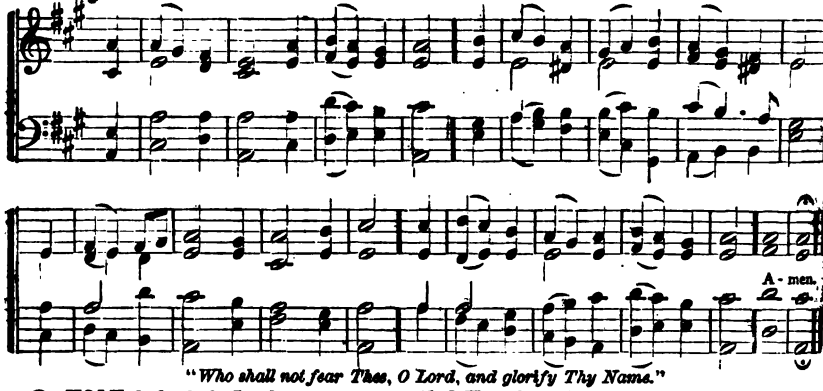
Hymn 138.

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, Which was, and is, and is to come."

HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity! AMEN.

Hymn 139.

"Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy Name."

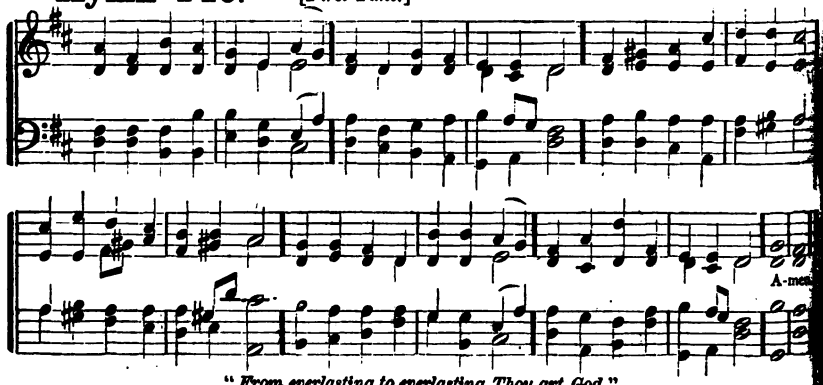
O HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy name,
For ever be Thy Name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven

4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.
AMEN.

Hymn 140. [*First Tune.*]



"From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God."

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord
God of hosts, eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored;
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

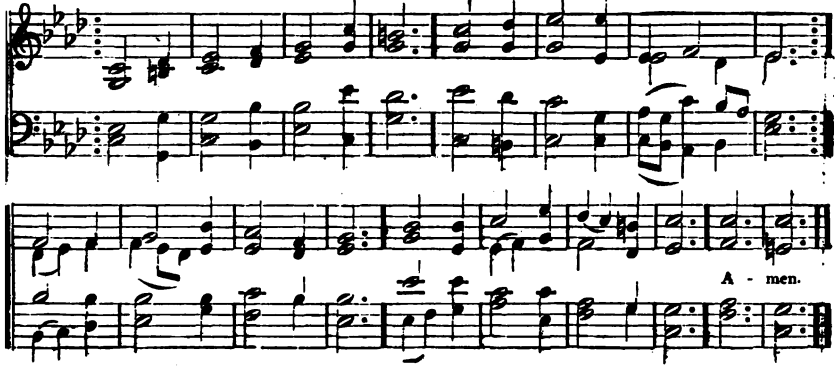
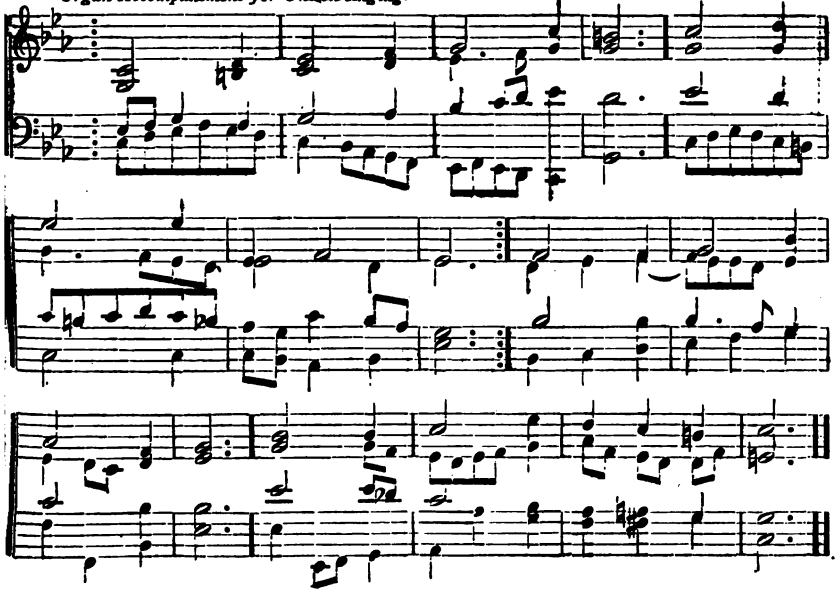
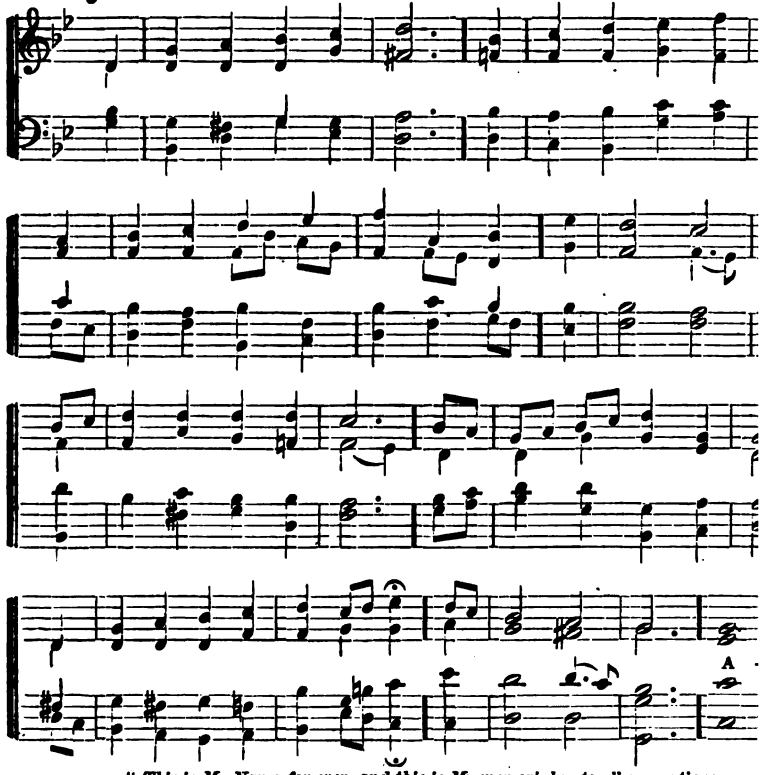
2 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand
Spirits blest, before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And when Thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

3 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

4 Thee apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee;
Thee the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

5 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity. AMEN.

WORDS ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

Hymn 140. [*Second Tune.*]

Organ Accompaniment for Unison singing.

Hymn 141.

"This is My Name for ever, and this is My memorial unto all generations.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, Great I Am,
By earth and heaven confess'd;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever bless'd.

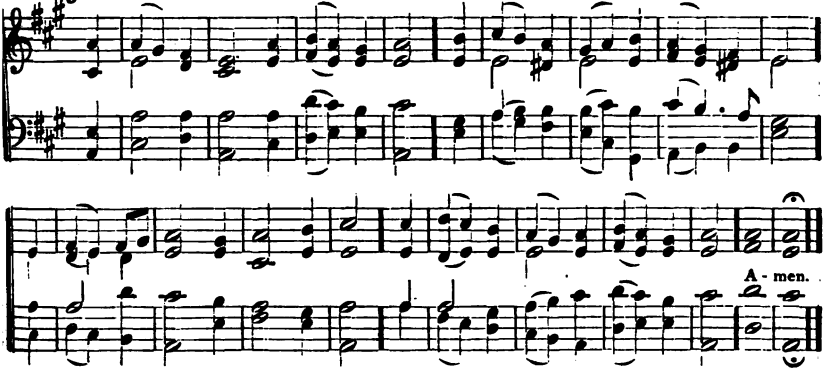
2 The God of Abraham praise,
At Whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

4 There dwells the Lord, our Ki
The lord, our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in
For ever reigns.

5 The God Who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King,
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I Am,
We worship Thee."

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy G
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and min
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine
And endless praise. AMEN.

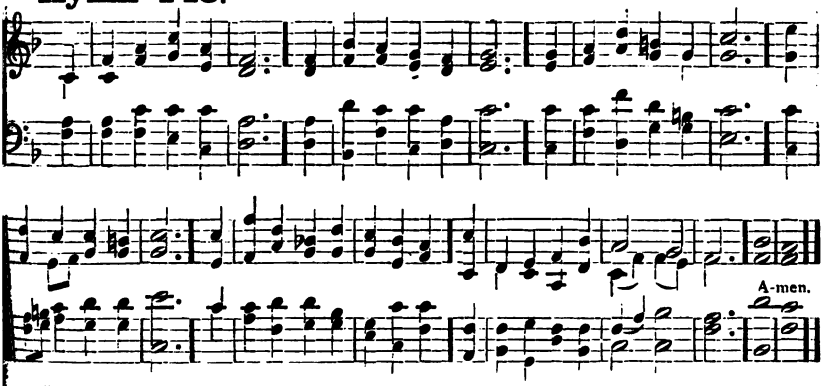
Hymn 142.

"*The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.*"

FATHER of heaven, Whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah,—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend. AMEN.

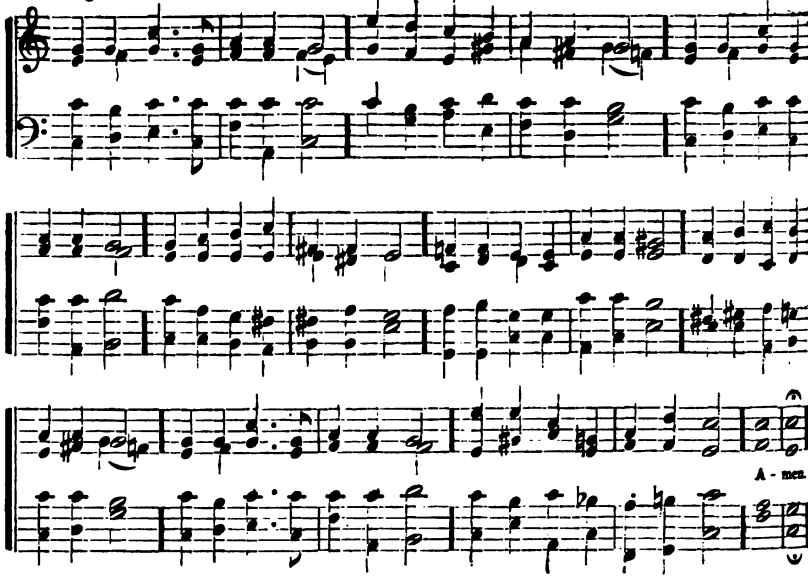
Hymn 143.

"*Of Him and through Him and to Him are all things: to Whom be glory for ever. Amen.*"

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent His own Eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

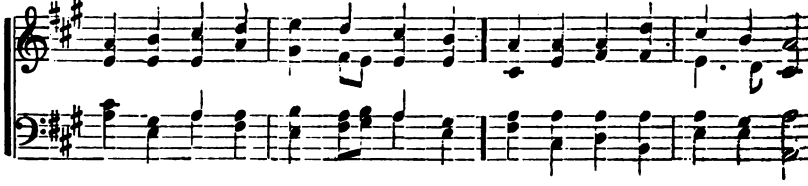
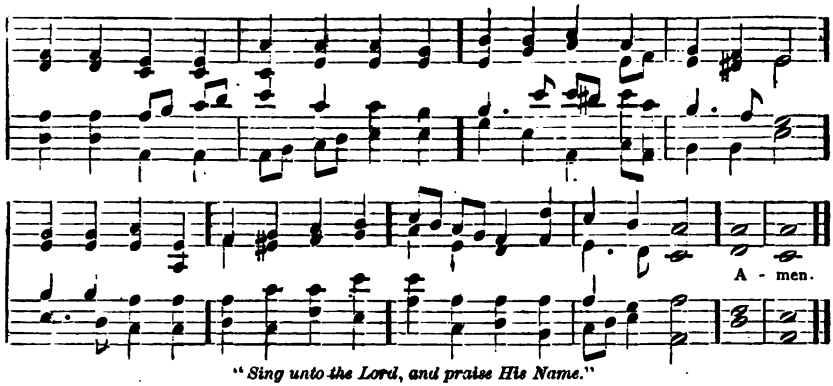
4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores. AMEN.

Hymn 144. I.

"And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of hosts."

HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord
God of hosts! When heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang, with one accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the Throne with full accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord! AMEN.

Hymn 145. L.

"*Sing unto the Lord, and praise His Name.*"

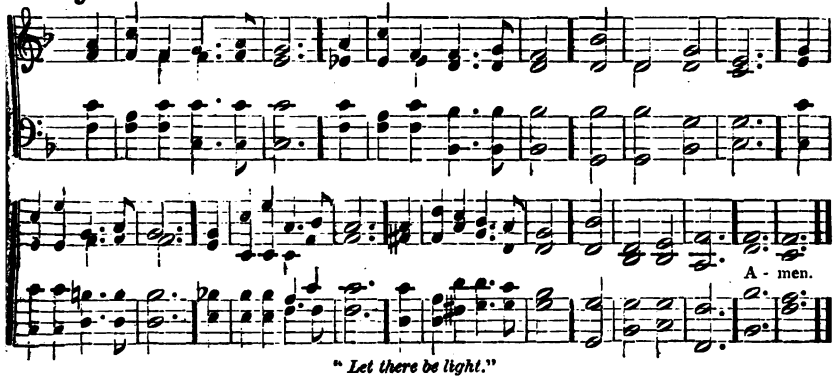
HOLY Father, great Creator,
Source of mercy, love, and peace,
Look upon the Mediator,
Clothe us with His righteousness;
Heavenly Father,
Through the Saviour hear and bless.

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the Song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine.

AMEN.

Hymn 146.

"*Let there be light.*"

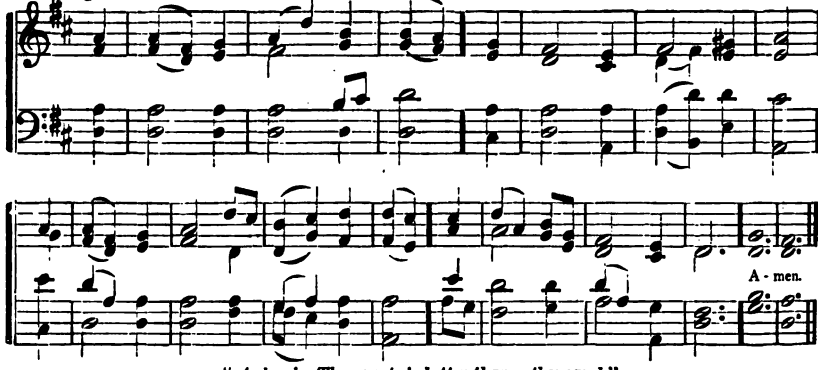
THOU, Whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, *to all mankind,*
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Holy and Blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light! AMEN.

THE LORD'S DAY AND PUBLIC WORSHIP.

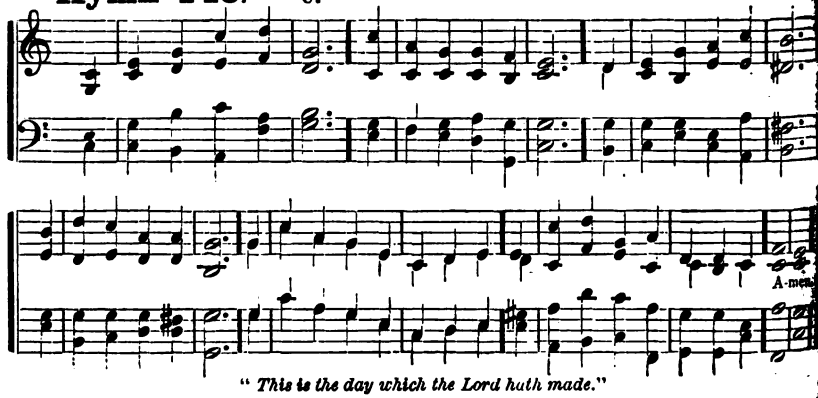
Hymn 147. C.

"*A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.*"

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King Himself comes near
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day of prayer and praise
His sacred courts within,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss. AMEN.

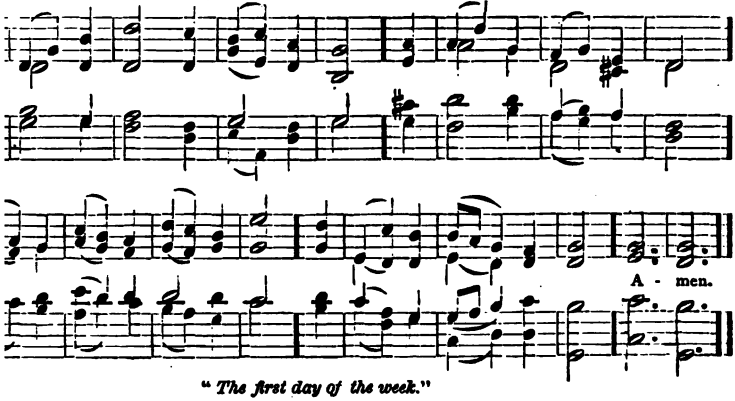
Hymn 148. U.

"*This is the day which the Lord hath made.*"

AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Welcome the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquish'd all our foes:
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all His love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with Hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Great King, gird on Thy sword,
Ascend Thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love
Maintain Thy glorious war:
This day let sinners own Thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away. AMEN.

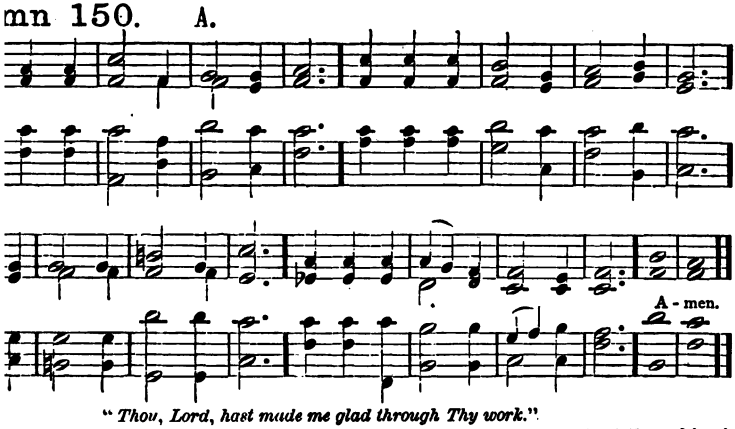
mn 149. B.

"*The first day of the week.*"

day of God! most calm, most
first, the best of days; [bright,
rer's rest, the saint's delight,
of prayer and praise.

ır's face made thee to shine;
ıg thee did raise,
thee heavenly and divine
all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear;
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine. AMEN.

mn 150. A.

"*Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work.*"

is the work, my God, my King,
raise Thy Name, give thanks, and
Thy love by morning light, [sing;
of all Thy truth at night.

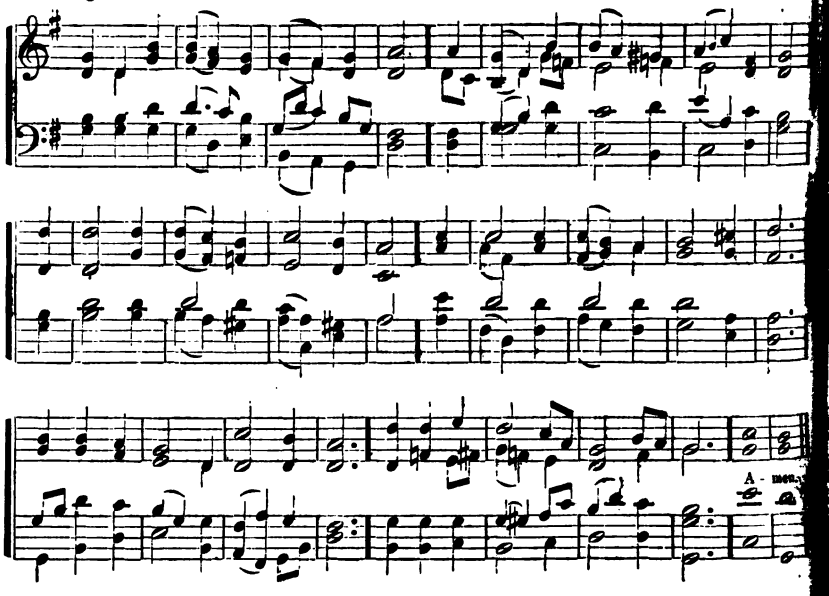
he day of sacred rest;
l cares shall seize my breast;
r heart in tune be found,
d's harp of solemn sound!

shall triumph in my Lord,
His Works, and bless His Word;

His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

4 I then shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy. AMEN.

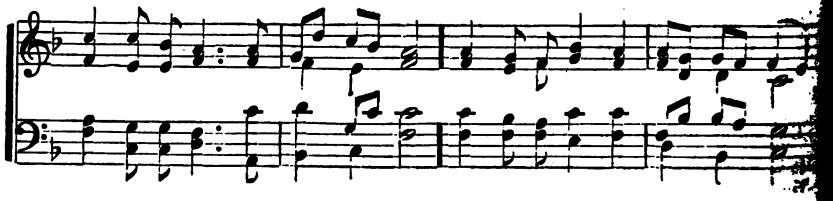
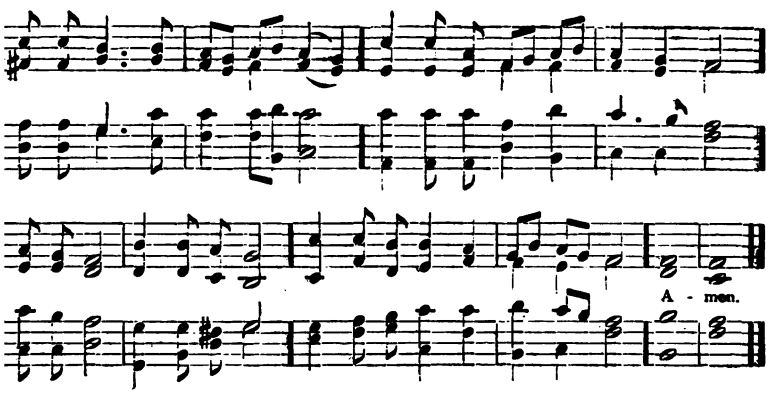
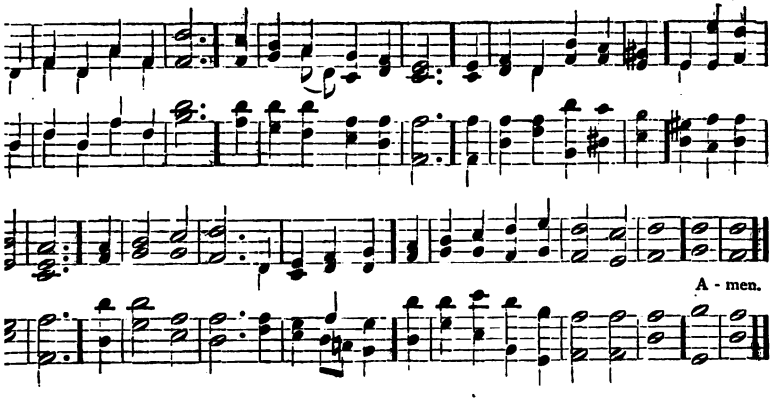
Hymn 151. E. [*First Tune.*]

"*This is the day which the Lord hath made.*"

GREAT God, this sacred day of Thine
Demands the soul's collected powers:
Gladly we now to Thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours:
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to Thy throne.

2 All-seeing God! Thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where Thou art intrude no more:
O may Thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above!

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid Thy Word, with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart:
Then shall the day indeed be Thine;
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to Thy throne.

AMEN.

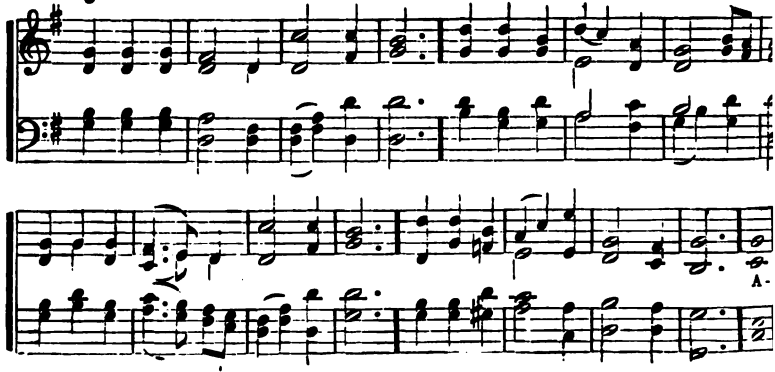
E. [*Second Tune.*]

[ymn 152. U.

"The Lord is in this place."

loud exalted strains,
The King of Glory praise;
· heaven and earth He reigns,
hrough everlasting days;
Sion, with His presence blest,
lis delight, His chosen rest.

ing of Glory, come;
nd with Thy favour crown
s temple as Thy home,
his people as Thy own;
eath this roof vouchsafe to show
v God can dwell with men below.

3 Now Let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies:
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace. AMEN.

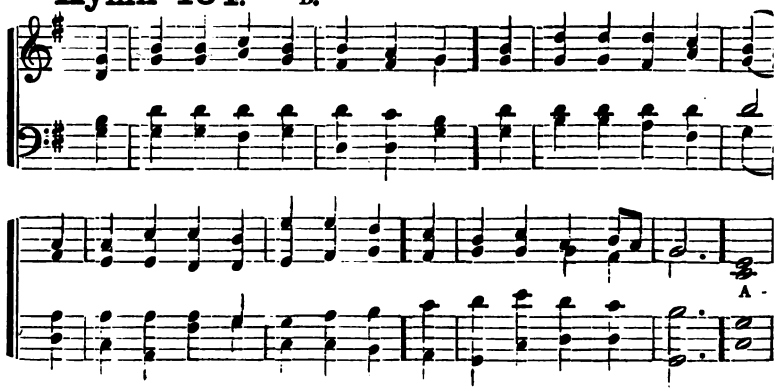
Hymn 153. A.

"*There remaineth a rest for the people of God.*"

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Lord's day is begun;
Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
Enjoy the day thy God hath blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that calm repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

3 That heav'nly calm within the breast
It is the pledge of that dear rest,
Which for the Church of God remain
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away:
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

Hymn 154. B.

"*There I will meet with thee: and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat.*"

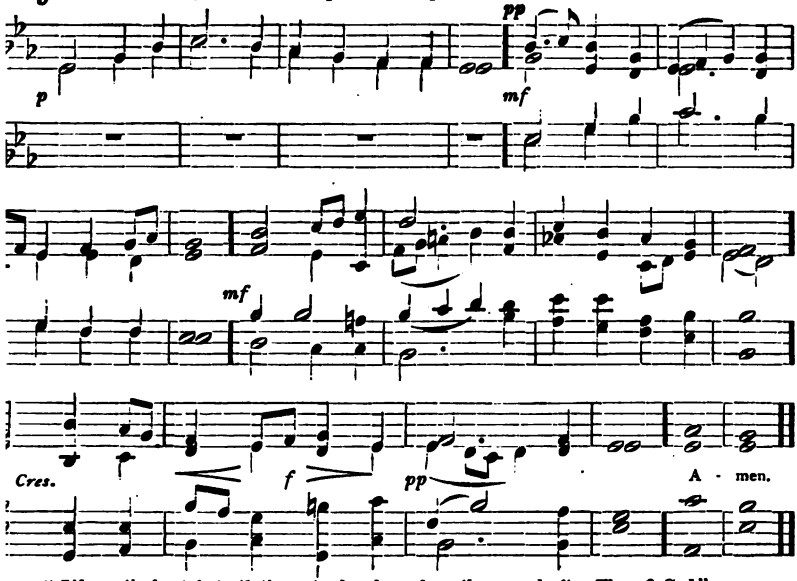
LORD! in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye;

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's Throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before Whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

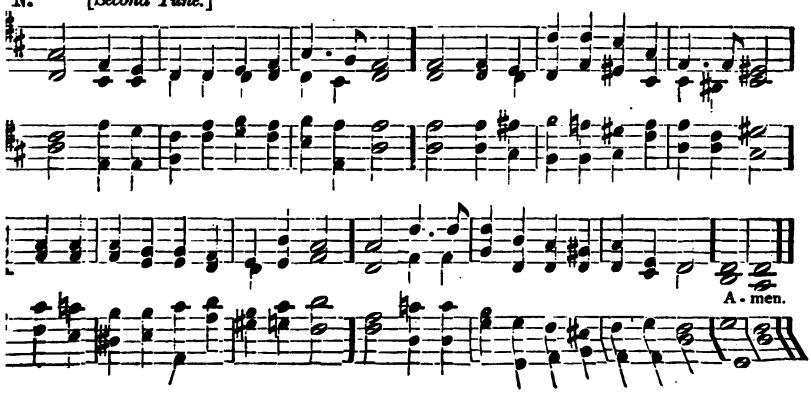
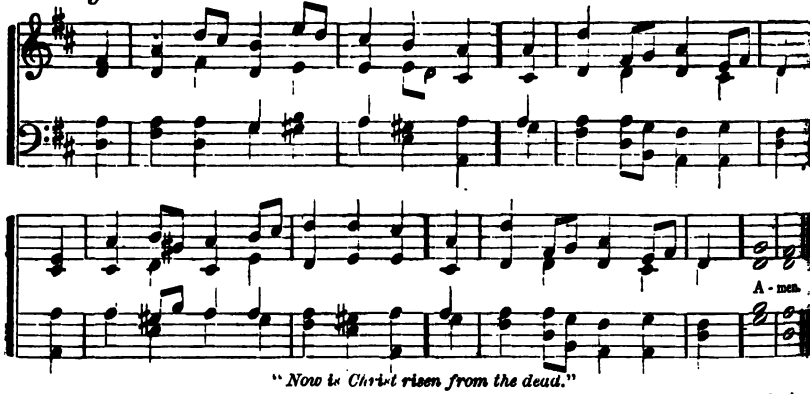
5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face. Am

Hymn 155. N. [*First Tune.*]

"*Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God.*"

AS pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling-place.

2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestion'd be His faithfulness and love. AMEN.

N. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 156. B.

"*Now is Christ risen from the dead.*"

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

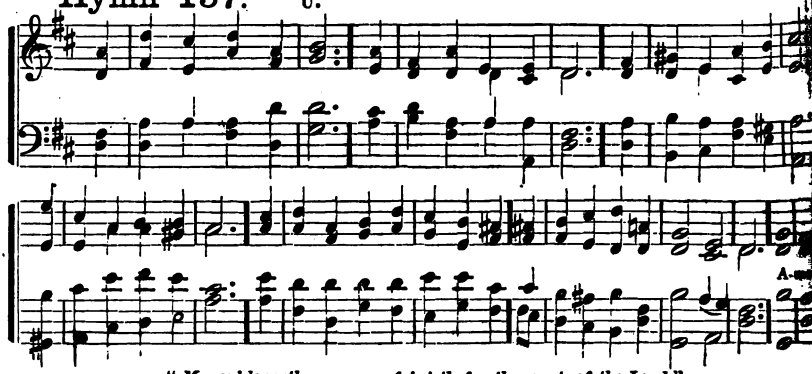
2 O what a night was that which wrapt
A heathen world in gloom!
O what a Sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom when He fell,
By His expiring breath.

4 And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
Broken beneath His powerful Cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud Hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand differing voices join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn. AMEN.

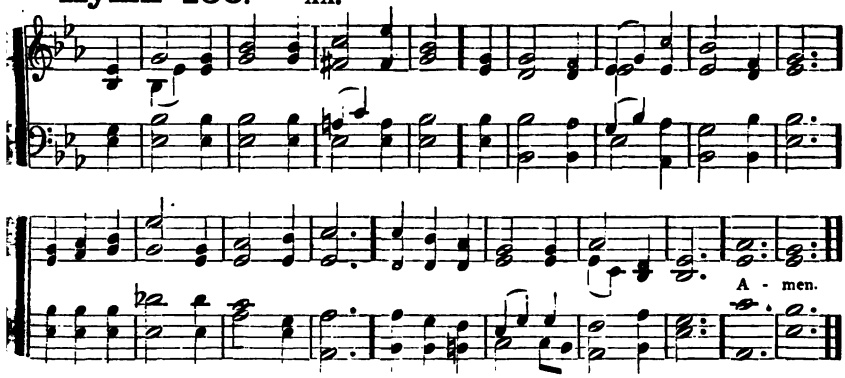
Hymn 157. U.

"*My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord.*"

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode | With warm desires
My heart aspires | To see my God.

2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still: | That love the way
And happy they | To Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat; | Shall thither bring
Where God our King | Our willing feet

4 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts
O God of hosts, | Alone in Thee.

Hymn 158. AA.

"*This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it.*"

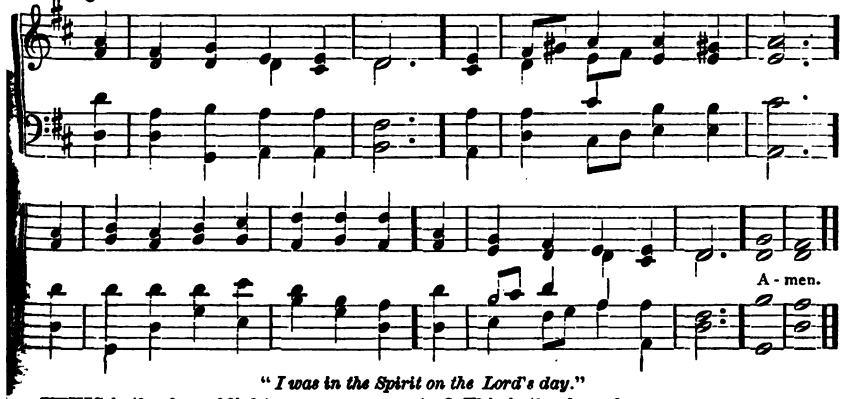
MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of Thy returning day
My thoughts, O God, ascend to Thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to Thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King! erect Thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to Thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of Thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

AMEN.

Hymn 159. C.

"*I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.*"

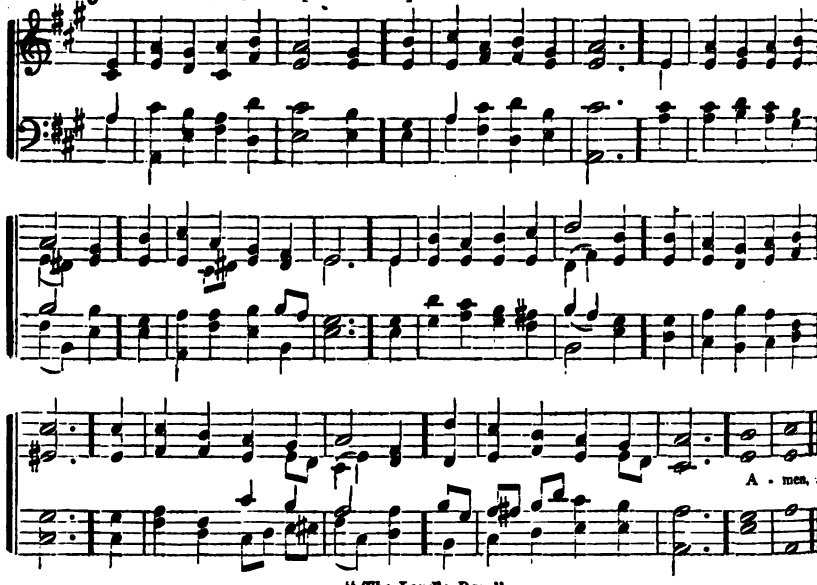
THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O *Vanquisher* of death! AMEN.

Hymn 160. [*First Tune.*]

"*The Lord's Day.*"

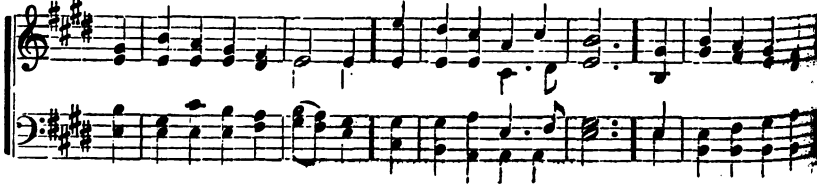
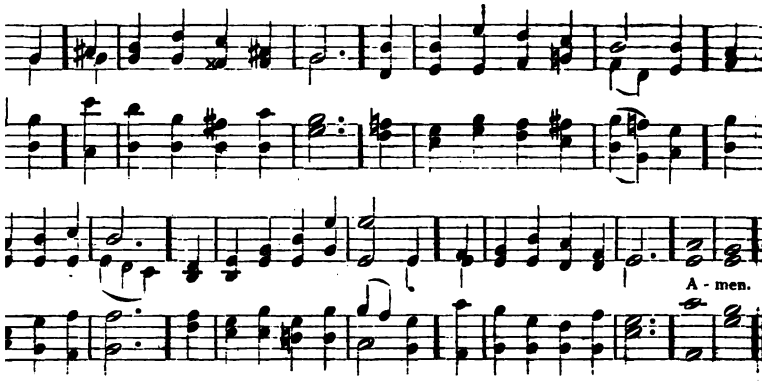
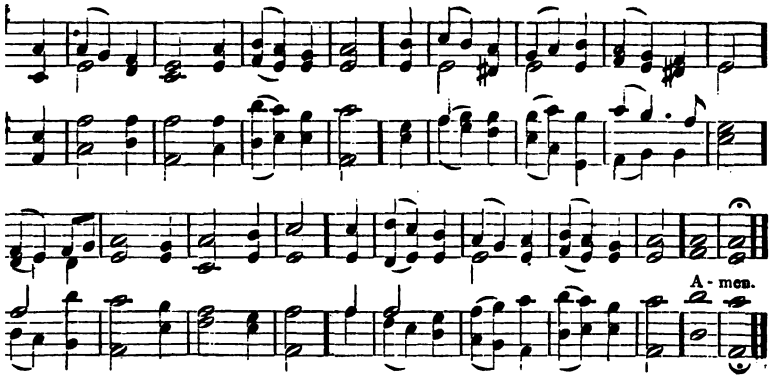
O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages join'd in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the Creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams:
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 May we, new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
And there our voice upraising,
To Father and to Son
And Holy Ghost, be praising
Ever the Three in One. AMEN.

[*Second Tune.*]

[ymns 161 and 162.

A.

commune with thee from above the mercy-seat."

from my thoughts, vain world, be-
Let my religious hours alone: [gone;
flesh and sense I would be free,
old communion, Lord, with Thee.

art grows warm with holy fire,
indles with a pure desire
Thy grace, to taste Thy love,
eel Thine influence from above.

I can say that God is mine,
I can see Thy glories shine,
ead the world beneath my feet,
ll that men call rich and great.

comfort down from Thy right hand,
eer me in this barren land;
n Thy temple let me know
oys that from Thy presence flow. AMEN.

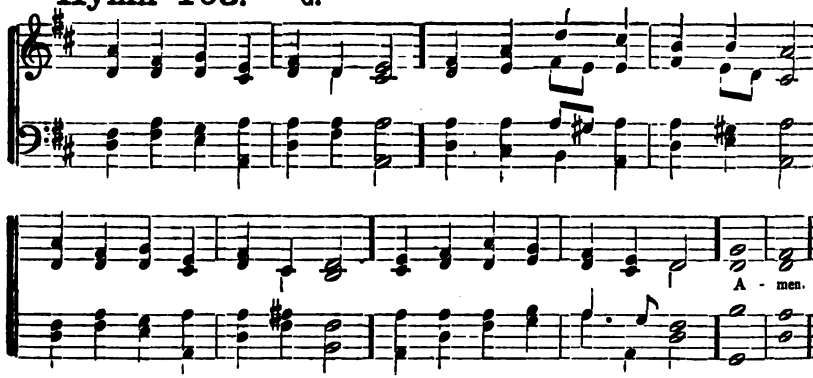
162. AA.

"O send out Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead me, and bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling."

LET me with light and truth be bless'd;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on Thy holy hill I rest,
And in Thy sacred temple pray.

2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, Who is my only joy;
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair. AMEN.

Hymn 163. G.

"*Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house.*"

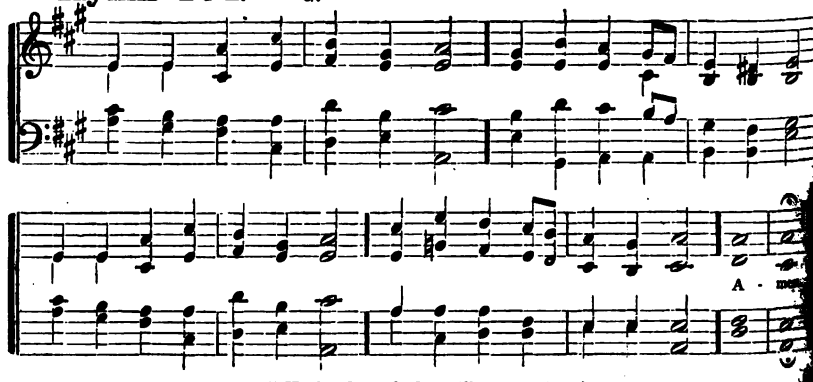
TO Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there;
While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

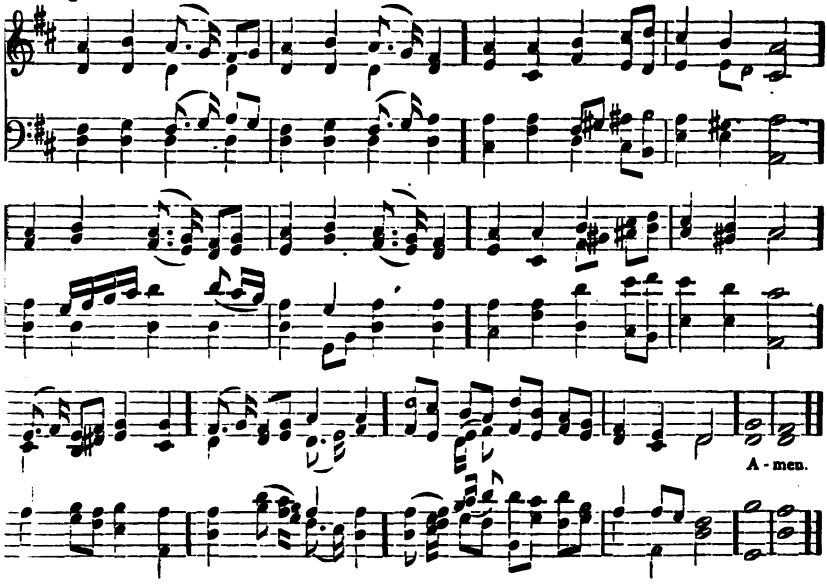
5 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walk'd with God to-day." AMEN.

Hymn 164. G.

"*He that keepeth thee will not slumber.*"

NOW may He Who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep!

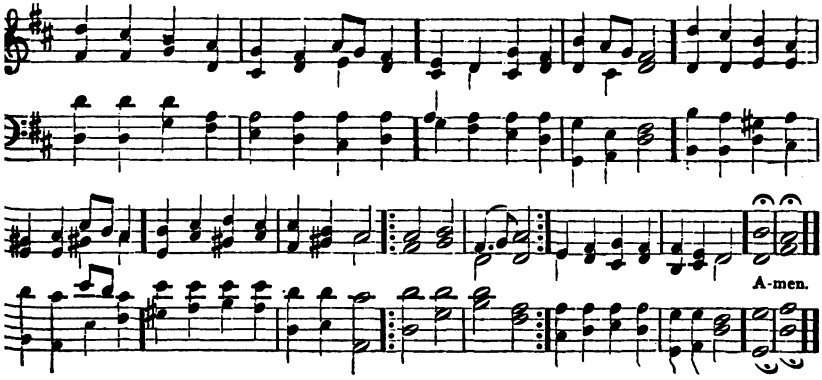
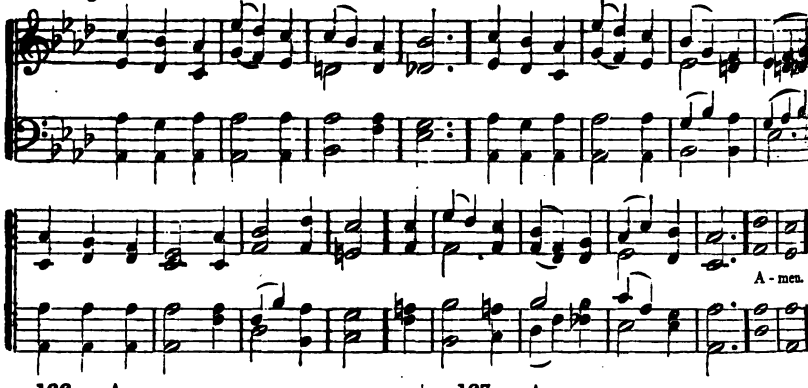
2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God! A

Hymn 165. L. [*First Tune.*]

"*While He blessed them, He was parted from them.*"

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found. AMEN.

L. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymns 166 and 167. A.

166. A.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

ALMIGHTY Father, bless the word,
Which through Thy grace, we now have heard;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

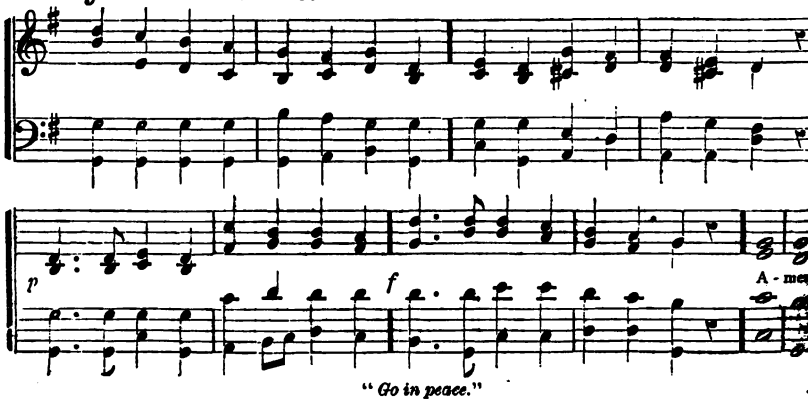
2 We praise Thee for the means of grace,
Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face:
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at last, in heaven appear. AMEN.

167. A.

"The Lord will bless His people with peace."

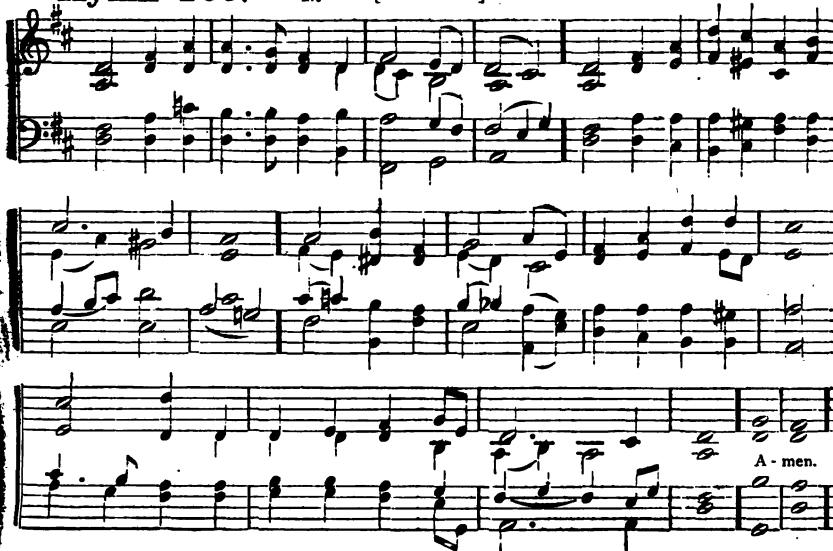
DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace. AMEN.

Hymn 168. J.

"Go in peace."

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford. AMEN.

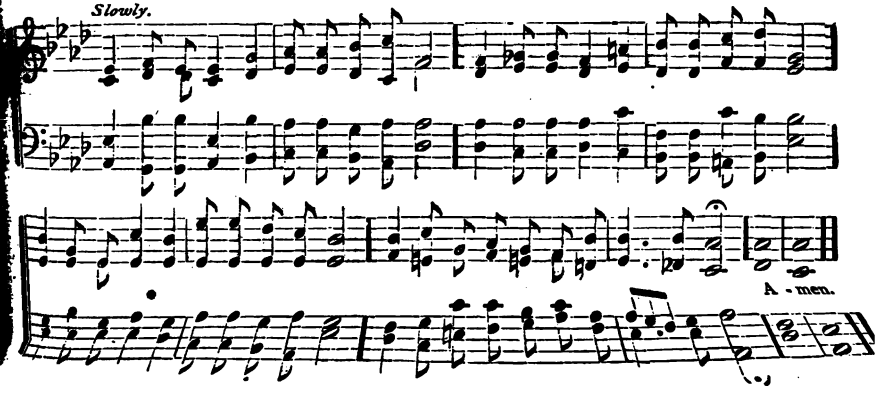
Hymn 169. N. [*First Tune.*]

"*The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace.*"

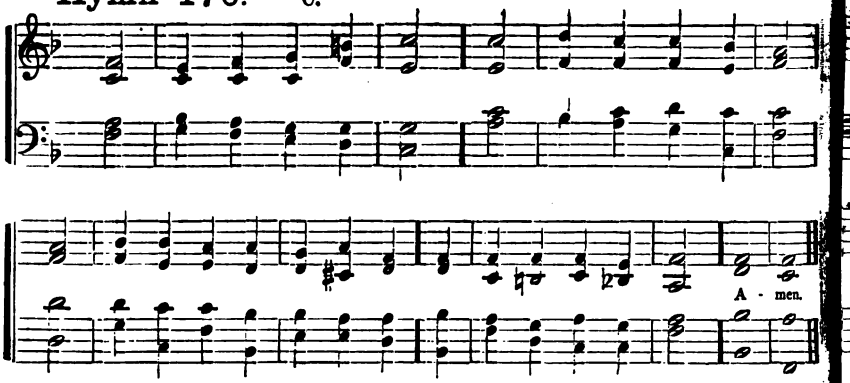
SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. AMEN.

N. [*Second Tune.*]

EMBER DAYS.

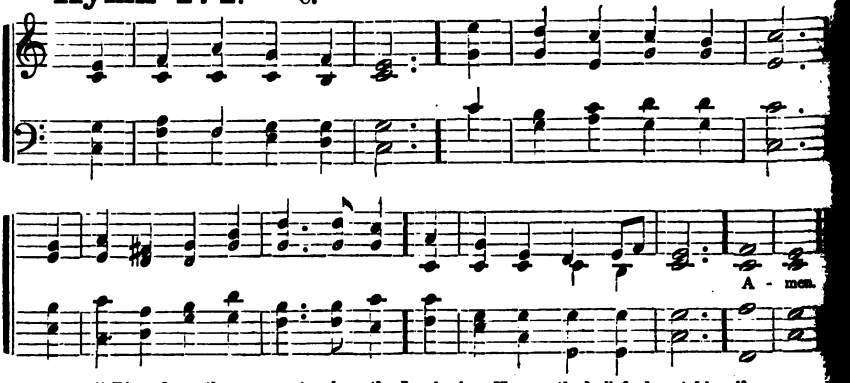
Hymn 170. C.

"*Unto every one of us is given grace, according to the measure of the gift of Christ.*"

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,
The labourers are few.

3 Anoint and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,
Thy Spirit on Their spirits pour,
And make them strong for God.

4 O let them spread Thy Name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love. AMEN.

Hymn 171. C.

"*Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching.*"

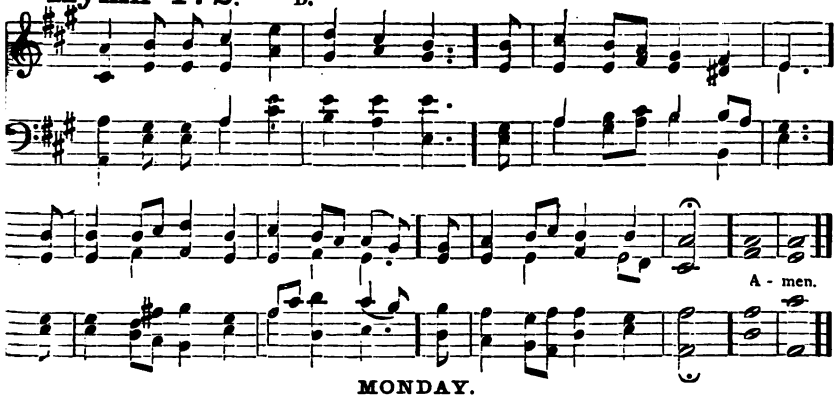
YE servants of the Lord,
Each in your office, wait,
Observant of His Heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd. AMEN.

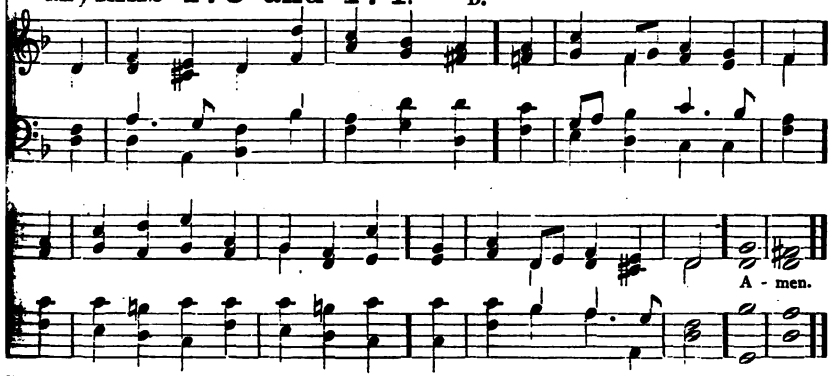
ROGATION DAYS.

Hymn 172. B.

MONDAY.

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord; and Thou givest them their meat in due season."

LORD, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

2 Grant us, with precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
A place in Thy new heavens and earth,
Where richer harvests grow. AMEN.

Hymns 173 and 174. B.

173. B. TUESDAY.

"Spare Thy people, O Lord."

LORD, spare and save our sinful race
From death in direst form;
From pestilence that flies apace,
From earthquake, fire, and storm.

Let every land bemoan its sin,
That wars and crimes may cease;
And may Thy pardoning grace bring in
Sweet times of *health and peace.* AMEN.

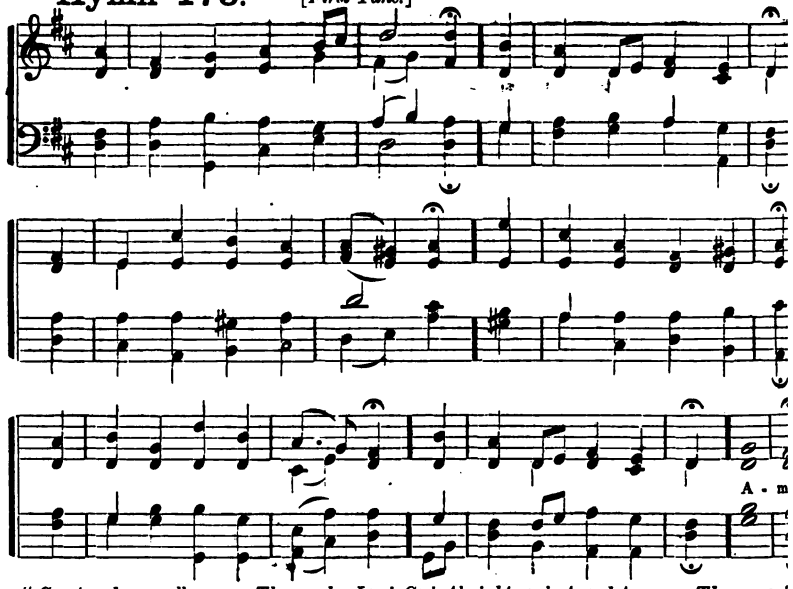
174. B. WEDNESDAY.

"Mercy and truth shall go before Thy face."

GREAT is our guilt, our fears are great;
But naught shall prompt despair,
While open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.

2 Kind Intercessor! to Thy love
This blest resource we owe:
Thy merits plead for us above,
While we implore below. AMEN.

OTHER HOLY DAYS.

Hymn 175. [*First Tune.*]

"*Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, King of Saints.*"

FROM all Thy saints in warfare, for all Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O blessèd Jesu, all praises be address'd.
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they might conquerors be;
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays from Thee.

[Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.]

Saint Andrew.

2 Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostle, the first to welcome Thee,
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see.
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

Saint Thomas.

3 All praise for Thine Apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of Thy love.
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.

Saint Stephen.

4 Praise for the first of Martyrs, wi
Thee ready stand,
To aid in midst of torment, to plead a
right hand.
Share we with him, if summon'd by
our Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in Hea
martyr-crown.

Saint John the Evangelist.

5 Praise for the loved Disciple, ex
Patmos' shore;
Praise for the faithful record he
Godhead bore.
Praise for the mystic vision, through
us reveal'd;
May we, in patience waiting, with
elect be seal'd.

The Innocents' Day.

6 Praise for Thine infant Martyrs, b
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Call'd early from the warfare to sh
rest above.
O Rachel, cease thy weeping; they re
pains and cares:
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and
as bright as theirs.

The Conversion of Saint Paul.

e for the light from Heaven, praise for
the voice of awe,
e for the glorious vision the persecutor
saw.
Lord, for his Conversion, we glorify
to-day:
ghten all our darkness with Thy true
Spirit's ray.

Saint Matthias.

Thine abiding Presence directs the
wondrous choice:
me in place of Judas the faithful now
rejoice.
Church from false Apostles for ever-
more defend,
by Thy parting promise, be with her to
the end.

Saint Mark.

im, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak
by grace made strong,
se labours and whose Gospel enrich
our triumph-song.
we in all our weakness find strength
from Thee supplied,
all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the
Vine, abide.

St. Philip and St. James.

raise for Thine Apostle, bless'd guide
to Greek and Jew,
him surnamed Thy brother; keep us
Thy brethren true.
grant the grace to know Thee, the
Way, the Truth, the Life;
restle with temptations till victors in
the strife.

Saint Barnabas.

on of Consolation, moved by Thy law
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from above.
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Thy true consolations may through
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Saint John Baptist.

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Lord.
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s us the rather blessèd, who love Thy
glorious Day.

Saint Peter.

e for Thy great Apostle, the eager and
the bold;
e falling, yet repentant, thrice charged
to feed Thy fold.
, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard
their flocks from ill;
grant them dauntless courage with
humble earnest will.

Saint James.

14 For Him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who,
slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling
thus Thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy
veil'd decree;
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought
nearer Thee.

Saint Bartholomew.

15 All praise for Thine Apostle, the faithful,
pure, and true,
Whom underneath the fig-tree, Thine eye
all-seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites
indeed;
That Thine abiding Presence our longing
souls may feed.

Saint Matthew.

16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy
human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of
suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon, O give us
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That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and
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Saint Luke.

17 For that "Beloved Physician," all praise!
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And with true Balm of Gilead anoint us
evermore.

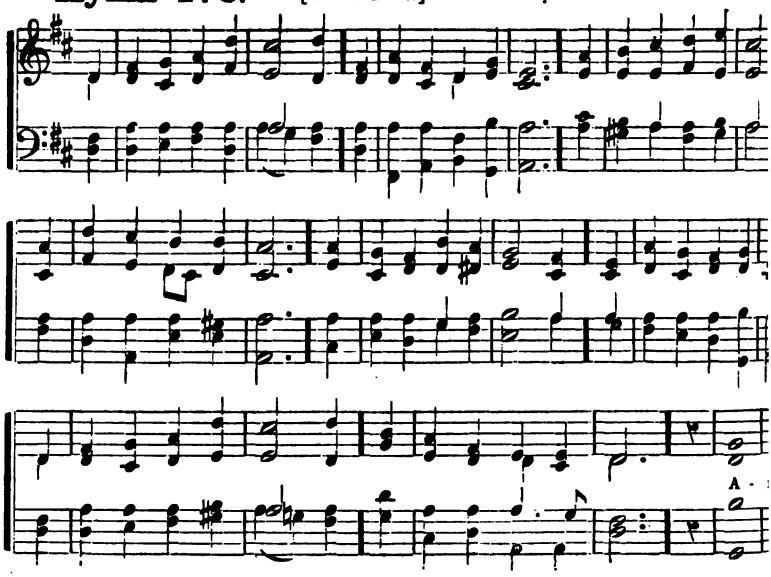
Saint Simon and Saint Jude.

18 Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostles, who seal'd
their Faith to-day:
One love, one zeal impell'd them to tread
the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of
Christ maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren, at length
Thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.

19 Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the
sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise
the ceaseless song;
For these, pass'd on before us, Saviour, we
Thee adore,
And walking in their footsteps, would serve
Thee more and more.

20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise
we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in
One;
Till all the ransom'd number fall down
before the Throne,
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to
God alone. AMEN.

Hymn 175. [*Second Tune.*]

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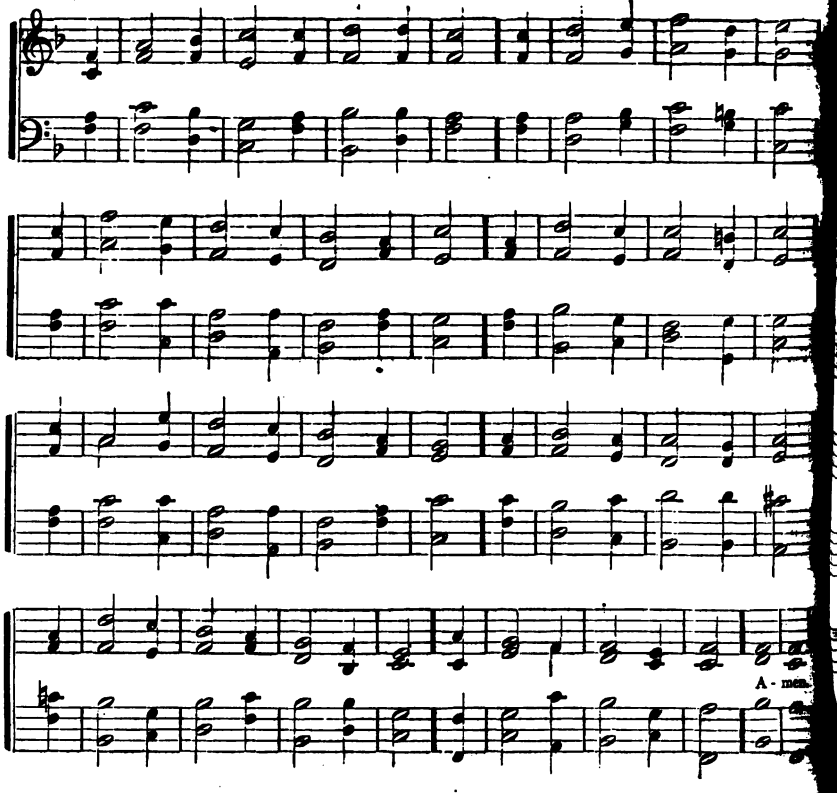
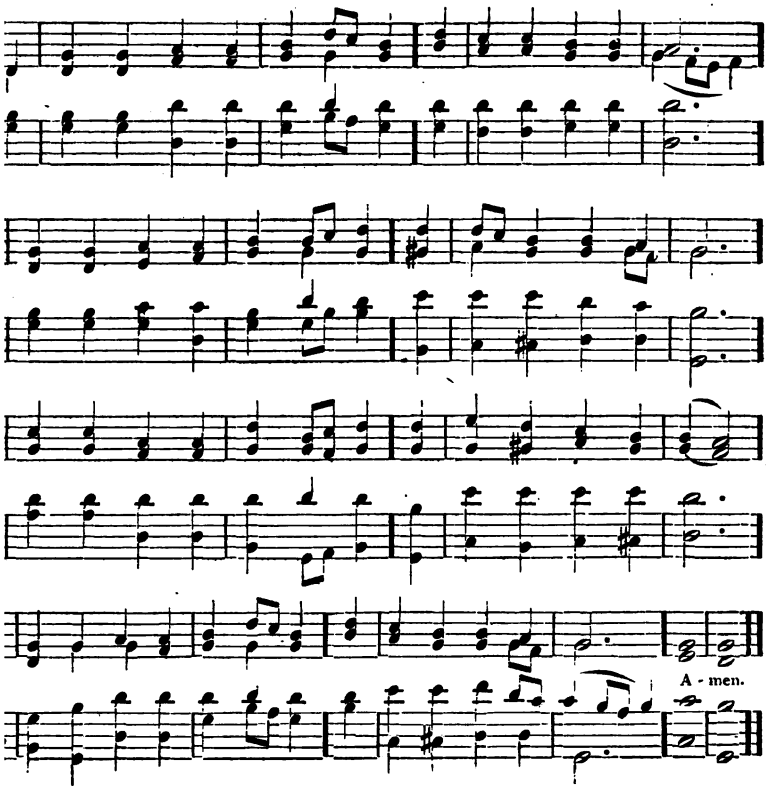
Hymn 176. BB.

"*The armies in heaven followed Him.*"

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar.
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel,
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.
They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. AMEN.

ymn 177. BB.

re they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."

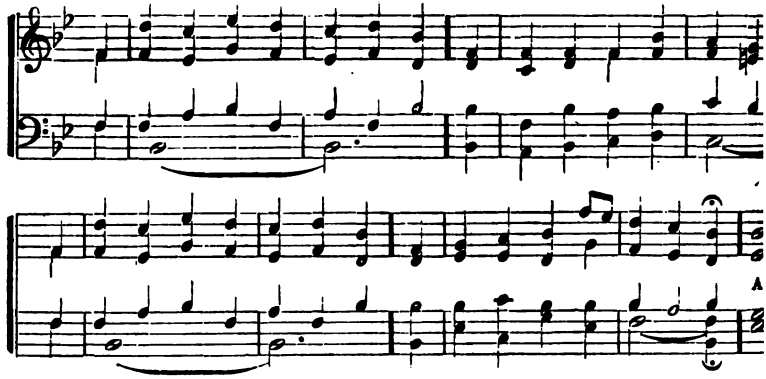
N bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
ame they to the blissful seats
verlasting day?
ese are they, from sufferings great
came to realms of light:
the Blood of Christ have washed
e robes which shine so bright.

ith triumphal palms they stand
re the throne on high,
rve the God they love amidst
glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

3 The Lamb which reigns upon the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear. AMEN.

HOLY INNOCENTS.

Hymn 178. AA.

"These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

O LORD, the Holy Innocents
Laid down for Thee their infant life,
And martyrs brave and patient saints
Have stood for Thee in fire and strife.

2 We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learn'd like vows to make;
We need not die; we cannot fight;
What may we do for Jesus' sake?

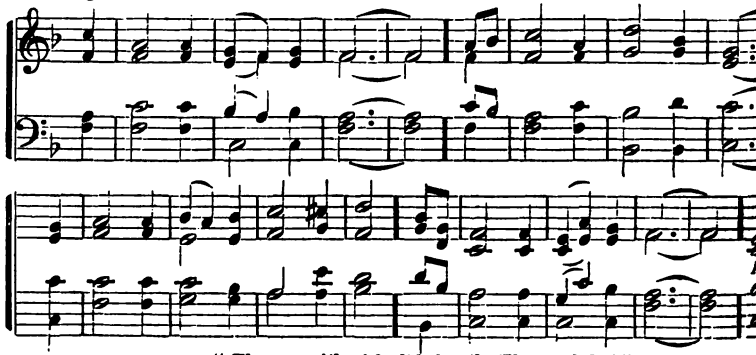
3 O day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake.
A weary war to wage with sin.

4 When deep within our swelling hearts,
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tong
And tears of passion in our eyes;

5 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty wo
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

6 With smiles of peace and looks of
Light in our dwellings we may m
Bid kind good-humour brighten th
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

7 There's not a child so weak and sm
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

Hymn 179. C.

"They are without fault before the Throne of God."

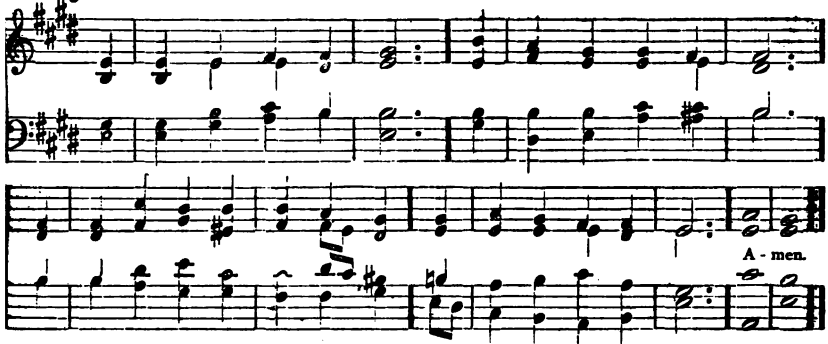
GLORY to Thee, O Lord,
Who, from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win.

2 Glory to Thee for all
The ransom'd infant band
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reach'd the quiet land.

3 O that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright
O that, as free from deeds of sin,
We shrank not from Thy sight.

4 Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy name.

PRESENTATION OF CHRIST.

Hymn 180. C.

"*The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former.*"

BEHOLD a humble train
The courts of God draw near;
A Virgin Mother and her babe
Before the Lord appear.

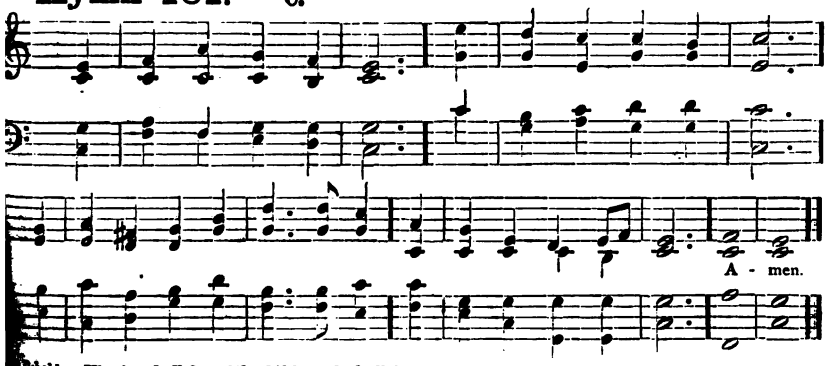
2 O wondrous, blessed sight!
To faithful eyes made known,
That lowly Babe—the mighty God,
The Prince of Peace, they own.

3 And now this temple shines
With glory far more bright
Than e'er the former temple saw,
E'en at its greatest height.

4 The cloud indeed was there,
The symbol of the Lord;
But here the Lord Himself appears,
The true, Incarnate Word.

5 Blest Saviour, come once more
With pow'r and grace divine;
Our hearts Thy living temples make,
Wholly and ever Thine. AMEN.

ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

Hymn 181. C.

"*Behold, a Virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a Son, and they shall call His Name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.*"

PRAISE we the Lord this day,
This day so long foretold,
Whose promise shone with cheering ray
On waiting saints of old.

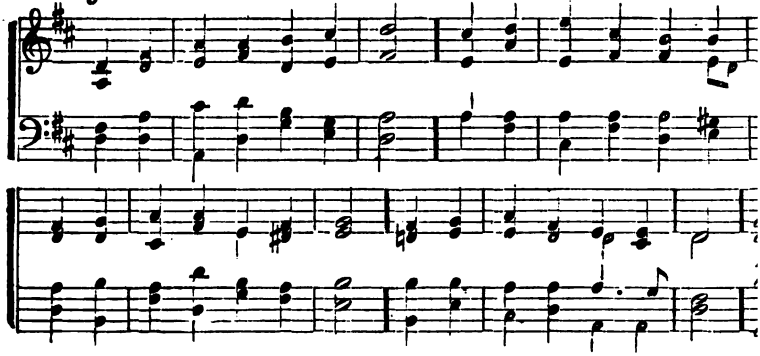
2 The Prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A Virgin, born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised Seed.

3 Ask not how *this should be,*
But worship and adore:
Like her, whom heaven's majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

4 Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favoured of the Lord.

5 Blessèd shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
The Incarnate Saviour's birth. AMEN.

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

Hymn 182. G.

"O praise the Lord all ye His hosts; ye servants of His that do His pleasure."

PRAISE to God Who reigns above,
Binding earth and heaven in love;
All the armies of the sky
Worship His dread sovereignty.

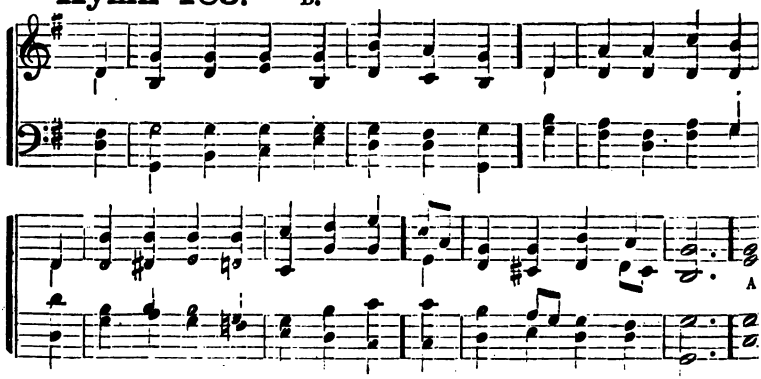
2 Seraphim His praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers,
Ranks of Might that never cowers.

3 Angel hosts His word fulfil,
Ruling nature by His will;
Round His throne Archangels
Songs of praise for evermore.

4 Yet on man they joy to wait,
All that bright celestial state,
For true Man their Lord they
Christ, the Incarnate Deity.

5 On the Throne our Lord Who
Sits in manhood glorified,
Where His people faint below
Angels count it joy to go. AM

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Hymn 183. B.

"Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

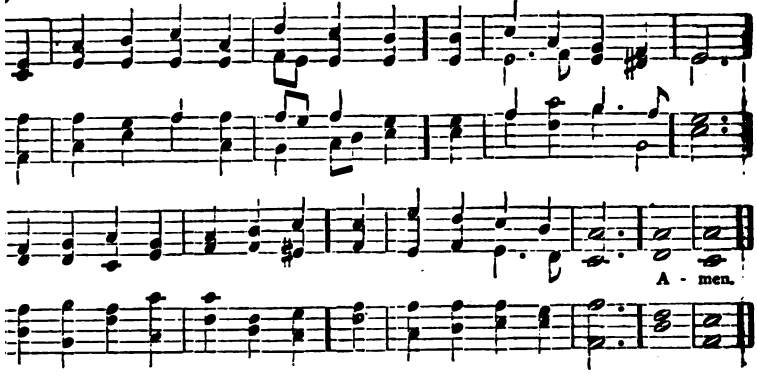
LO! what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around!
Men once like us with suffering tried,
But now with glory crown'd.

2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 *Behold a Witness* nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path—
Jesus, the Author, Finisher,
Rewarder of our faith:

4 He, for the joy before Him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the Cross, despised the
And now He reigns above.

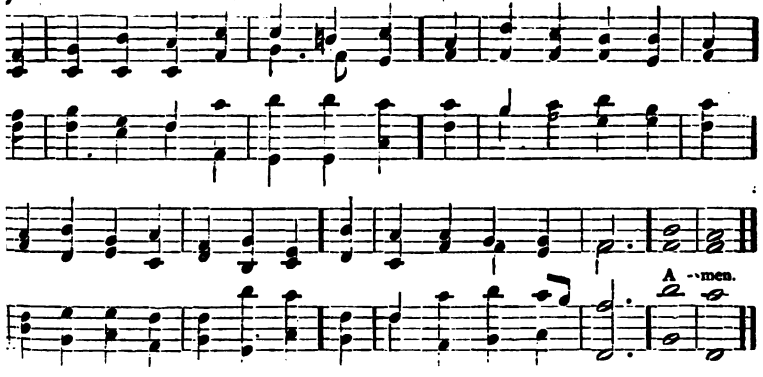
5 Thither, forgetting things behind
Press we, to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and His
Triumphantly to stand. AMEN

ymn 184. B.

"He hath prepared for them a city."

T to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke:
o the thunder of that word
ich God on Sinai spoke;
'e are come to Sion's hill,
city of our God;
e milder words declare His will,
l spread His love abroad.
d th' innumerable host
angels clothed in light:
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is changed to sight.

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven;
Hear God, the judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven.

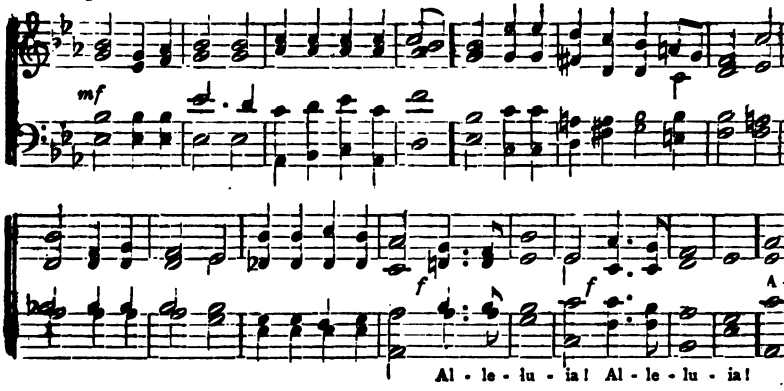
5 Angels, and living saints and dead,
But one communion make:
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of His love partake. AMEN.

ymn 185. B.

"Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity."

OW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
o live like brethren, and consent
offices of love!
e love is like the precious oil,
hich, poured on Aaron's head,
down his beard, and o'er his robes
s costly fragrance shed.

3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's favour'd hill.

4 For Sion is the chosen seat
Where the Almighty King
The promised blessing has ordain'd,
And life's eternal spring. AMEN.

Hymn 186.

"Their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world."

FOR the Apostles' glorious company,
Who, bearing forth the Cross o'er land and sea,
Shook all the mighty world, we sing to Thee,
Alleluia.

2 For the Evangelists, by whose blest word,
Like fourfold streams, the garden of the Lord
Is fair and fruitful, be Thy Name adored.
Alleluia.

3 For Martyrs, who, with rapture-kindled eye,
Saw the bright crown descending from the sky,
And died to grasp it, Thee we glorify.
Alleluia. AMEN.

TUNE ABOVE.

Hymn 187.

"We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

FOR all the Saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever bless'd.
Alleluia.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the Light of light.
Alleluia.

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia.

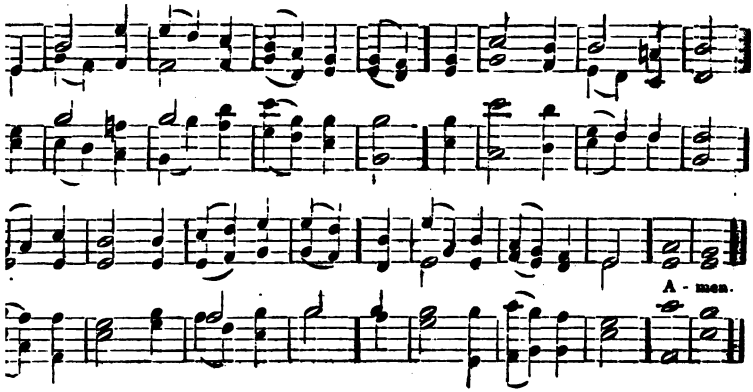
4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest's.
Alleluia.

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia. AMEN.

Hymn 188. B.

"Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

, let us join our friends above
at have made sure the prize,
he eagle wings of love
s celestial rise.

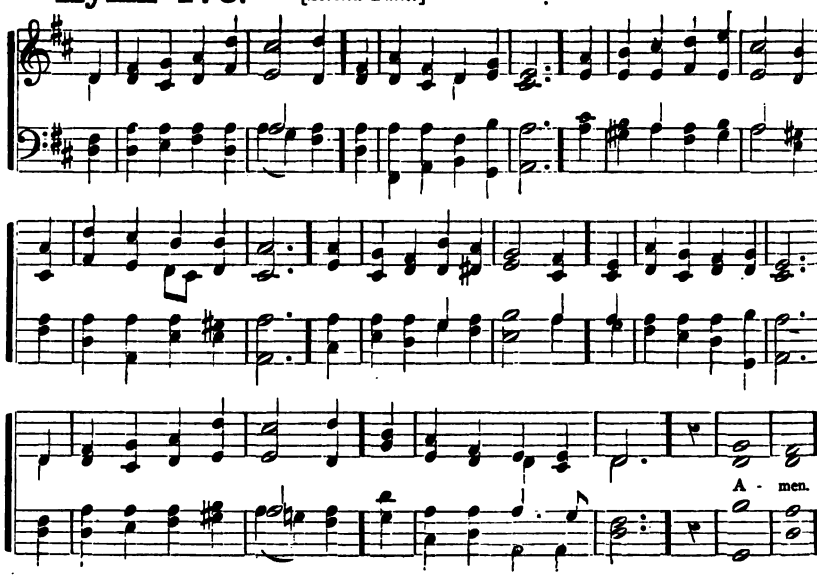
ıe saints terrestrial sing,
hose to glory gone:
he servants of our King,
h and heaven, are one.

ily, we dwell in Him,
hurch, above, beneath;
now divided by the stream,
ırrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd;
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.

6 Then, Lord of Hosts, be Thou our Guide,
And we, at Thy command,
Through waves that part on either side,
Shall reach Thy Blessed Land. AMEN.

Hymn 175. [*Second Tune.*]

"*Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints.*"

FROM all Thy saints in warfare, for all Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O blessèd Jesu, all praises be address'd.
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they might conquerors be;
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays from Thee.

[Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.]

Saint Andrew.

2 Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostle, the first to welcome Thee,
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see.
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

Saint Thomas.

3 All praise for Thine Apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of Thy love.
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.

Saint Stephen.

4 Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand,
To aid in midst of torment, to plead at God's right hand.
Share we with him, if summon'd by death our Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in Heaven the martyr-crown.

Saint John the Evangelist.

5 Praise for the loved Disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;
Praise for the faithful record he to The Godhead bore.
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us reveal'd;
May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be seal'd.

The Innocents' Day.

6 Praise for Thine infant Martyrs, by The with tenderest love
Call'd early from the warfare to share the rest above.
O Rachel, cease thy weeping; they rest fro pains and cares:
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crow as bright as theirs.

he Conversion of Saint Paul.

for the light from Heaven, praise for
he voice of awe,
for the glorious vision the persecutor
aw.
Lord, for his Conversion, we glorify
o-day:
iten all our darkness with Thy true
Spirit's ray.

Saint Matthias.

Thine abiding Presence directs the
vondrous choice:
e in place of Judas the faithful now
ejoice.
hurch from false Apostles for ever-
more defend,
y Thy parting promise, be with her to
he end.

Saint Mark.

n, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak
by grace made strong,
labours and whose Gospel enrich
our triumph-song.
e in all our weakness find strength
rom Thee supplied,
l, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the
Vine, abide.

St. Philip and St. James.

ise for Thine Apostle, bless'd guide
o Greek and Jew,
im surnamed Thy brother; keep us
Thy brethren true.
rant the grace to know Thee, the
Way, the Truth, the Life;
stle with temptations till victors in
he strife.

Saint Barnabas.

n of Consolation, moved by Thy law
of love,
ing earthly treasures, sought riches
rom above.
h now teems with increase, let gifts
of grace descend,
Thy true consolations may through
he world extend.

Saint John Baptist.

ise Thee for the Baptist, Forerunner
of the Word,
ue Elias, making a highway for the
Lord.
phets last and greatest, he saw Thy
lawning ray,
as the rather blessèd, who love Thy
glorious Day.

Saint Peter.

for Thy great Apostle, the eager and
he bold;
falling, yet repentant, thrice charged
o feed Thy fold.
nake Thy pastors faithful, to guard
heir flocks from ill;
rant them dauntless courage with
umble earnest will.

Saint James.

14 For Him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus Thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veil'd decree;
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer Thee.

Saint Bartholomew.

15 All praise for Thine Apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,
Whom underneath the fig-tree, Thine eye all-seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed;
That Thine abiding Presence our longing souls may feed.

Saint Matthew.

16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon, O give us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow Thee.

Saint Luke.

17 For that "Beloved Physician," all praise! whose Gospel shows
The Healer of the nations, the Sharer of our woes.
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,
And with true Balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

Saint Simon and Saint Jude.

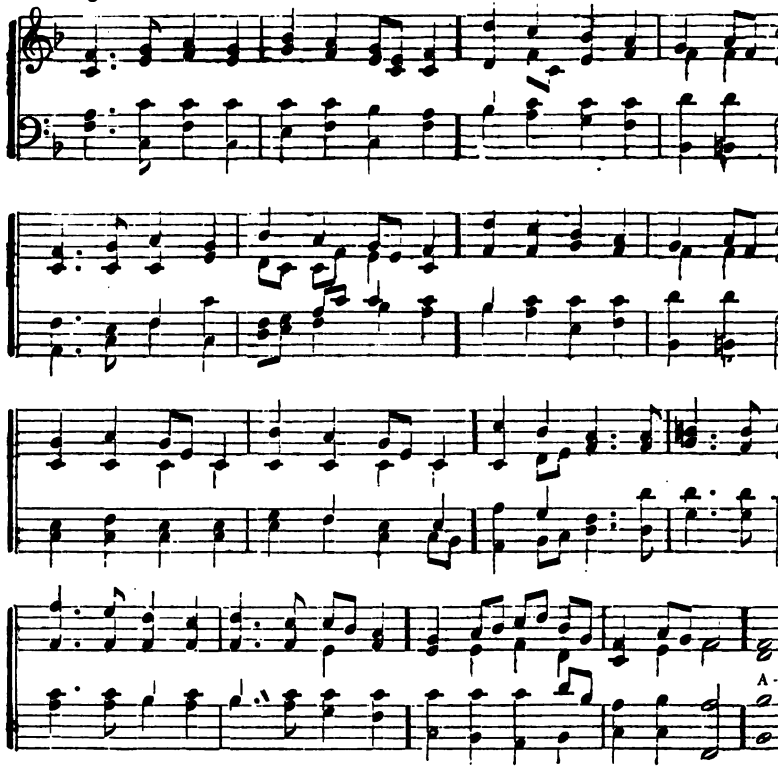
18 Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostles, who seal'd their Faith to-day:
One love, one zeal impell'd them to tread the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren, at length Thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.

19 Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, pass'd on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,
And walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.

20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransom'd number fall down before the Throne,
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone. AMEN.

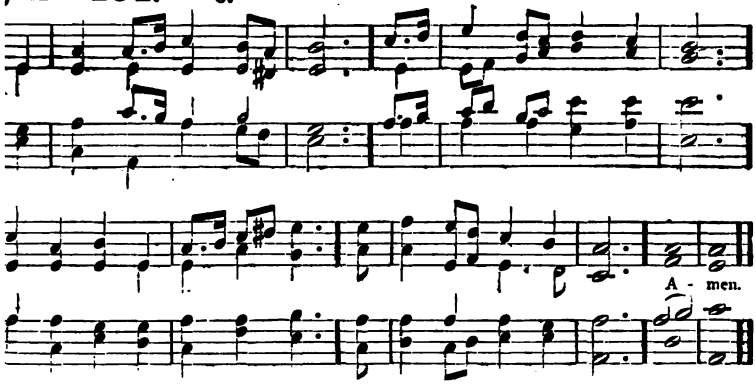
THE CHURCH.

Hymn 190. K.

"*Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.*"

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:
He, Whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God. AMEN.

ymn 191. C.

" O pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee."

VE Thy kingdom, Lord,
he house of Thine abode,
hurch our blest Redeemer saved
h His own precious blood.

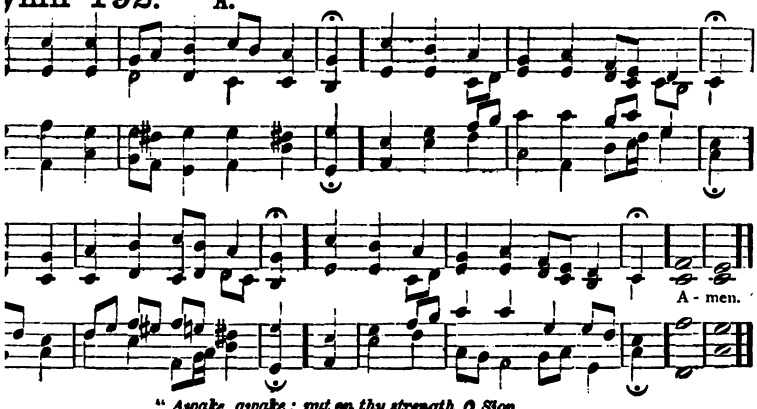
Thy Church, O God;
walls before Thee stand,
as the apple of Thine eye,
l graven on Thy hand.

er my tears shall fall;
her my prayers ascend;
r my cares and toils be given,
toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. AMEN.

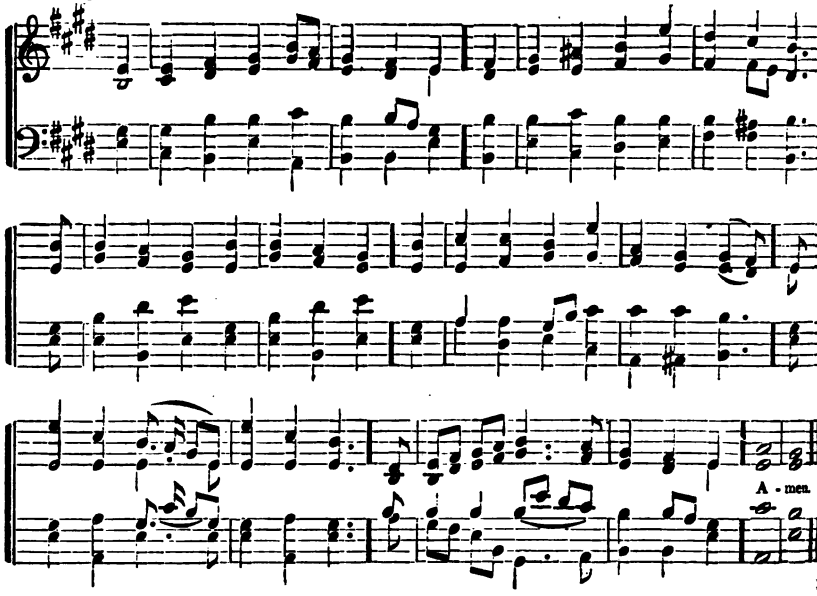
ymn 192. A.

" Awake, awake; put on thy strength O Sion.

MPHANT Sion! lift thy head
om dust, and darkness, and the dead:
humbled long, awake at length,
d thee with thy Saviour's strength.

thy beauteous garments on,
thy excellence be known:
in the robes of righteousness,
rld thy glories *shall confess.*

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

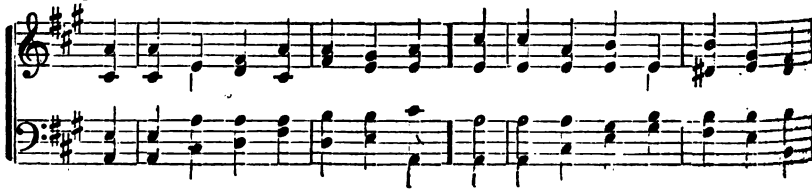
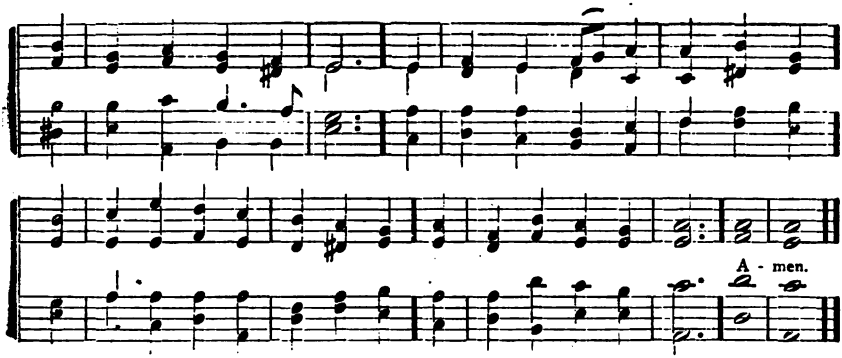
4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace. AMEN.

Hymn 193. E.

"Very excellent things are spoken of thee, thou city of God."

GOD'S temple crowns the holy mount,
The Lord there condescends to dwell:
His Sion's gates, in His account,
Our Israel's fairest tents excel:
Yea, glorious things of thee we sing,
O city of th' Almighty King!

2 Of honour'd Sion we aver,
Illustrious throngs from her proceed;
The Almighty shall establish her,
And shall enroll her holy seed:
Yea, for His people He shall count
The children of His favour'd mount.

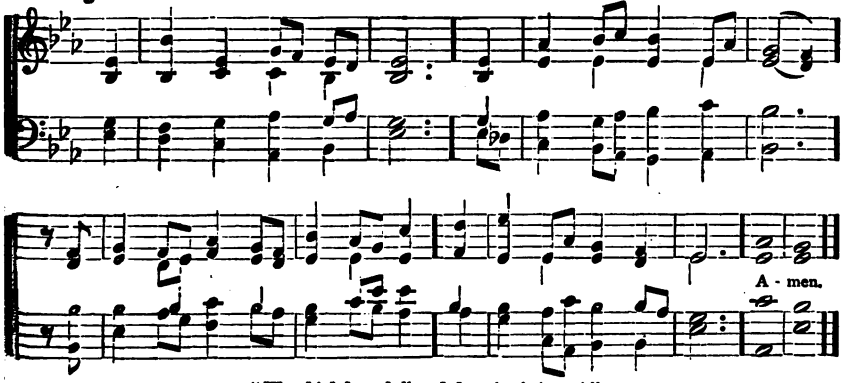
3 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd
Who celebrate his matchless praise;
Who, here in hallelujahs skill'd,
In heaven their harps and hymns shall raise:
O Sion, seat of Israel's King,
Be mine to drink thy living spring! AMEN.

Hymn 194. F.

"*God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble.*

GOD is our Refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press;
In Him, undaunted, we'll confide,
Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
While His Almighty aid is nigh.

3 Submit to God's Almighty sway,
For Him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess:
The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress. AMEN.

Hymn 195. C.

"*We which have believed do enter into rest.*"

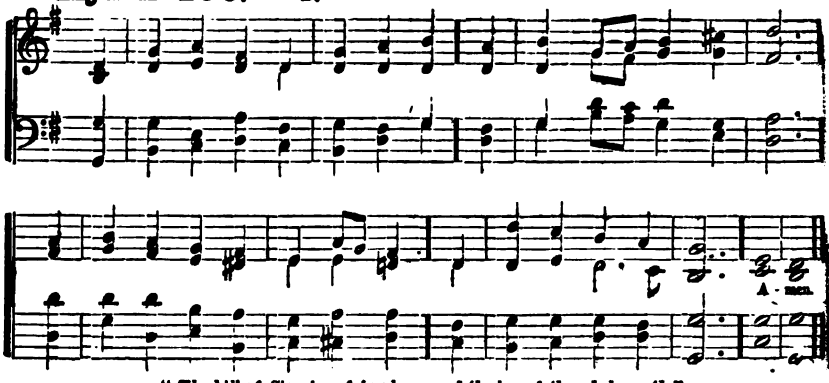
LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found;

2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Sion's hill. AMEN.

Hymn 196. B.

"The hill of Sion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth."

THE Lord, the only God, is great,
And greatly to be praised
In Sion, on whose happy mount
His sacred throne is raised.

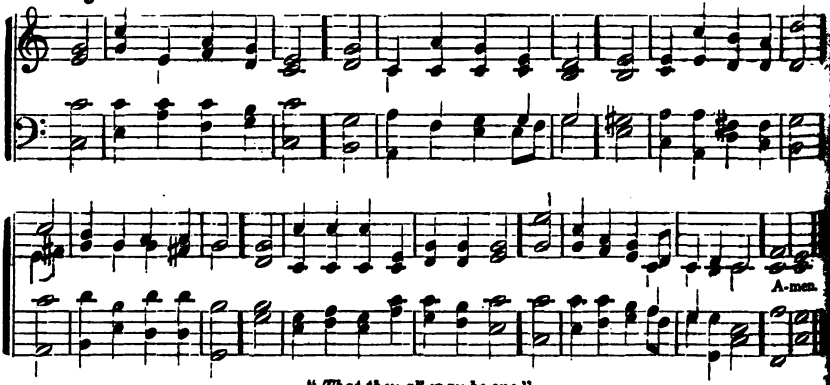
2 In Sion we have seen perform'd
A work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come,
His city will uphold.

3 Let Sion's mount with joy resound;
Her daughters all be taught
In songs His judgments to extol,
Who this deliverance wrought.

4 Compass her walls in solemn pomp,
Your eyes quite round her cast;
Count all her towers, and see if there
You find one stone displaced.

5 Her forts and palaces survey,
Observe their order well,
That to the ages yet to come
His wonders you may tell.

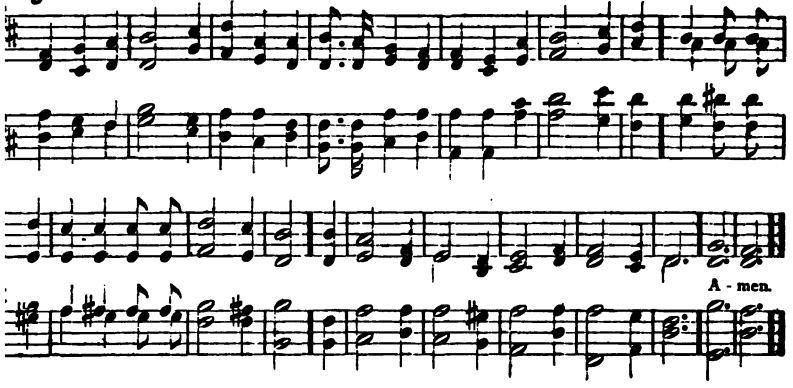
6 This God is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in Him confide;
Who, as He has preserved us now,
Till death will be our Guide. AMEN.

Hymn 197. U.

"That they all may be one."

ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord, below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword—Love;
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our Sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the Throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one. AMEN.

Hymn 198.

"*Christ is the Head of the Church.*"

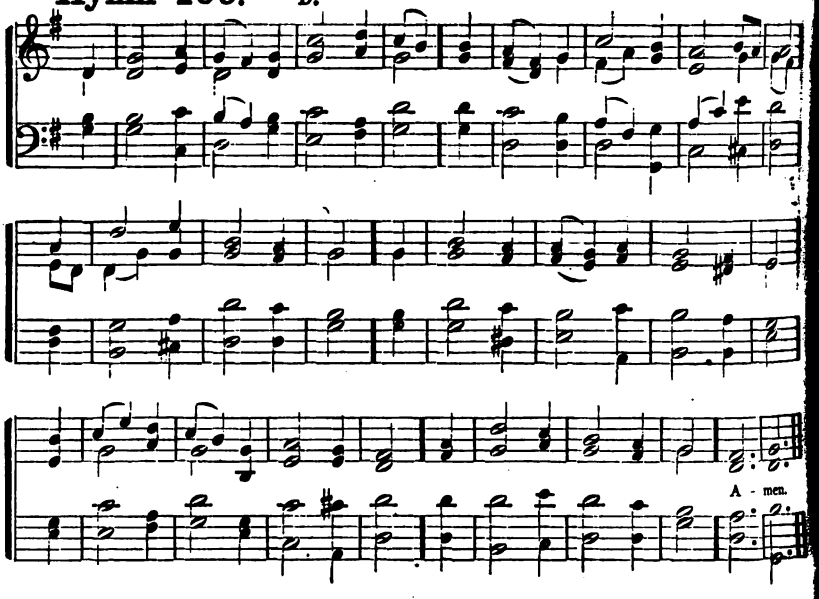
HEAD of the hosts in glory!
We joyfully adore Thee,
Thy Church below,
Blending with those on high—
Where through the azure sky
Thy saints in ecstasy
For ever glow!

2 Angels! archangels! glorious
Guards of the Church victorious!
Worship the Lamb!
Crown Him with crowns of light,
One of the Three by right—
Love, majesty, and might—
The great I AM!

3 Martyrs! whose mystic legions
March o'er yon heavenly regions
In triumph round:
Wave high your banners, wave!
Your God, our Saviour, clave
For death itself a grave,
In hell profound!

4 Saints! in fair circles, casting
Rich trophies everlasting
At Jesus' feet,
Amidst our rude alarms,
We stretch forth suppliant arms,
That we, too, safe from harms,
In Heaven may meet!

5 Saviour! in glory beaming,
With radiance brightly streaming,
Enthroned in power,
Grant, by Thy awful Name,
That we through flood and flame
The Gospel may proclaim,
Till life's last hour. AMEN.

Hymn 199. D.

"Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem."

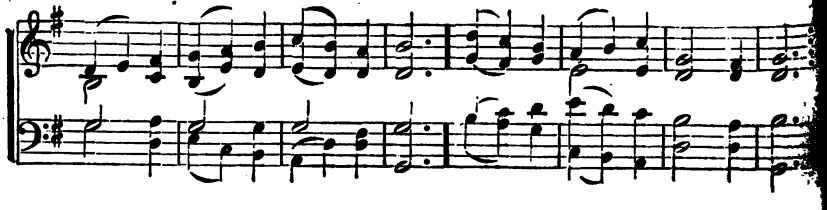
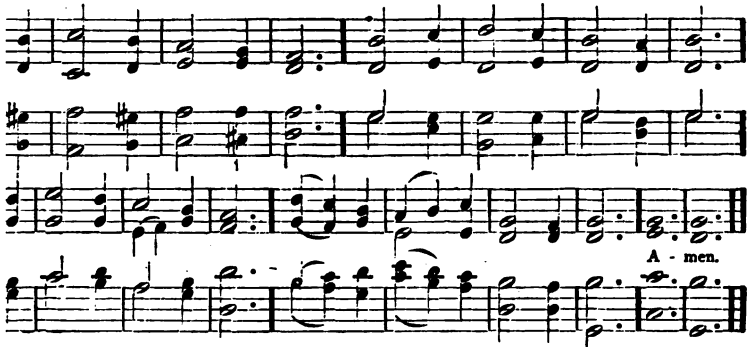
WITH joy shall I behold the day
That calls my willing soul away,
To dwell among the blest:
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And points me to His Rest.

2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
Their glory I survey;
I view her mansions that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wing;
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ,
Before th' Almighty King.

4 Mother of cities! o'er thy head
Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,
For evermore shall dwell:
Let me, blest seat! my name behold
Among thy citizens enroll'd,
And bid the world farewell. AMEN

Hymn 200. I.



"O how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of Hosts."

ISANT are Thy courts above,
the land of light and love;
t are Thy courts below
and of sin and woe.
pirit longs and faints
converse of Thy saints,
brightness of Thy face,
Glory, God of grace!

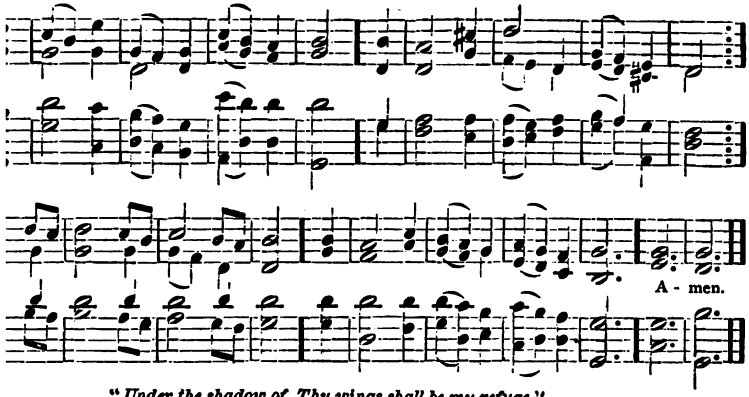
3 Happy souls! their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

birds that sing and fly
Thy altars, O Most High!
souls, that find a rest,
avenly Father's breast!
wandering dove, that found
se on earth around,
n to their ark repair,
oy it ever there.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

AMEN.

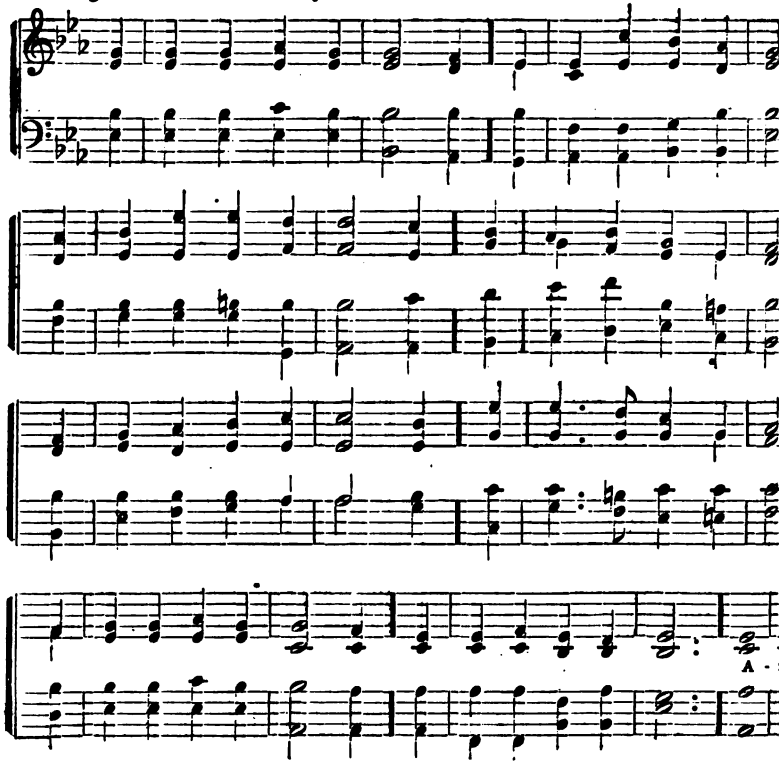
mn 201. E.



"Under the shadow of Thy wings shall be my refuge."

I from the dark and stormy sky,
d, to Thine altar's shade we fly;
m the world, its hope and fear,
we seek Thy shelter here:
id weak, Thy grace we pray;
, O Lord! Thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost;
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away. AMEN.

Hymn 202. Q.

"*Jesus Christ Himself being the Chief Corner-stone.*"

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her,
To be His holy Bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

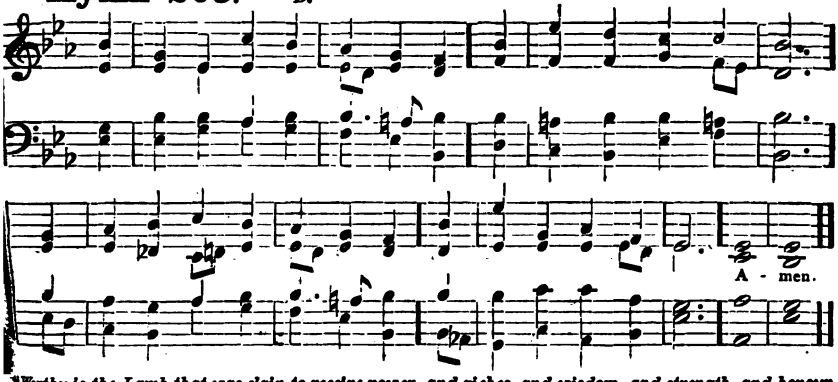
3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

THE SACRAMENTS.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

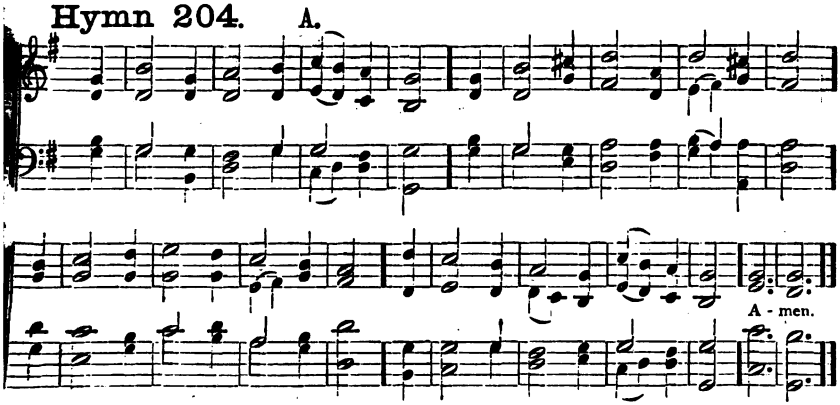
Hymn 203. B.

"*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.*"

THOU, God, all glory, honour, power
Art worthy to receive;
Since all things by Thy power were made,
And by Thy bounty live.

2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour, and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; Who for our sins
A Sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy Thou, Who hast redeem'd
And ransom'd us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By Thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to the Lamb, be given. AMEN.

Hymn 204. A.

"*Jesus Christ, Who gave Himself for our sins.*"

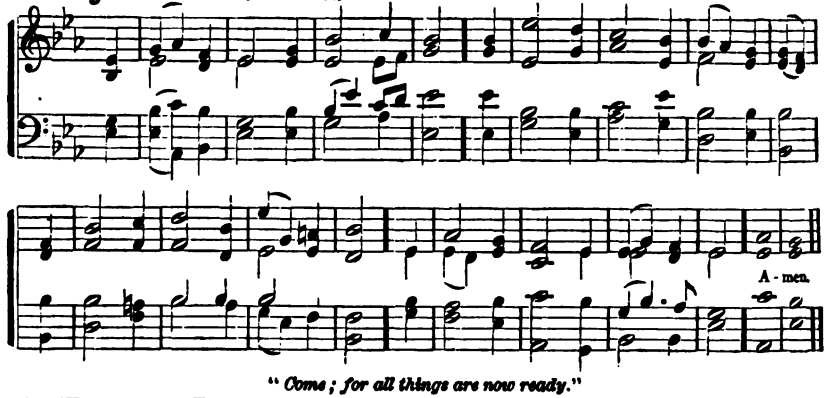
TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That Name in heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands im*mortal tongues.*

3 Yet whilst around His board we meet,
And worship at His sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love, and we adore,
But long to know and love Thee more;
And, whilst we take the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine. AMEN.

Hymn 205. AA.



"Come; for all things are now ready."

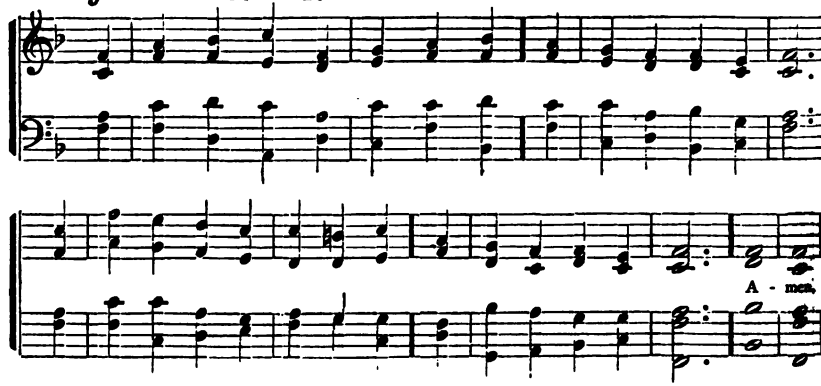
MY God, and is Thy table spread,
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow,
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 O let Thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

4 Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

5 Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun. AMEN.

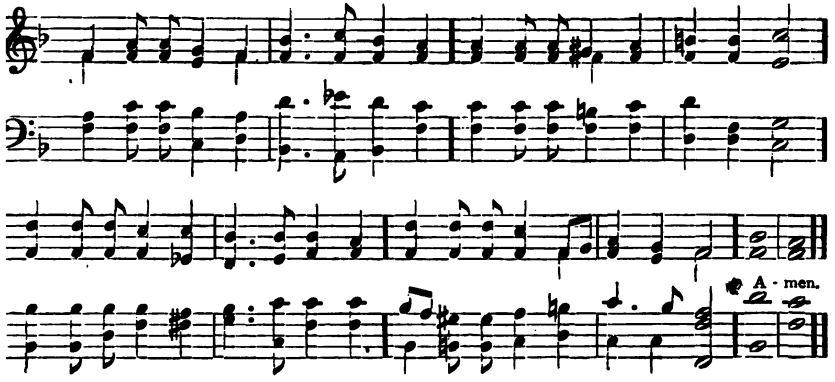
Hymn 206. B.

"We will go into His tabernacles; we will worship at His footstool."

AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood?
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed His blood?

2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love?

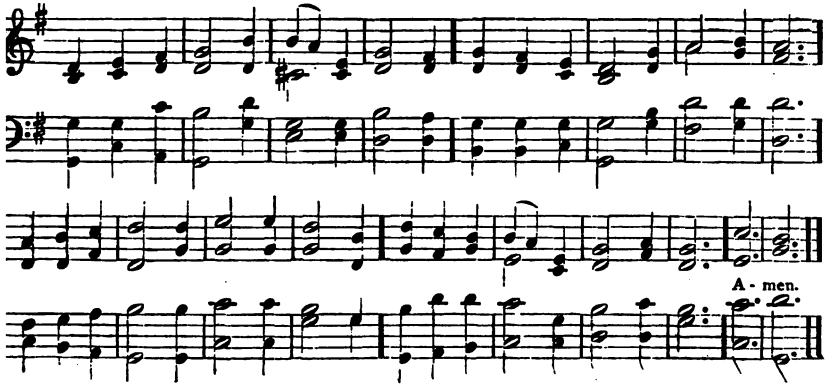
3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
To praise our heavenly King:
O may that love which spread this board,
Inspire us while we sing:

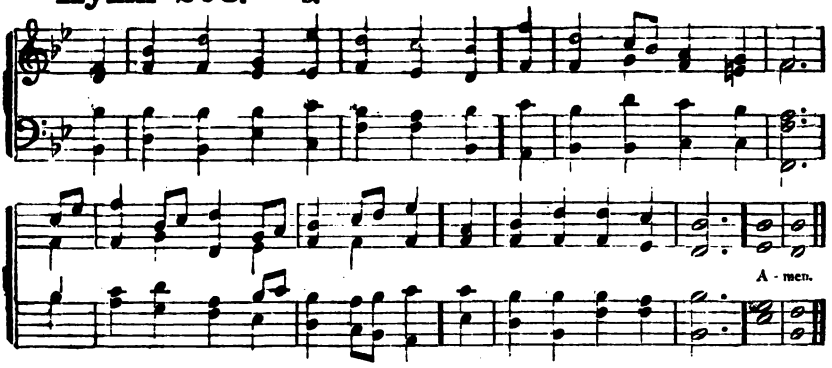
4 "Glory to God in highest strains,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will from heaven to men is come,
And let it never cease." AMEN.

Hymn 207. [*First Tune.*]

"*Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life.*"

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed. AMEN.

[*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 208. R.



"*To Him be glory and dominion.*"

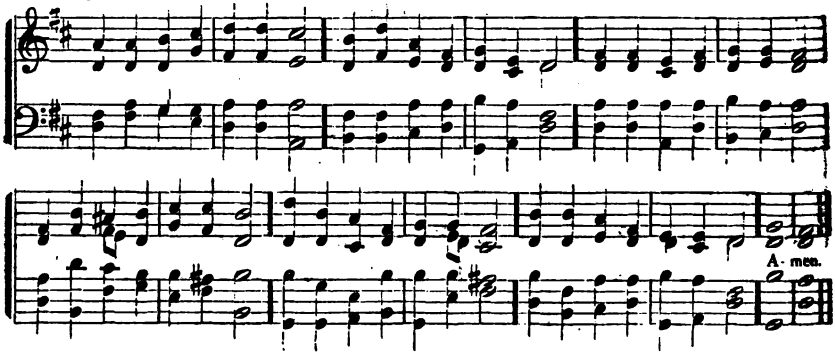
COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne.
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine:
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

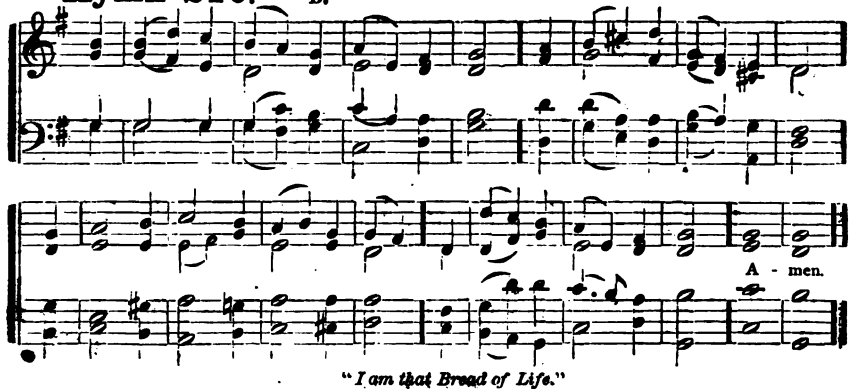
4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise!

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. AMEN.

Hymn 209. H.

"*Whoso eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath eternal life.*"

BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy Flesh is Meat indeed:
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him Who died.

2 Vine of heaven, Thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy Cross we look and live:
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee. AMEN.

Hymn 210. B.

"*I am that Bread of Life.*"

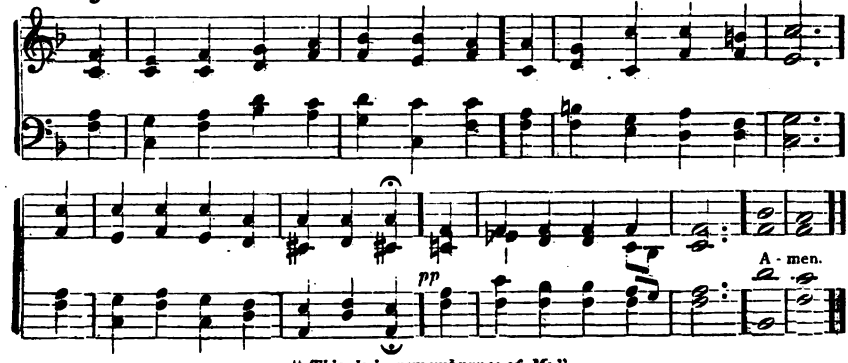
SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5 Lord, sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food. AMEN.

Hymn 211. B.

"*This do in remembrance of Me.*"

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy sacramental cup I take,
And Thus remember Thee.

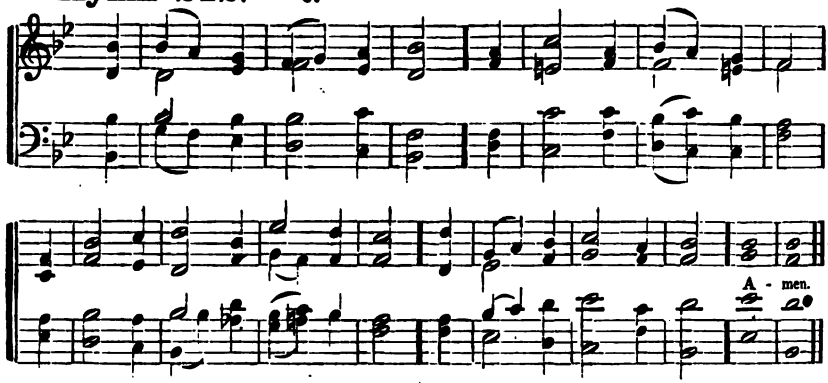
3 Can I Gethsemane forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not *remember Thee?*

4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me. AMEN.

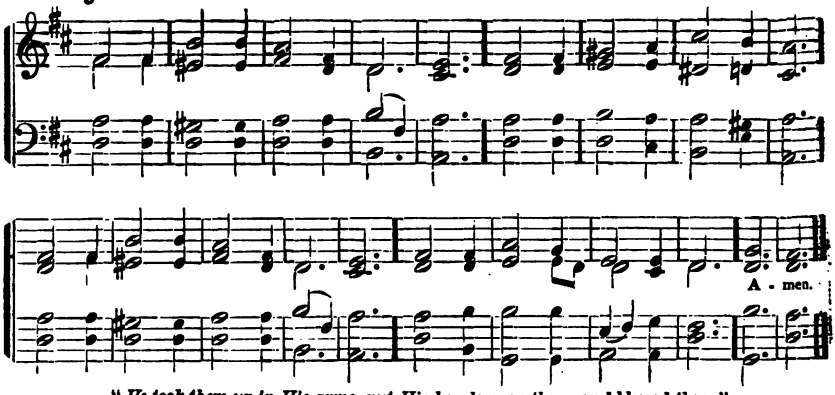
BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

Hymn 212. C.

"*Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.*"

THE gentle Saviour calls
Our children to His breast;
He folds them in His gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to Thee,
Imploring that, as we are Thine,
Thine may our offspring be. AMEN.

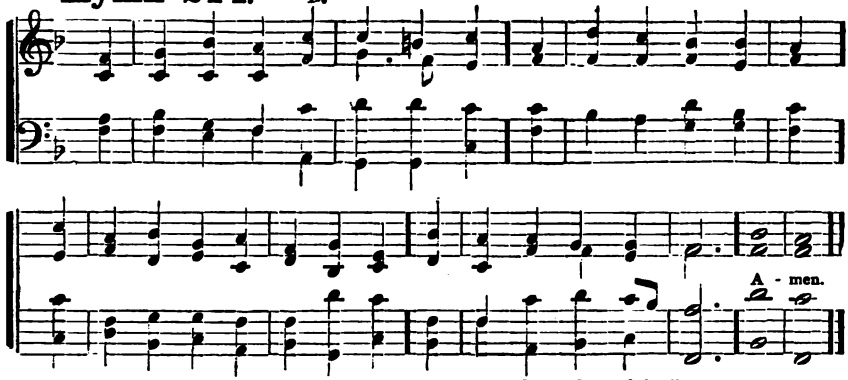
Hymn 213. J.

"*He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.*"

SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3 Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way;

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace. AMEN.

Hymn 214. B.

"*That he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier.*"

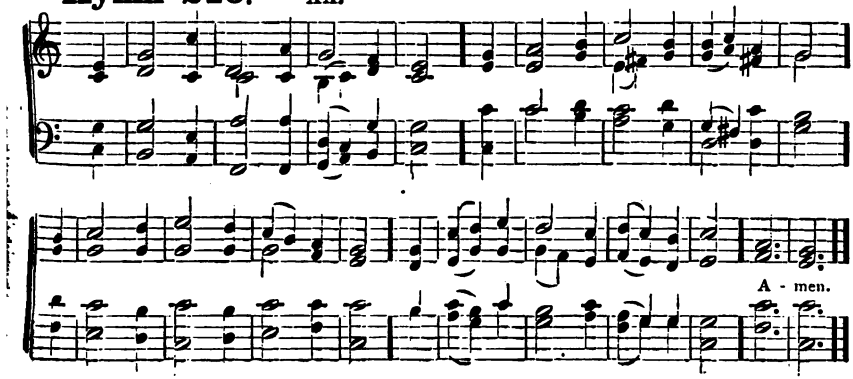
IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain,

4 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travell'd by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high,

5 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own:
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown. AMEN.

Hymn 215. AA.

"*As long as he liveth, he shall be lent unto the Lord.*"

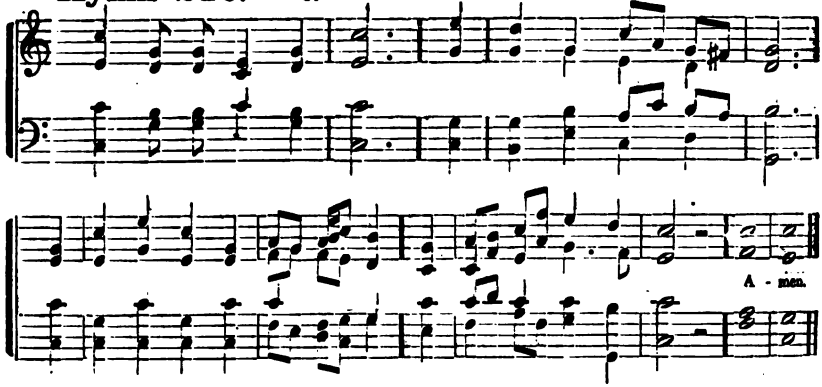
DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From Thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found,

2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear sacred Name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way;
The wanderers to Thy fold restore. AMEN.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

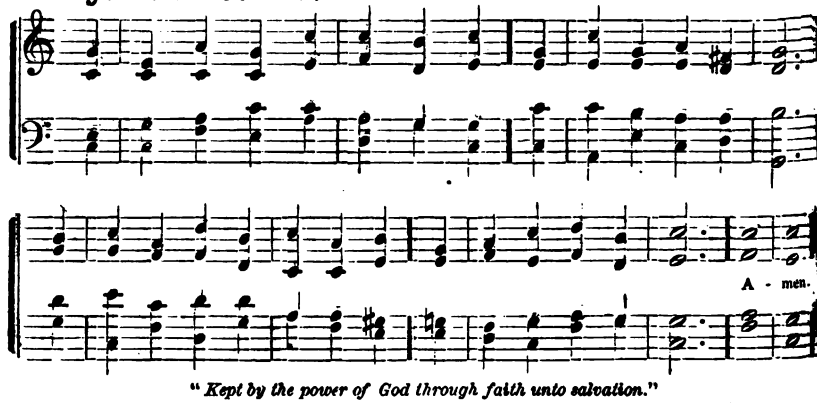
Hymn 216. C.

"*Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.*"

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last. AMEN.

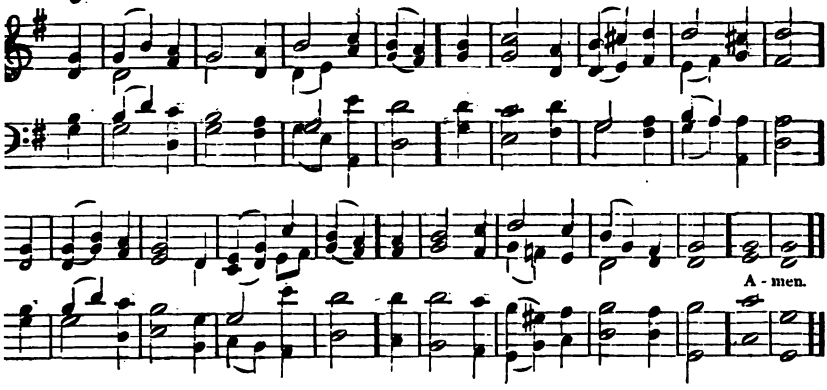
Hymn 217. B.

"*Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.*"

MY God! the covenant of Thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And Heaven my final home,—

3 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart. AMEN.

Hymn 218. A.

"I am not ashamed, for I know whom I have believed."

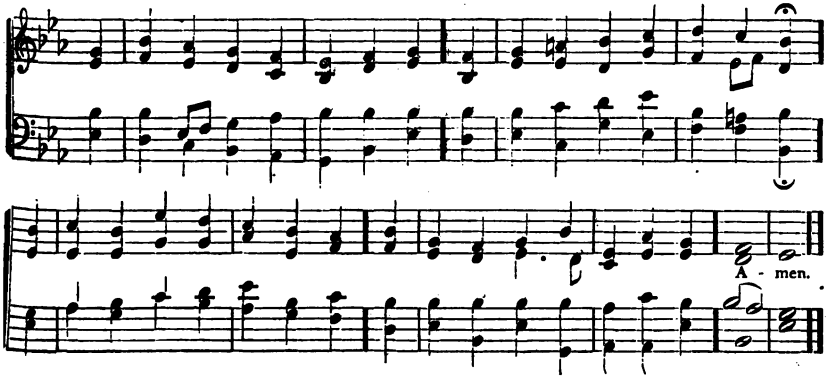
JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

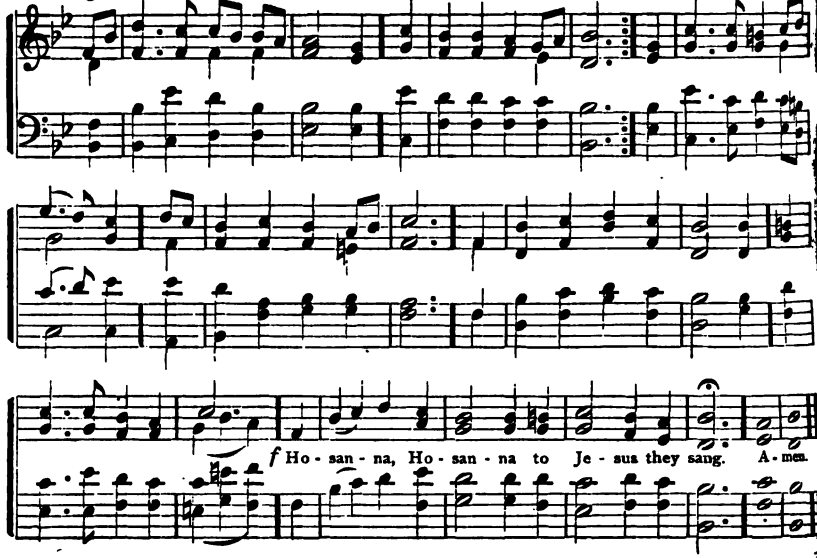
3 Ashamed of Jesus! O as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! sinful pride;
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And O may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me. AMEN.

A. [*Second Tune.*]

OFFICES OF THE CHURCH.

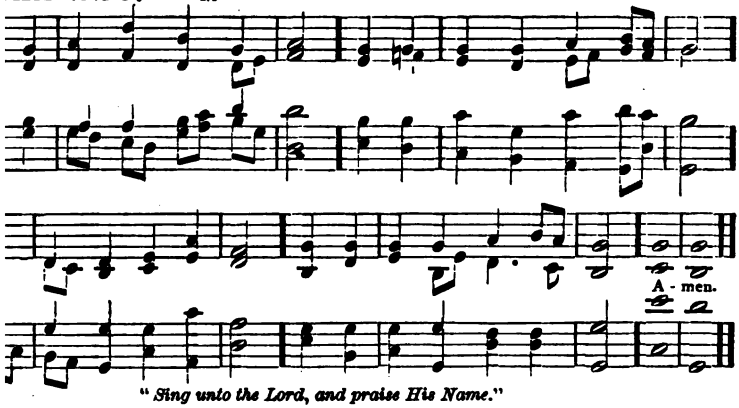
CATECHISM.

Hymn 219.

"Jesus saith, Have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?"

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.
Hosanna to Jesus they sang.

2 The loving Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the Throne,
And cry aloud Hosanna
To David's royal Son.
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna to Jesus, our King. AMEN.

mn 220. G.

"Sing unto the Lord, and praise His Name."

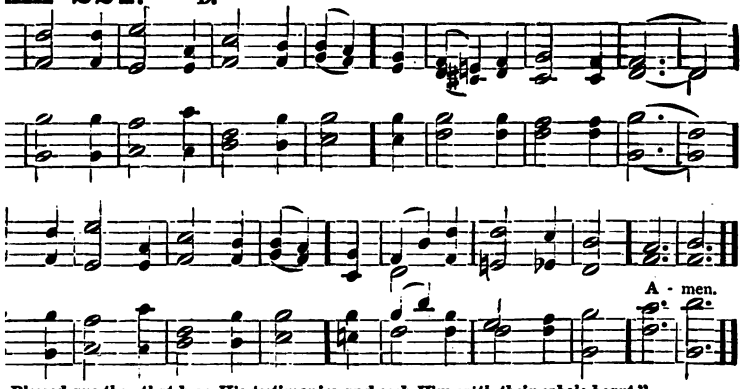
RY to the Father give,
od in Whom we move and live;
's prayers He deigns to hear,
's songs delight His ear.

the Son we bring,
ur Prophet, Priest, and King;
, raise your sweetest strain
Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love." AMEN.

mn 221. B.



Blessed are they that keep His testimonies and seek Him with their whole heart."

lless'd are they who always keep
pure and perfect way;
r from the sacred paths
's commandments stray!

s'd, who to His righteous laws
ill obedient been;
with fervent, humble zeal
our sought to win!

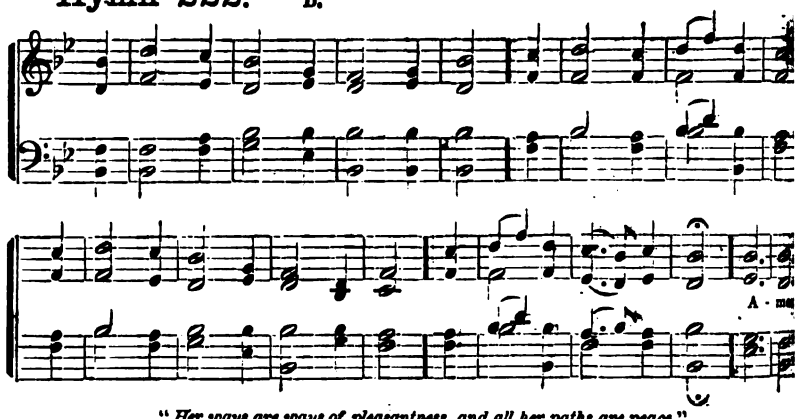
their utmost caution use
n each wicked deed;

But in the path which He directs
With constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn Thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

5 O then that Thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside;
And I the course of all my life
By Thy direction guide! AMEN.

Hymn 222. B.



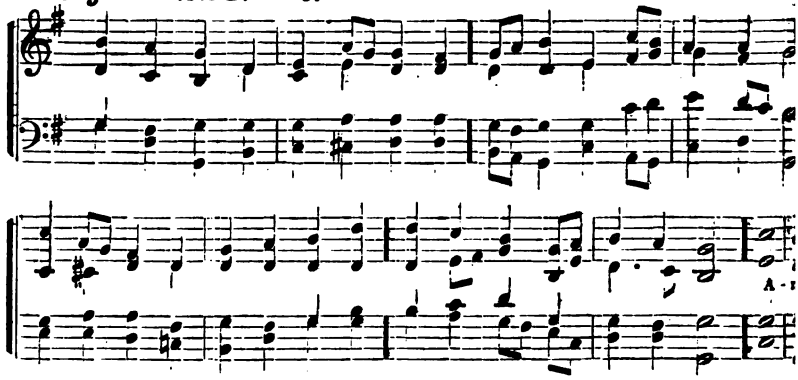
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Religion's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice;

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems, or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And, as her holy labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace. AMEN.

Hymn 223. J.

"That signs and wonders may be done by the name of the holy Christ Jesus."

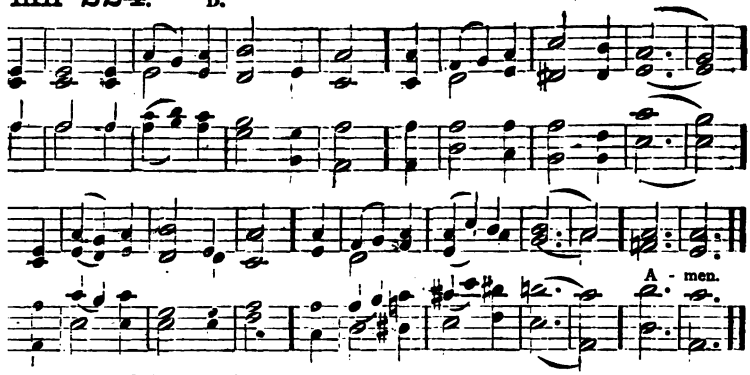
WHAT a strange and wondrous story
From the Book of God is read!—
How the Lord of life and glory
Had not where to lay His head,—

2 How He left His Throne in Heaven,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
That my soul might be forgiven,
And ascend to God on high!

3 Father! let Thy Holy Spirit
Still reveal a Saviour's love,
And prepare me to inherit
Glory where He reigns above;

4 There, with saints and angels dwelling
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling
All the wonders of His name. AMEN

mn 224. B.



rew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon Him."

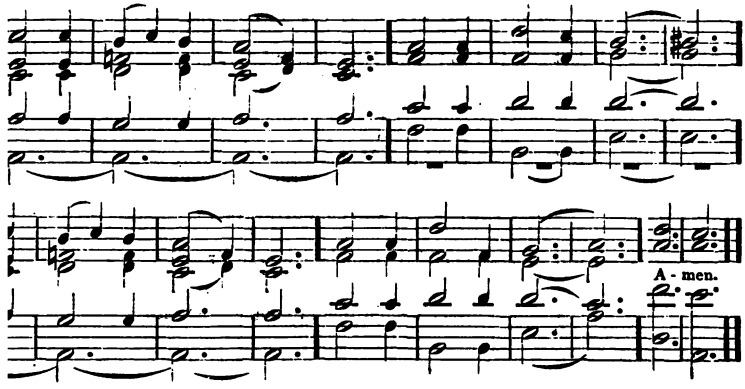
ol Siloam's shady rill
ow fair the lily grows!
eet the breath, beneath the hill,
aron's dewy rose!

h the child, whose early feet
aths of peace have trod,
ecret heart, with influence sweet,
ard drawn to God.

Siloam's shady rill
ly must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. AMEN.

mn 225.

"*Little children, keep yourselves from idols.*"

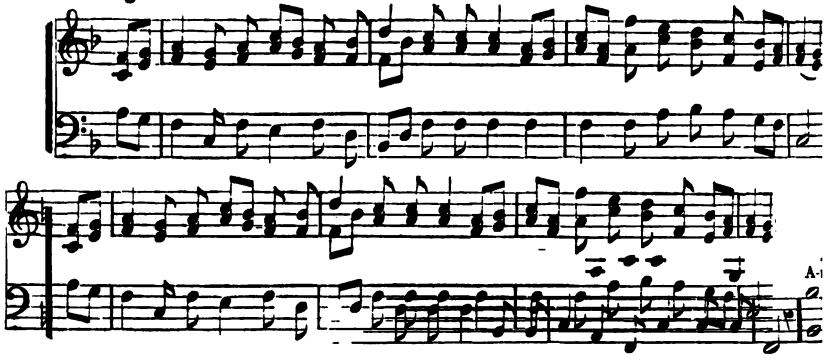
ESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High,
ying, loving Saviour,
ear Thy children's cry.

don our offences,
oose our captive chains,
ak down every idol
Which our soul detains.

e us holy freedom,
ill our hearts with *love;*
Draw us, holy Jesu,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. AMEN.

Hymn 226.

"Of such is the kingdom of God."

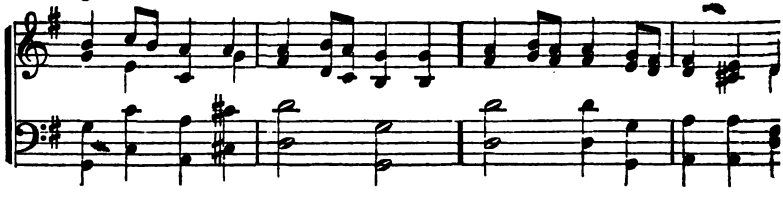
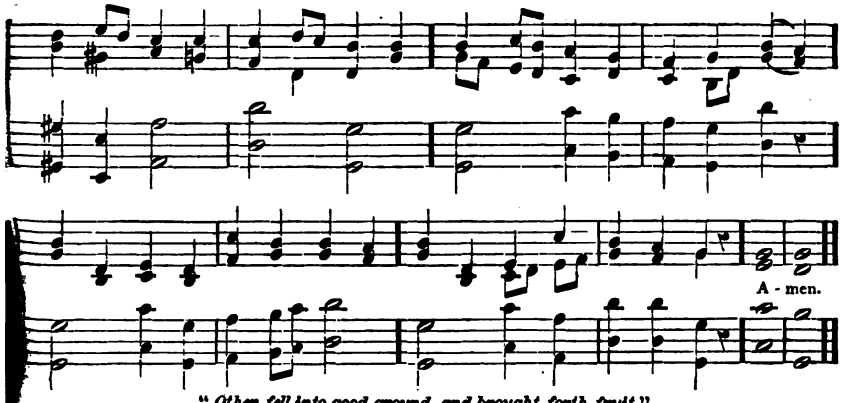
I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He call'd little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that Heavenly Home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come. AMEN.

Hymn 227. L.

"*Other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit.*"

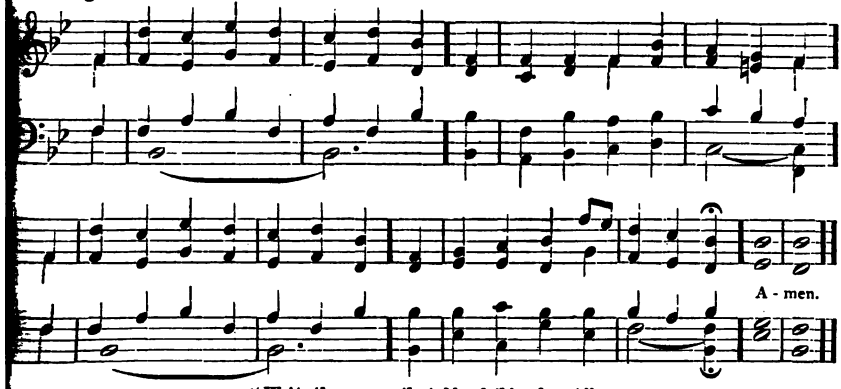
IN the vineyard of our Father
Daily work we find to do;
Scatter'd gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few;
Little clusters
Help to fill the garners too.

2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning
While we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

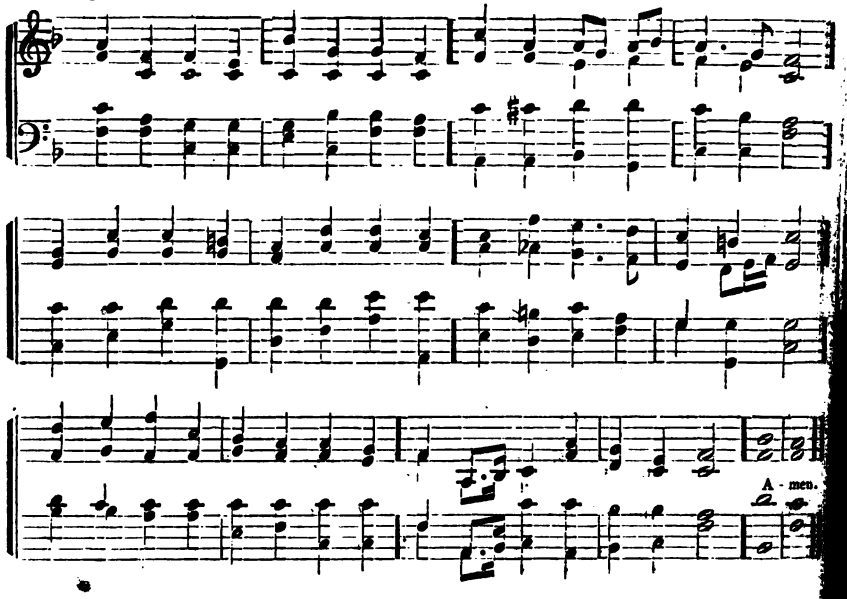
4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till—sin's dominion falling—
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.

5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavour,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Hallelujah
Singing, all eternity. AMEN.

Hymn 228. A.

"*Write them upon the table of thine heart.*"

O WRITE upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of Thy Word;
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.

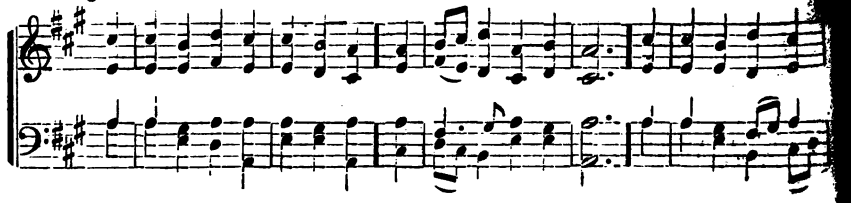
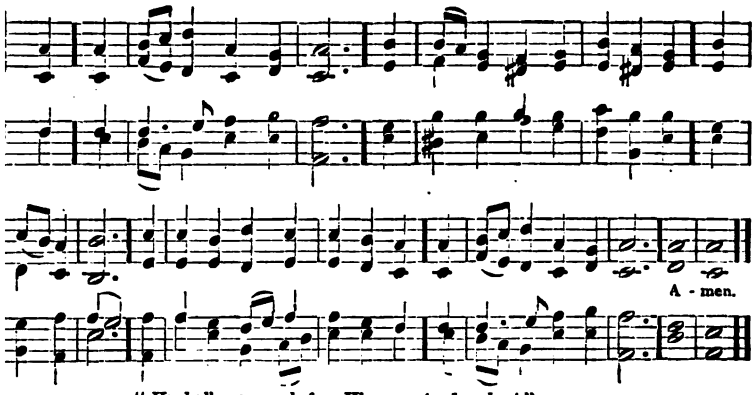
2 With thoughts of Christ and things divine;
Fill up this sinful heart of mine;
That hoping pardon through His blood,
I may lie down and wake with God. AMEN.

Hymn 229. L.

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use Thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us;
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus!
Let us early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us learn Thy will;
Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us,—love us still. AMEN.

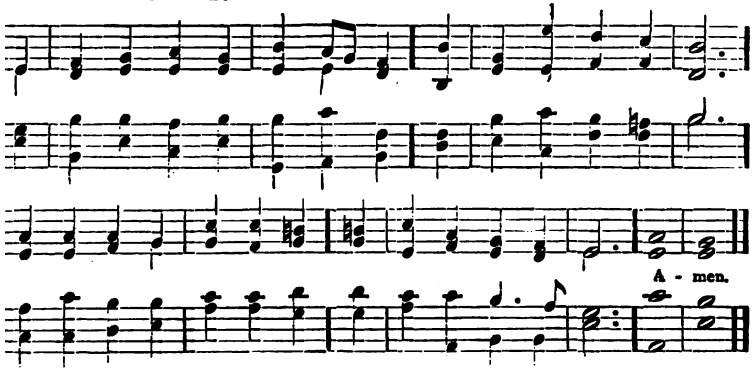
Hymn 230. BB.

"He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant."

ɛN Jesus left His Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth;
unhonour'd and unknown,
me to dwell on earth.
n may we be found below,
dom's path of peace;
n in grace and knowledge grow,
rs and strength increase.

ere His words and kind His look,
mothers round him press'd;
fants in His arms He took,
n His bosom bless'd.

Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie.

3 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strow'd
Their garments on the ground.
Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing. AMEN.

ɾmn 231. B.

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

IERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
ɛre the dear Lord was crucified
ho died to save us all.

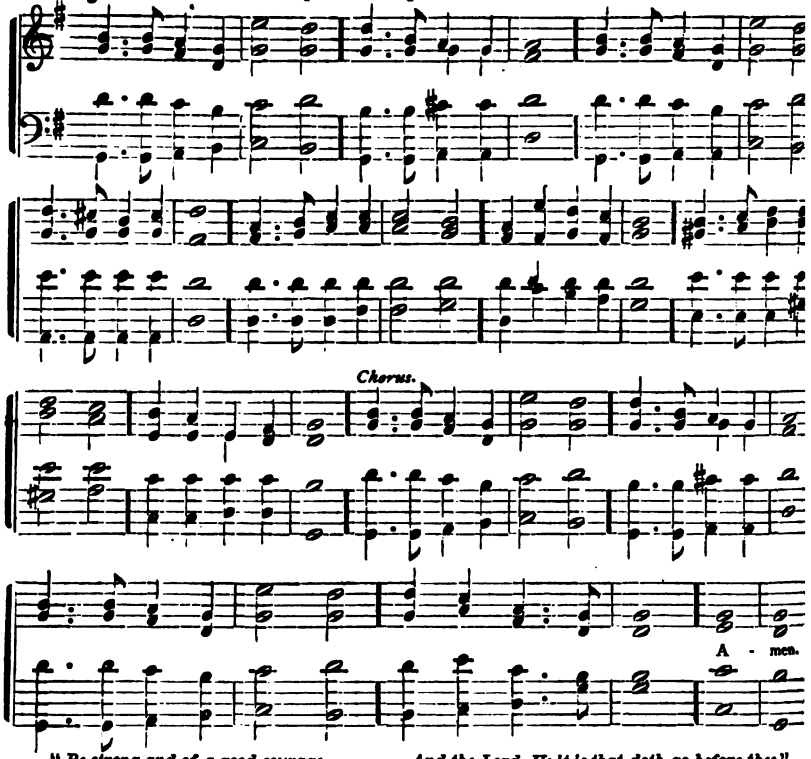
may not know, we cannot tell,
hat pains He had to bear,
we believe it was for us
e hung and suffered there.

lied that we might be forgiven,
e died to make *us good,*

That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do. AMEN.

Hymn 232. [*First Tune.*]

"*Be strong and of a good courage. . . . And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee.*"

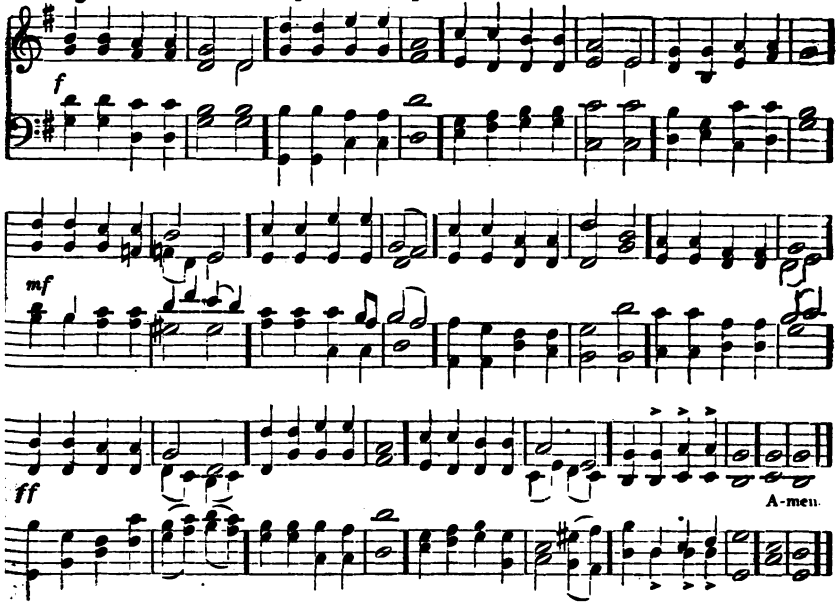
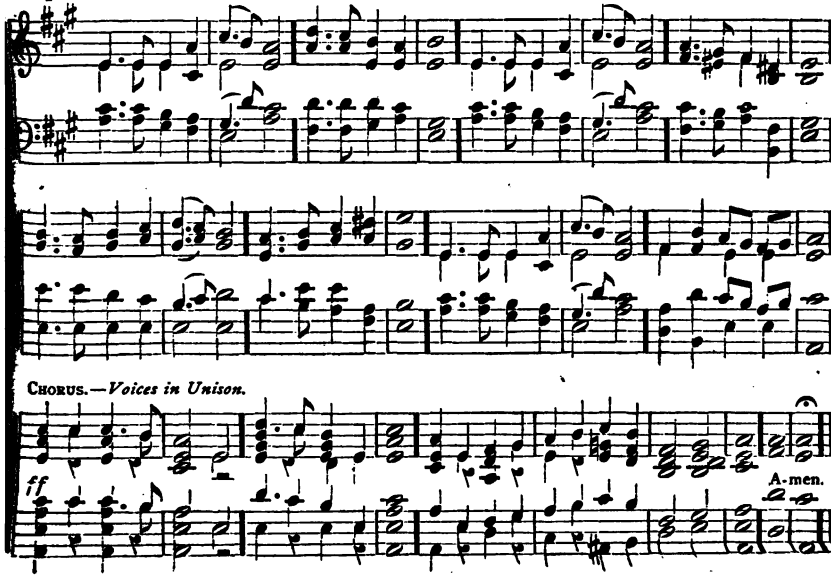
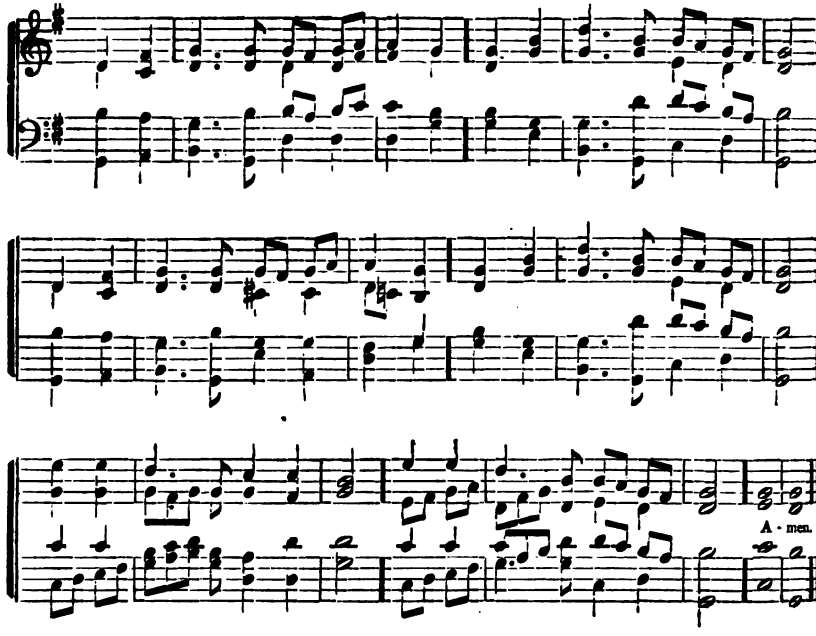
ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the Royal Master
Leads against the foe,
Forward into battle
See, His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song;
Glory, land, and honour,
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and Angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before. AMEN.

Hymn 232. [Second Tune.]

[Third Tune.]

Hymn 233. M.

"*The child Jesus.*"

ONCE in royal David's City
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby,
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

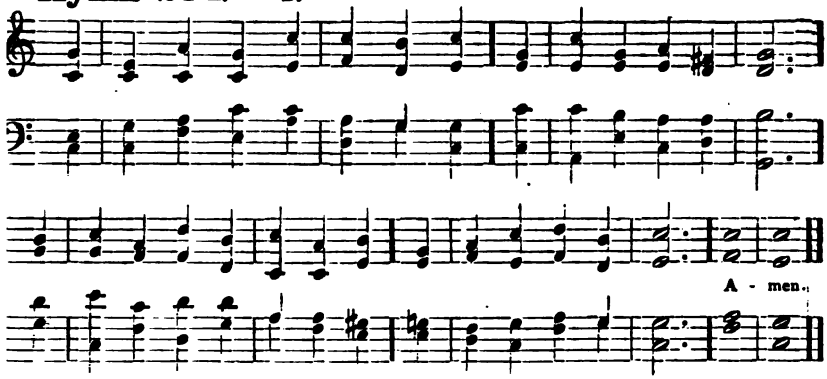
3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour, and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

CONFIRMATION.

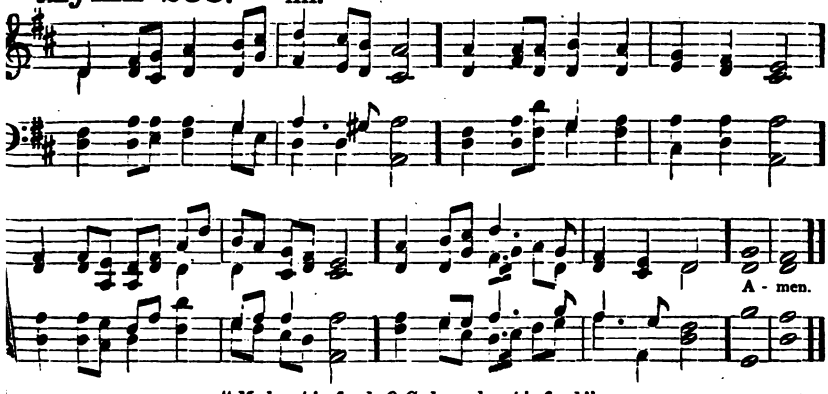
Hymn 234. B.

"With my whole heart have I sought Thee; O let me not go wrong out of Thy commandments."

MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the Cross of Him Who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

5 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven. AMEN.

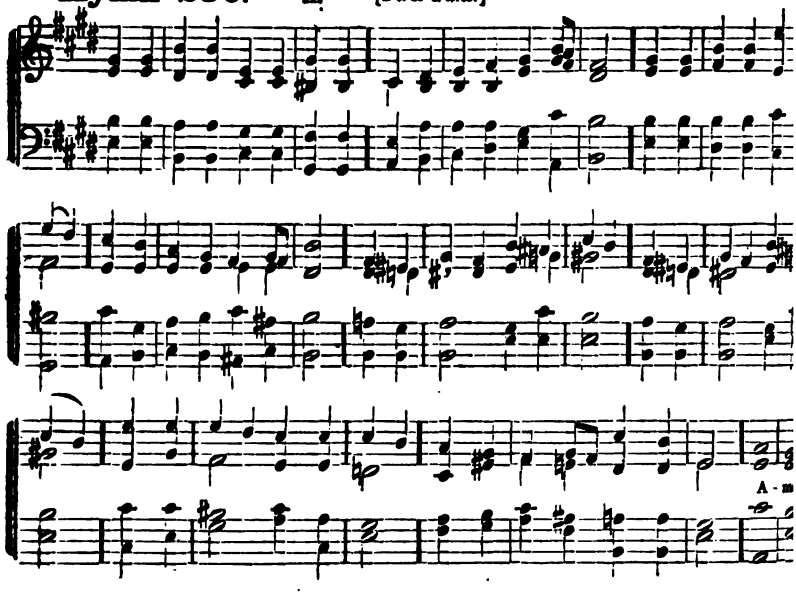
Hymn 235. AA.

"My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed."

O HAPPY day, that stays my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God:
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell Thy goodness all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him Who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to His sacred throne I move.

3 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part
When call'd on angels' food to feast?

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear. AMEN.

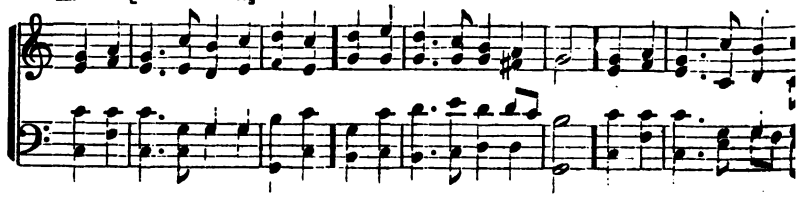
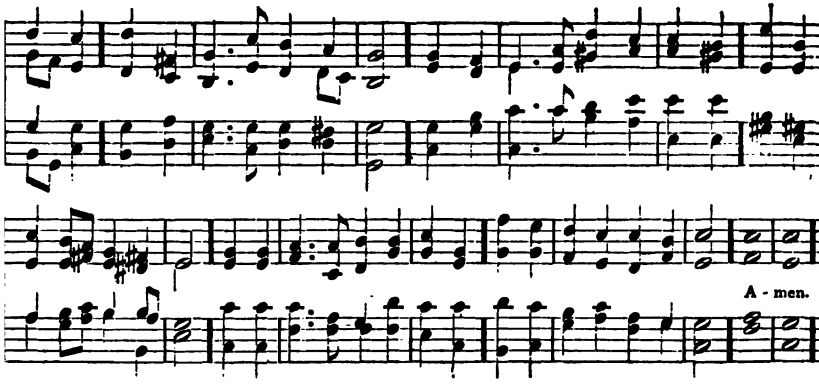
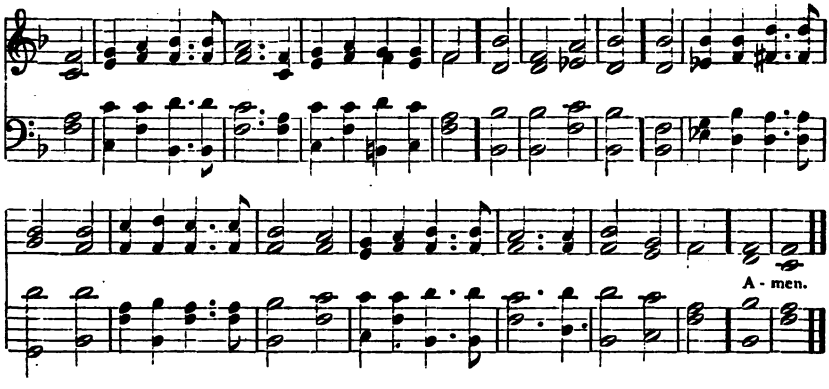
Hymn 236. K. [*First Tune.*]

"*What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.*"

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within Thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by praye
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee ther
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A

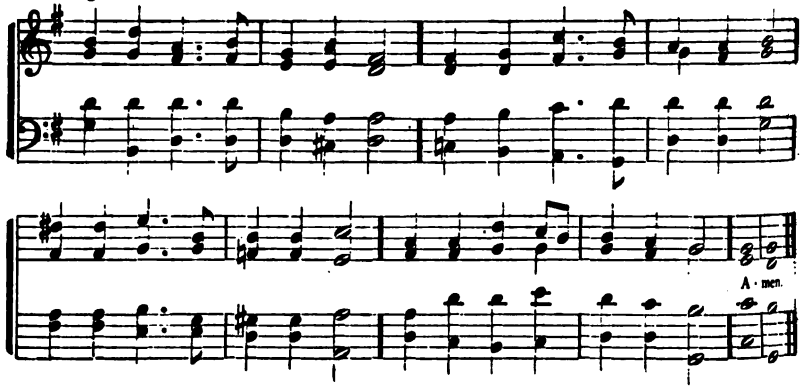
K. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 237. R.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul. AMEN.

Hymn 238. G. [*First Tune.*]

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."

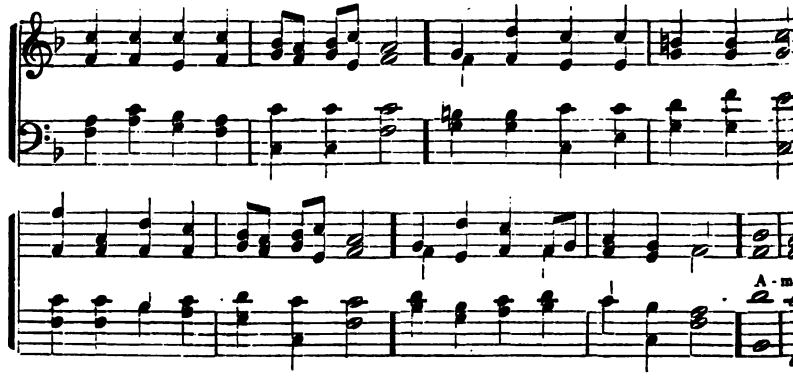
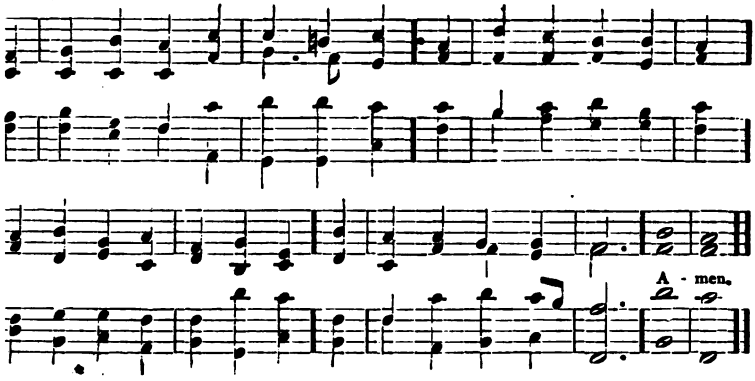
THINE for ever:—God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever:—Lord of life;
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever:—O how blest'd
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever:—Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever:—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven. Amen.

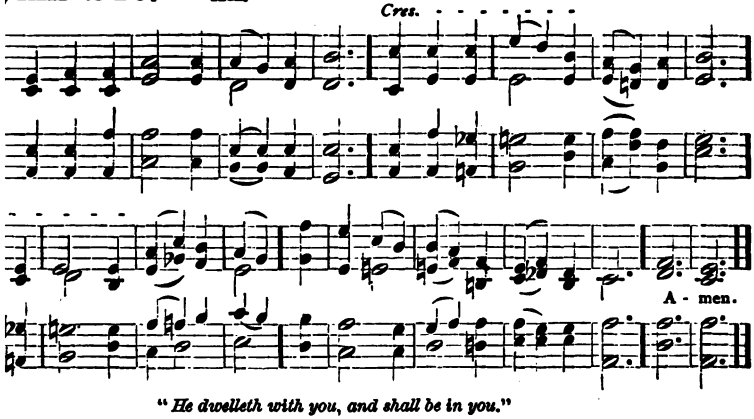
G. [*Second Tune.*]

ymn 239. B.

"Thou hast avouched the Lord this day to be thy God."

TNESS, ye men and angels; now
Before the Lord we speak;
n we make our solemn vow,
w we dare not break:

ng as life itself shall last,
elves to Christ we yield;
m His cause will we depart,
er quit the field.

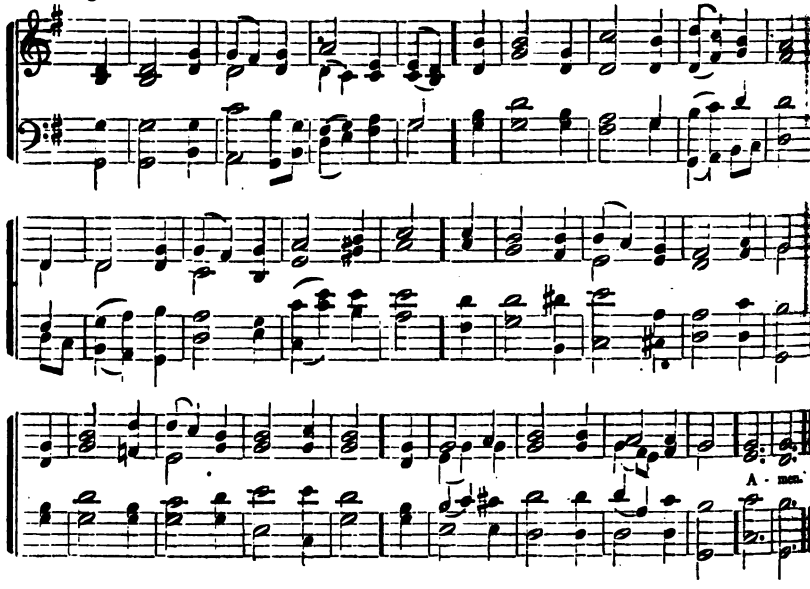
3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise. AMEN.

ymn 240. AA.

"He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."

DRAW, Holy Ghost, Thy seven-fold veil
Between us and the fires of youth;
Breathe Holy Ghost Thy fresh'ning gale
Our fevered brow in age to soothe.

2 For ever on our souls be traced
This blessing from the Saviour's hand,
A sheltering rock in memory's waste,
O'ershadowing all the weary land. AMEN.

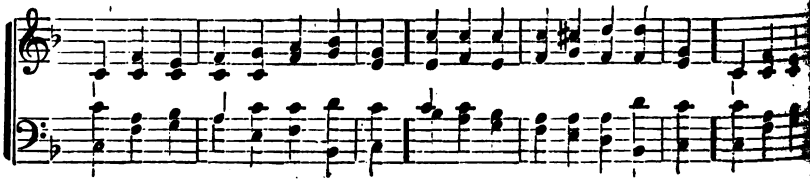
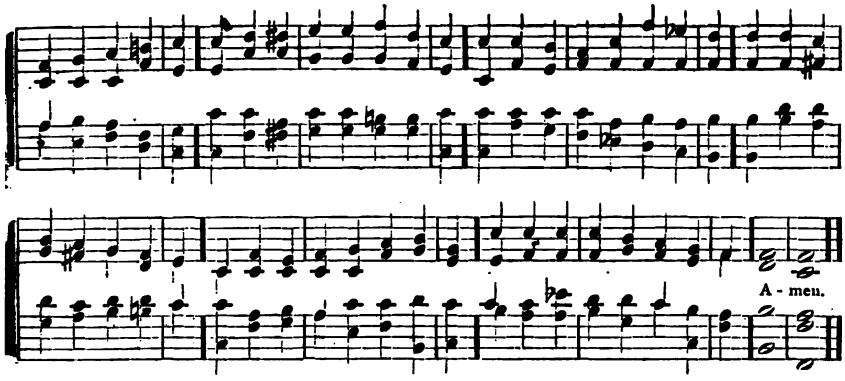
Hymn 241. R.

"He that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

LORD, shall Thy children come to Thee?
A boon of love divine we seek;
Brought to Thine arms in infancy, [speak,
Ere heart could feel, or tongue could
Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

2 Lord, shall we come? and come again,
Oft as we see Thy table spread,
And, tokens of Thy dying pain,
The wine pour'd out, the broken bread?
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

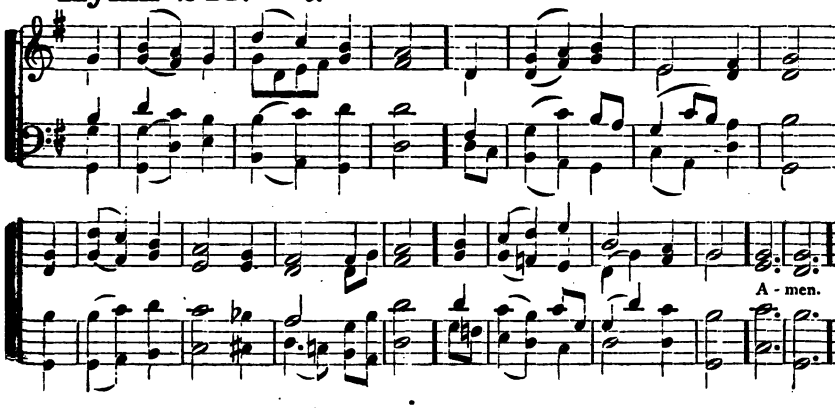
3 Lord, shall we come? not thus alone,
At holy time, or solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light;
Come to Thy throne of grace, that we
In faith, hope, love, confirm'd may be.

4 Lord, shall we come? come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more:
To come, not now alone;—but then
When life, and death, and time are o'er,
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirm'd in heaven, confirm'd by Thee.
Amen.

Hymn 242.

"Put on the whole armour of God."

ARM these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the Cross unfurl'd,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from Thee
The palm and crown of victory.

2 Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
May each a living temple be,
Hallow'd for ever, Lord, to Thee;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness. AMEN.

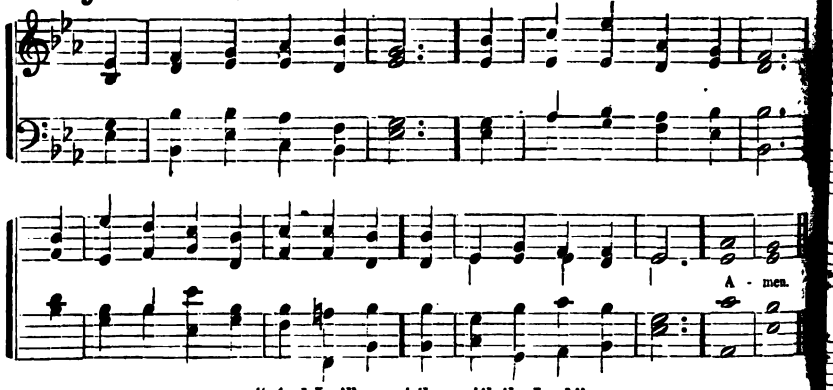
Hymn 243. C.

"Show me Thy ways, O God, and teach me Thy paths."

HIS mercy and His truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them His ways.

2 He those in justice guides
Who His direction seek;
And in His sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

3 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as, with religious hearts,
To His blest will incline.

4 For God to all His saints
His secret will imparts,
And does His gracious covenant write
In their obedient hearts. AMEN.

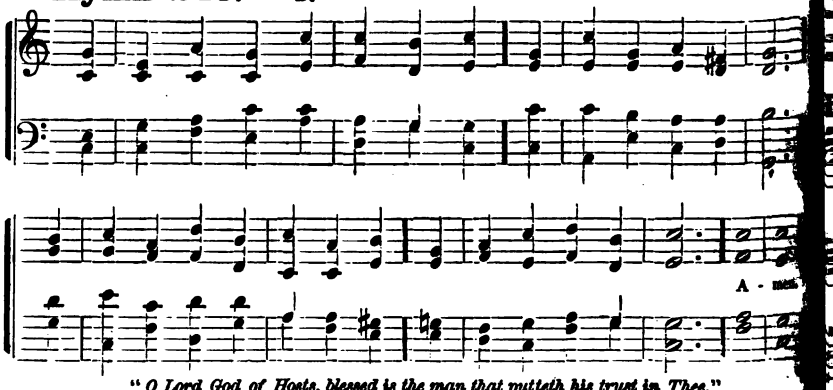
Hymn 244. C.

"And I will accept thee, saith the Lord."

MAY God accept our vow,
Our sacrifice receive,
Our heart's devout request allow,
Our holy wishes give!

2 O Lord, Thy saving grace
We joyfully declare;
Our banner in Thy Name we raise—
"The Lord fulfil our prayer!"

3 Now know we that the Lord
His chosen will defend;
From heaven will strength divine afford,
And will their prayer attend. AMEN.

Hymn 245. B.



"O Lord God of Hosts, blessed is the man that putteth his trust in Thee."

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy face!

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

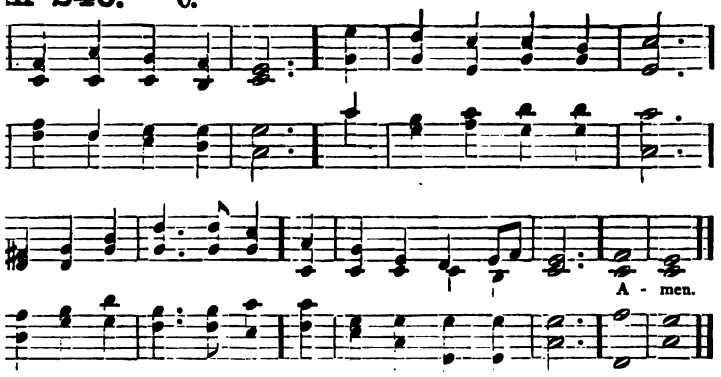
3 Thrice happy they whose choice has Thee
Their sure protection made,
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead.

4 Thus they proceed from strength to stre
And still approach more near;
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear.

5 For God, Who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will He withhold
From them that justly live.

6 Thou God, Whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly bless'd is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Are still reposed on Thee! AMEN.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

ın 246. C.

"Both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage."

'elcome was the call,
sweet the festal lay,
ıs deign'd in Cana's hall,
the marriage-day!

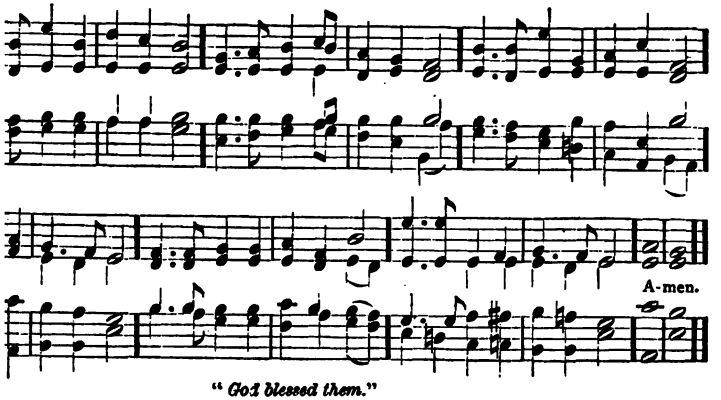
r was the bride,
l the bridegroom's heart,
ho tarried at their side
ef and ill depart.

life and love,
ıou again to-day;

And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

4 O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flow'd
Forth from Thy pierced side.

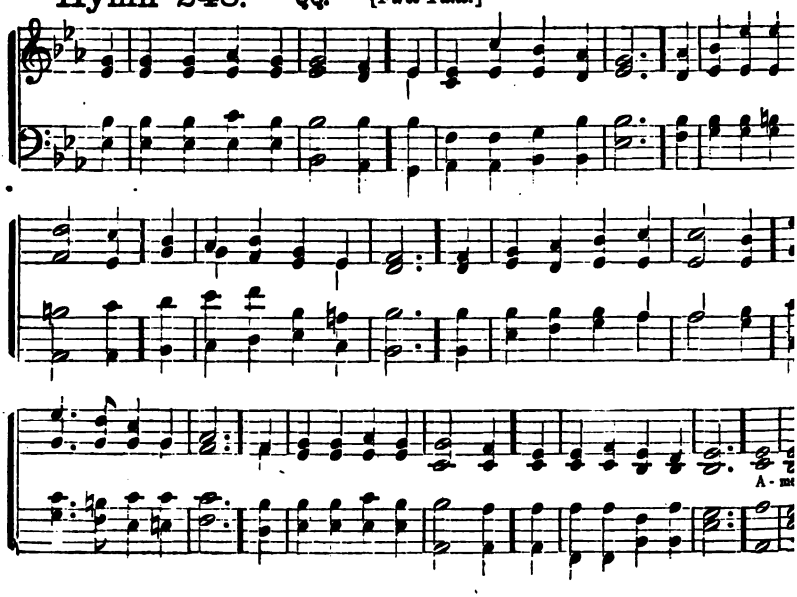
5 Before Thine altar throne
This mercy we implore;
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one
So bless them evermore. AMEN.

n 247. H.

"God blessed them."

N this union to approve,
ıd confirm it, God of love.
y servants; on their head
oil of gladness shed;
uptial bond, to Thee
ı consecrated be.

2 In prosperity, be near,
To preserve them in Thy fear;
In affliction, let Thy smile
All the woes of life beguile;
And when every change is past,
Take them to Thyself at last. AMEN.

Hymn 248. QQ. [*First Tune.*]



"*A three fold cord is not quickly broken.*"

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not pass'd away.

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

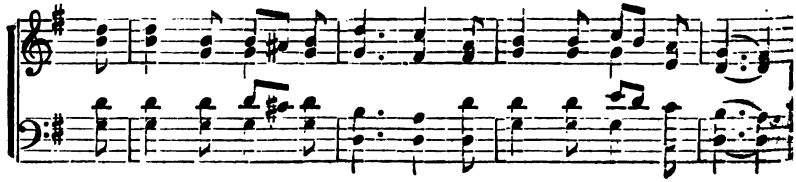
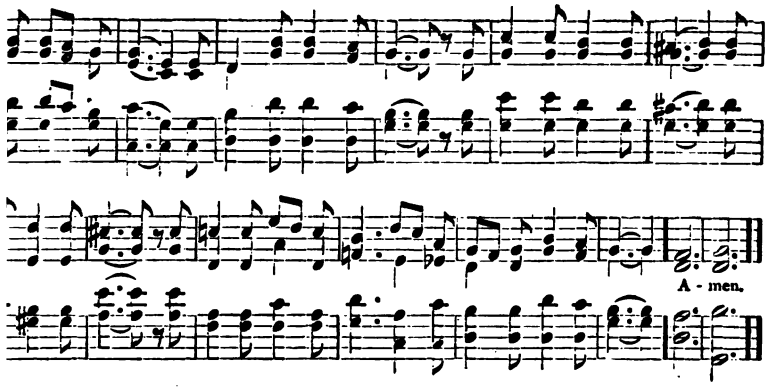
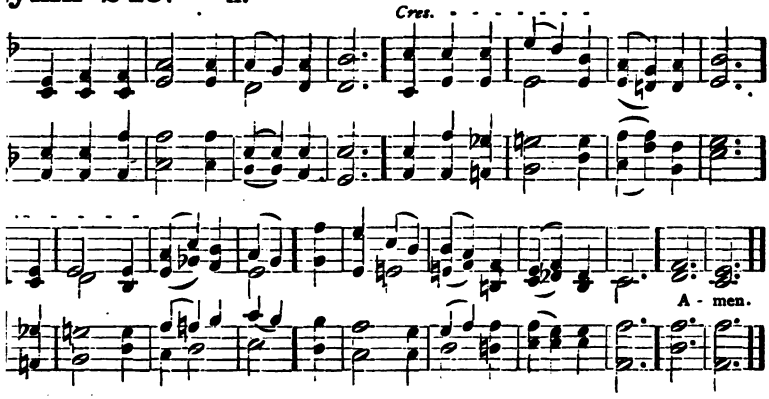
3 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of His own pierced side:

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands!

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal!

6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace,

7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own bride they rise. A

QQ. [*Second Tune.*]

ymn 249. A.

"Being heirs together of the grace of life."

; hearts to Thee in prayer we bow,
esus, the Heavenly Bridegroom Thou;
with us, and deign to bless
ppliant ones with happiness.

sent, as at Cana's board,
igh and awful blessings stored;
is ours, but only Thine
n the water into wine.

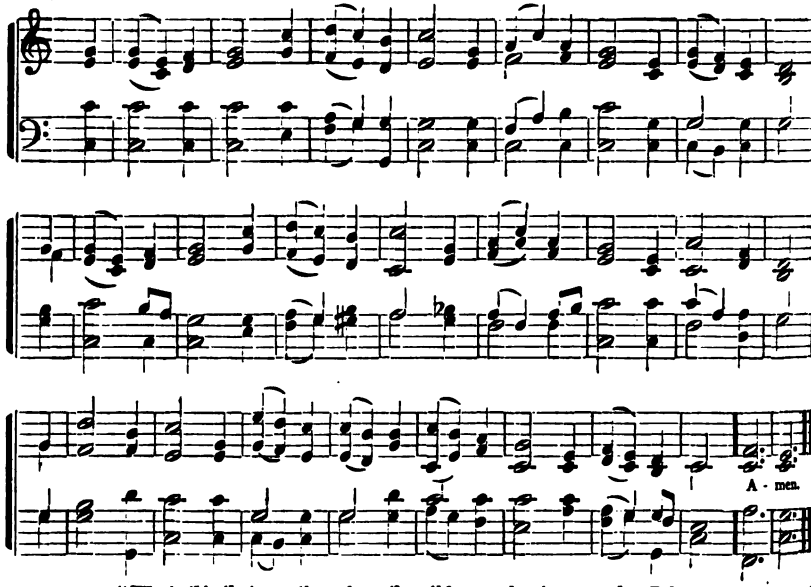
to the marriage, Thou dost shed
race upon the newly wed;
irs to seek Thy presence dear,
eking, find it ever near.

4 O Christ, do Thou to us impart
The blessing of the pure in heart;
That we henceforth in Thee abide,
True members of the spotless bride.

5 More bright that crown, than bridal wreath,
Which waits the faithful unto death;
And brighter than the bridegroom's joy
The bliss which never hath alloy.

6 Lord, grant us so to watch and guard
That this may be our great reward:
With virgin souls to follow Thee,
And where Thou art for aye to be. AMEN.

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

Hymn 250. E.

"Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?"

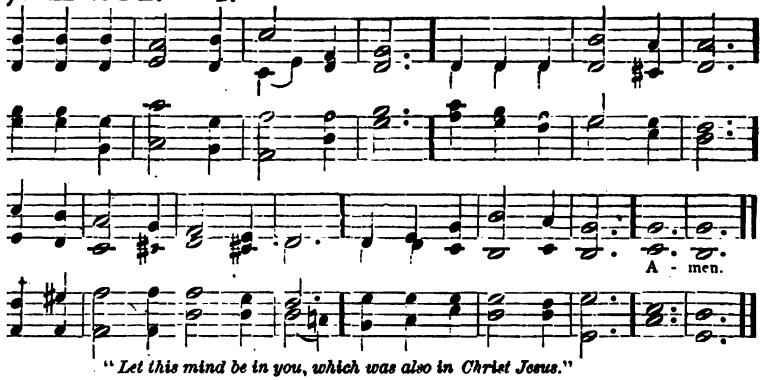
WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean Who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He Who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies,
Still He Who once vouchsafed to bear
Such bitter conflict with despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away. AMEN.

ymn 251. B.

"*Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.*"

ED, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
Thy life our pattern be,
l form our souls for heaven.

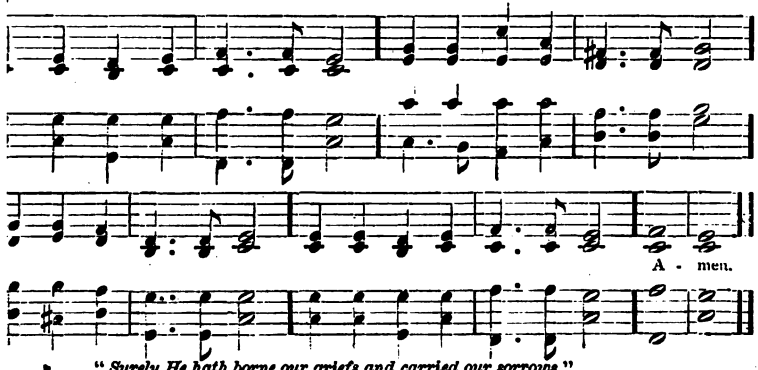
us, through good report and ill,
daily cross to bear;
Thee, to do our Father's will,
brethren's grief to share.

ace our selfishness expel,
earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven. AMEN.

ymn 252. G.



"*Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.*"

EN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
e mourn the lost, the dear,
n of Mary, hear.

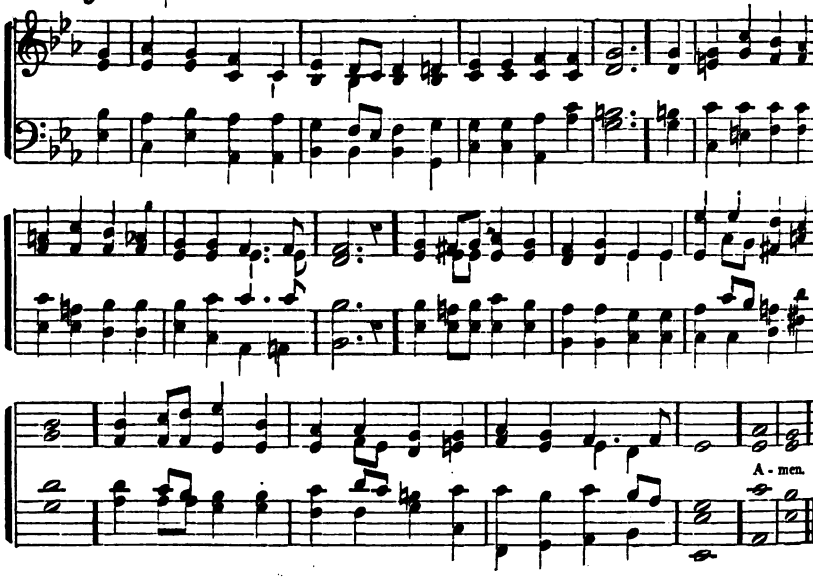
ir throbbing flesh hast worn,
ir mortal griefs hast borne,
ast shed the human tear;
n of Mary, hear.

he solemn death-bell tolls
own departing souls,
ur final doom is near,
n of Mary, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou, the shame, the grief, hast known
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear. AMEN.

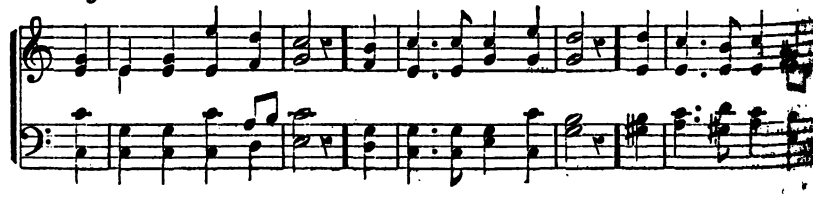
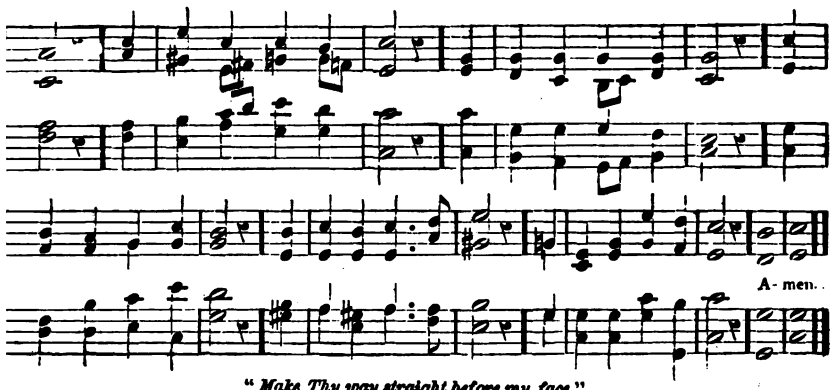
Hymn 253. BB.

"*Thou art my Hiding-place.*"

THOU art my Hiding-place, O Lord!
In Thee I put my trust,
Encouraged by Thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 'tis enough the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me.

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues and bitter words
My spirit flies to Thee:
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me.

3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body rack'd with pain,—
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?

4 And when Thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away,—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint and tremblingly,
O give me strength in death to speak,
My Saviour died for me. AMEN.

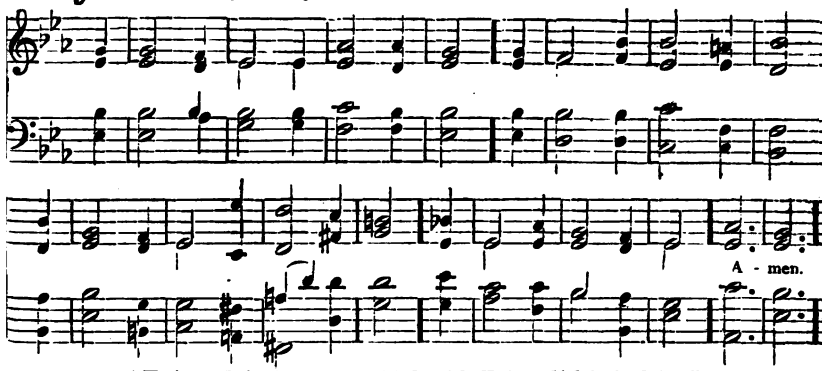
Hymn 254. PP.



"*Make Thy way straight before my face.*"

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be:
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy Rest.

2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all. AMEN.

Hymn 255. B.

"*Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.*"

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain!

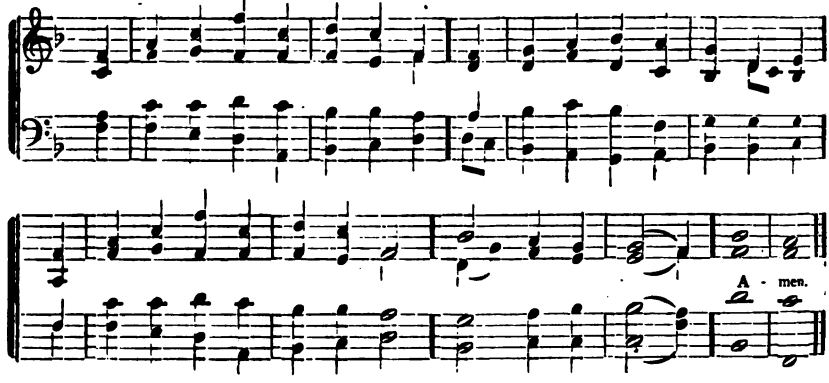
'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still;

It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle *plumes to raise,*
And *lose herself in sight.*

4 It is that hope with ardour glows
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is that tortur'd conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, though afar, the Hand that heals,
And ends her war within.

6 O let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night
My Saviour's bliss to share. AMEN.

Hymn 256. [*First Tune.*]

"*Thy will be done.*"

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

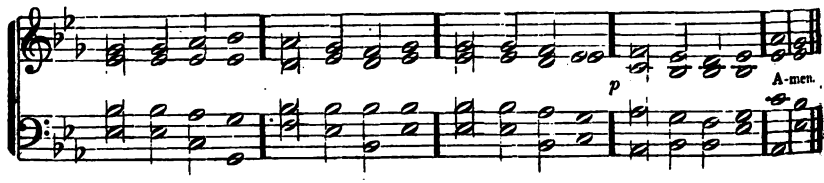
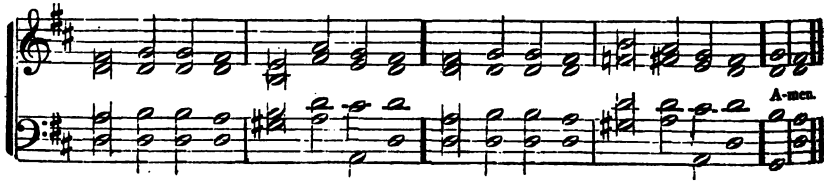
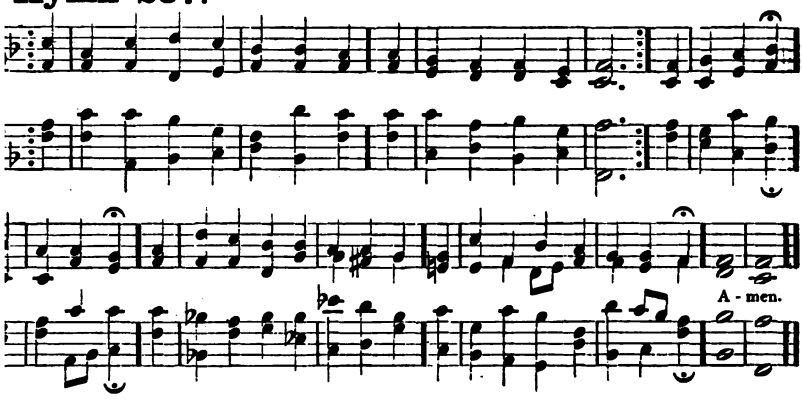
2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done."

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine—
"Thy will be done."

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done."

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done." AMEN.

[*Second Tune.*]

[*Third Tune.*]

Hymn 257.

"*My meditation of Him shall be sweet.*"

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right;
His will is ever just;
Howe'er He orders now my cause,
I will be still and trust.
He is my God;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

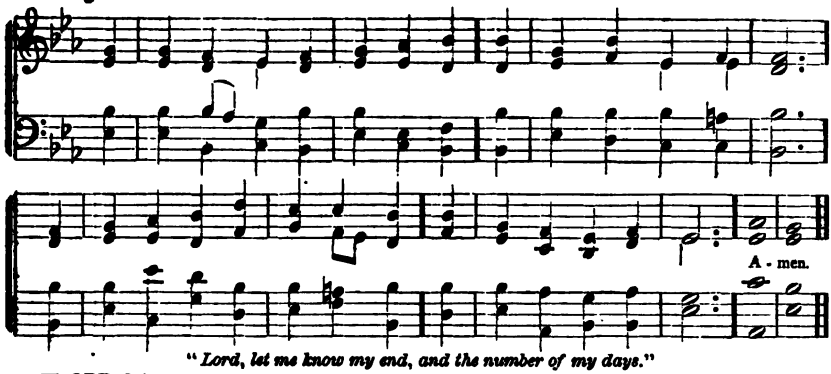
2 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
He never will deceive;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to Him I cleave,
And take content
What He hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

4 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
My Light, My Life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good;
I trust Him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our Guardian here.

5 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Here will I take my stand,
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
For me a desert land.
My Father's care
Is round me there,
He holds me that I shall not fall;
And so to Him I leave it all. AMEN.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Hymn 258. B.

"*Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days.*"

LORD, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end:
The numerous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.

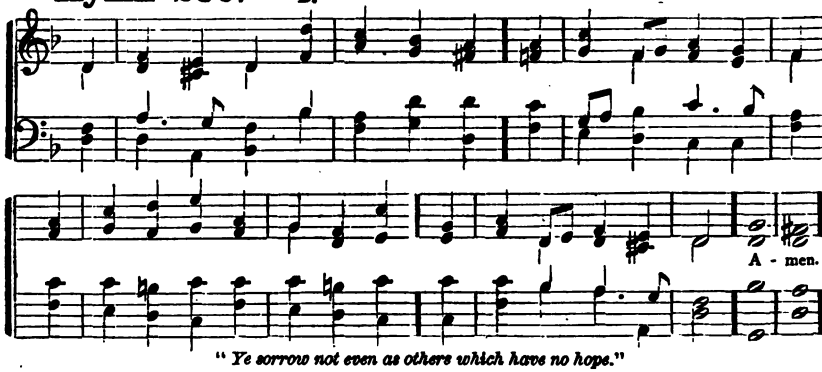
2 My Life, Thou know'st, is but a span,
A cipher sums my years;
And every man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.

3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.

4 Why then should I on worthless toys
With anxious cares attend?
On Thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

5 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my prayer,
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.

6 O spare me yet a little time;
My wasted strength restore,
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more. AMEN.

Hymn 259. B.

"*Ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope.*"

HEAR what the voice from heaven declares
To those in Christ who die:
Released from all their earthly cares,
They'll reign with Him on high.

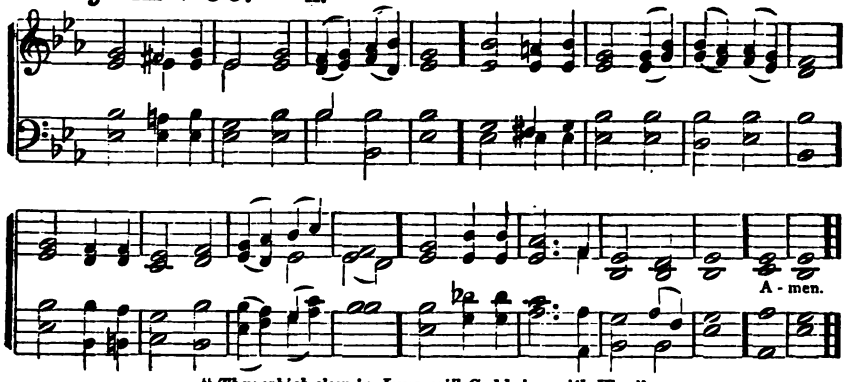
2 Then why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to His arms.

3 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its strength and power,
But Christ, our Ransom, died.

4 The grave of all His saints He bless'd,
When in the grave He lay:
And, rising thence, their hopes He raised
To everlasting day.

5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ, our Life, we'll sing,
"Where is thy victory, O grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?" AMEN.

Hymn 260. A.



"*They which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him.*"

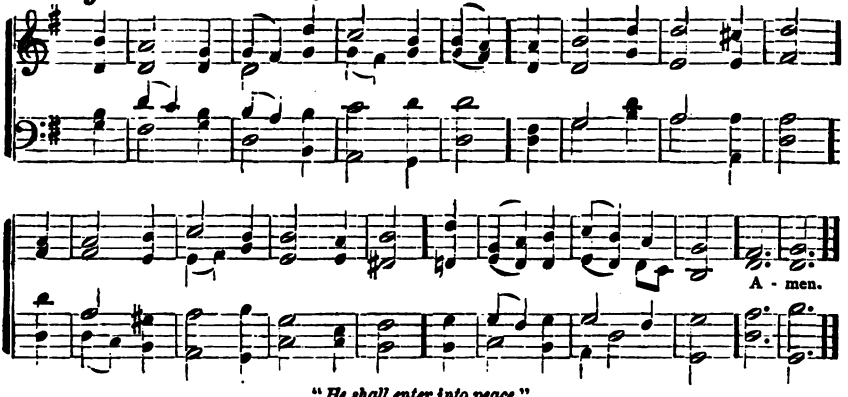
ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep. AMEN.

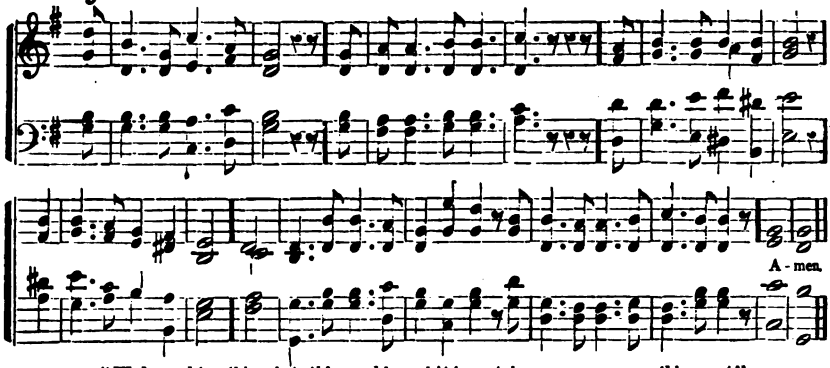
Hymn 261. B.

"*He shall enter into peace.*"

NOT for the dead in Christ we weep;
Their sorrows now are o'er;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

2 Their peace is seal'd, their rest is sure,
Within that better home;
A while we weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

3 And though no vision'd dream of bliss
Nor trance of rapture show
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest from human woe;

4 Jesus! our shadowy path illume,
And teach the chasten'd mind
To welcome all that's left of good,
To all that's lost resign'd. AMEN.

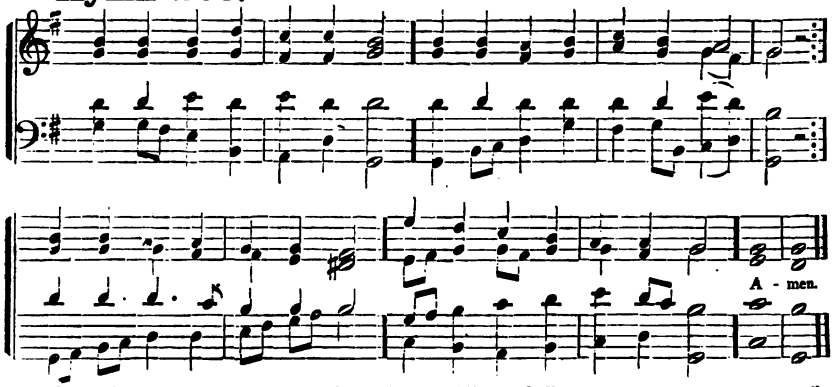
Hymn 262. U.

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

SAFE Home, safe Home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck:
But O the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage perils o'er!

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The warrior nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm:
No more of leaguer'd camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he fail'd,—
How nearly had that foe prevail'd!

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penn'd;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

Hymn 263.

"There is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border."

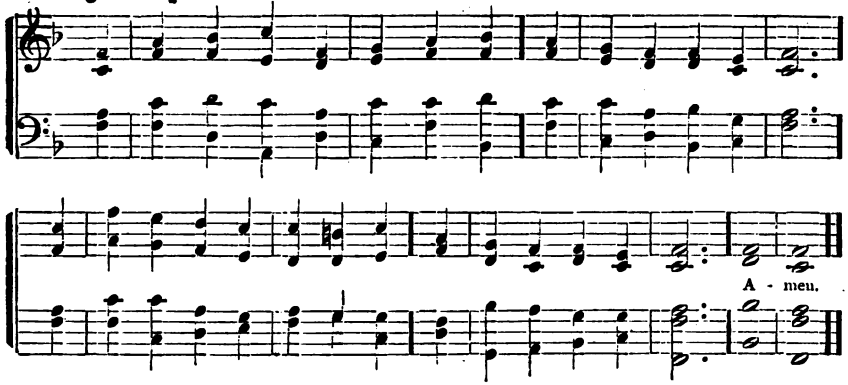
TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesu, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Tho' Thou take what most we love.

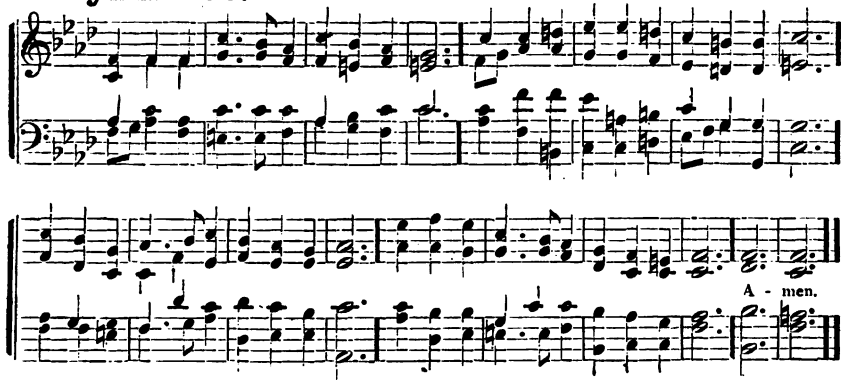
AMEN.

CHURCHING OFFICE.

Hymn 264. B.

"*I am well pleased that the Lord hath heard the voice of my prayer.*"

MY soul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is possess'd,
Because the Lord vouchsafed to hear
The voice of my request.

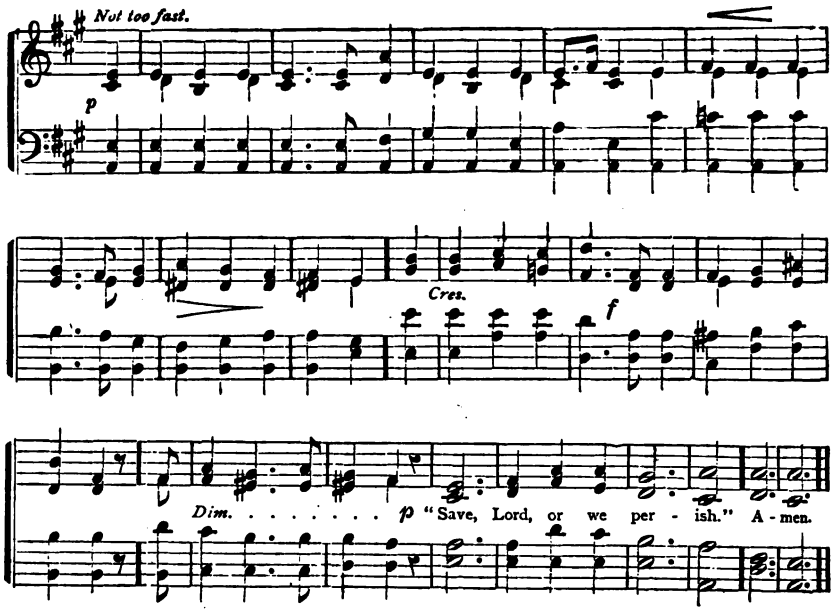
2 Since He has now His ear inclined,
I never will despair;
But still in each event of life
To Him address my prayer. AMEN.

Hymn 265. FOR THOSE AT SEA.

"*Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid.*"

FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Mariners trembled,
Peril was nigh!
Then said the God of God,
"Peace! It is I."

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of the tempest-wind,
Be thou at rest:
Peril can never be—
Sorrow must fly—
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I."

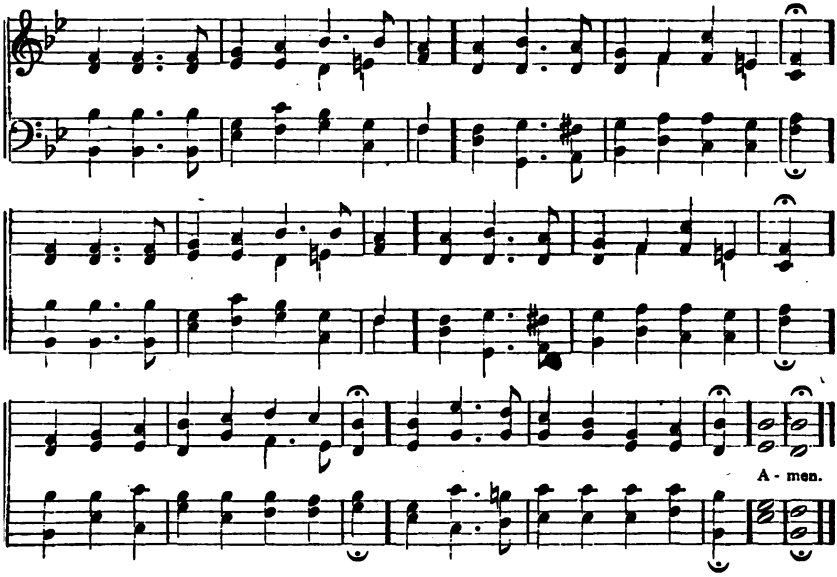
3 Jesu, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me:
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper—O Truth of Truth—
"Peace! It is I." AMEN.

Hymn 266.

"*Save, Lord, or we perish.*"—St. Matt. viii. 25.

WHEN throughout the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3 And O when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down Thy Spirit Thy redeemèd to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish." Amen.

Hymn 267. E.

"These men see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

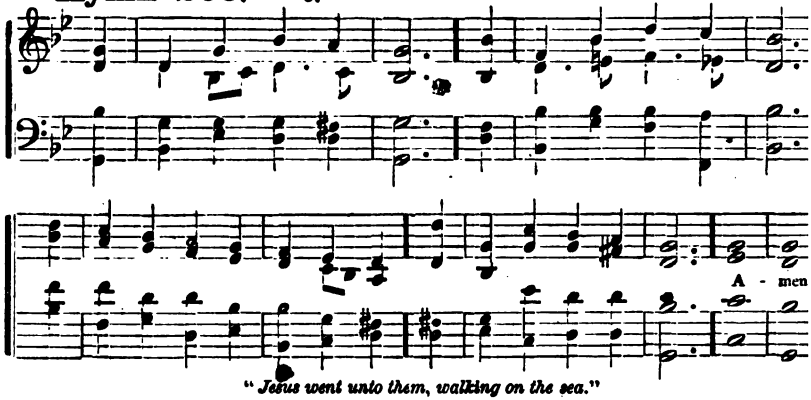
ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them whereso'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea AMEN.

Hymn 268. C.



"*Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.*"

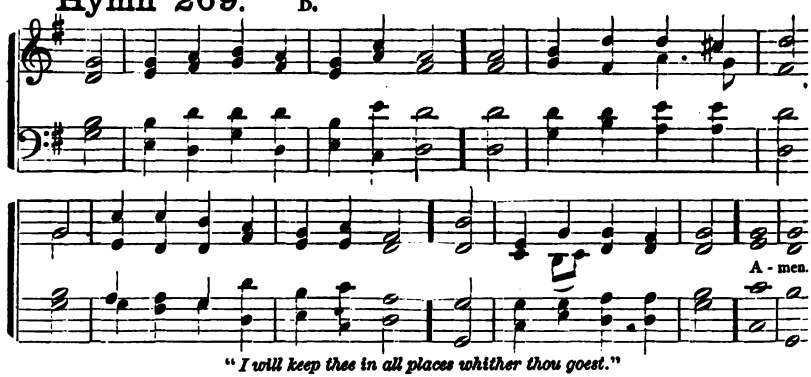
O THOU Who didst prepare
The ocean's sounding deep,
And bid the gath'ring waters there
In mighty concourse sweep:

2 Toss'd in our reeling bark
On this tumultuous sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And lift our hearts to Thee.

3 Jesus is nigh, Who trod
Of old that foaming spray,
Whose billows own'd th' incarnate God
And died in calm away.

4 Though swells the threatening tide,
Mounting to heaven above,
We know in Whom our souls confide,
And fearless trust His love. AMEN.

[MAY BE USED AT SEA OR ON LAND.]

Hymn 269. B.

"*I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.*"

LORD, for the just Thou dost provide,
Thou art their sure defence;
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 Though they through foreign lands should roam,
And breathe the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home,
Yet Thou, their God, art there.

3 Thy goodness sweetens every soil,
Makes every country please;
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas.

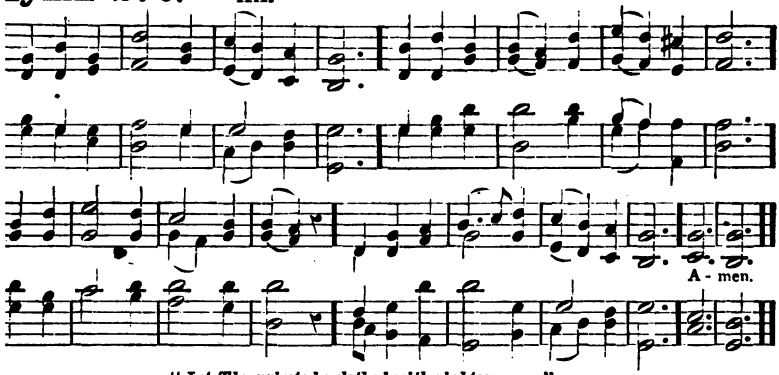
4 *When waves on waves*, to heaven uprear'd,
Defied the pilot's art;
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart;

5 To Thee I raised my humble prayer,
To snatch me from the grave:
I found Thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short Thine arm to save.

6 Thou gav'st the word, the winds did cease,
The storms obey'd Thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
And every wave was still.

7 For this, my life, in every state,
A life of praise shall be;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to Thee. AMEN.

ORDINATION OR INSTITUTION OF MINISTERS.

Hymn 270. AA.

"*Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness.*"

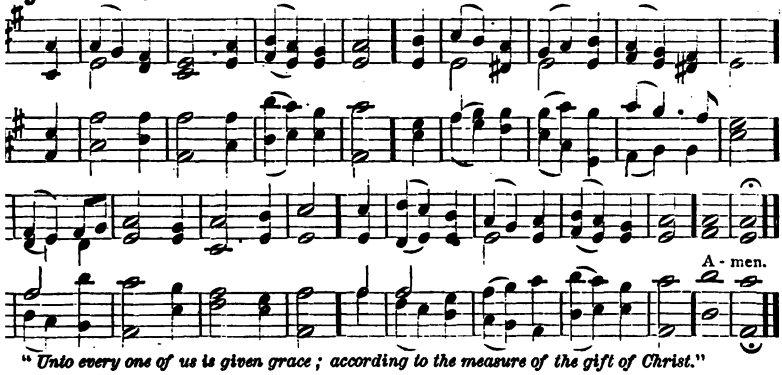
RD, pour Thy Spirit from on high,
And Thine ordained servants bless;
ss and gifts to each supply,
d clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

in Thy temple when they stand,
teach the truth as taught by Thee,
ur, like stars in Thy right hand,
; all Thy Church's pastors be.

om, and zeal, and love impart,
mness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

4 To love, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finish'd here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.

Hymn 271. A.

"*Unto every one of us is given grace; according to the measure of the gift of Christ.*"

ATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
plead for those who plead for Thee;
cessful pleaders may they be.

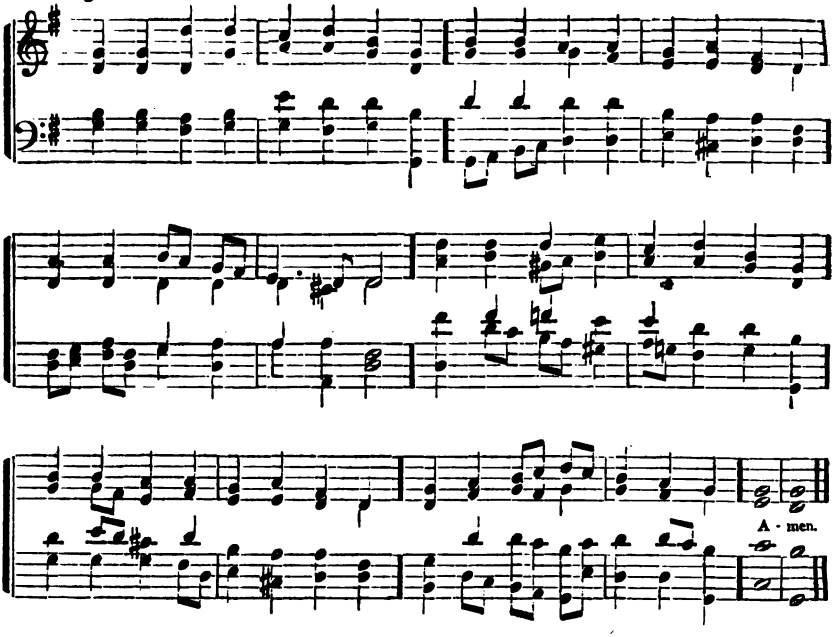
great their work, how vast their charge!
Thou their anxious souls enlarge:
ir best acquirements are our gain;
share the blessings they obtain.

the, then, with energy divine
ir words, *and let those words be Thine*;
hem Thy sacred truth reveal,
ress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

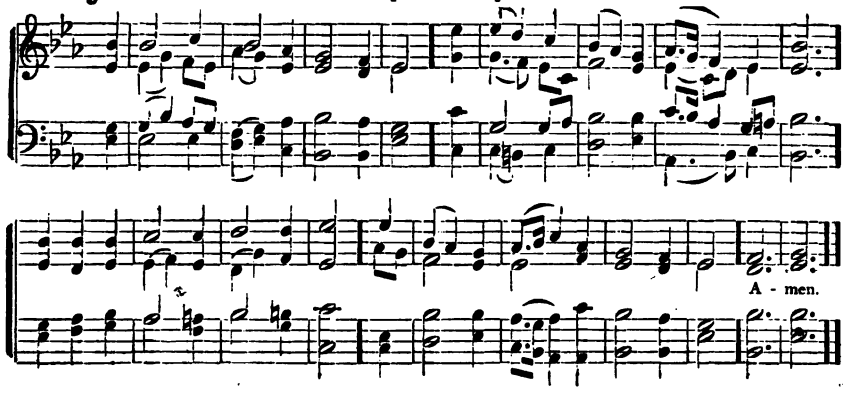
6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head. AMEN.

Hymn 272.

"And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads."

COME pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy Gospel shrined;
Blessed tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

2 See the Rivers four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
Christ the Fountain, these the waters
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
Drink and find salvation here.

3 O, that we Thy truth confessing,
And Thy holy word possessing,
Jesu, may Thy love adore;
Unto Thee our voices raising,
Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore. AMEN.

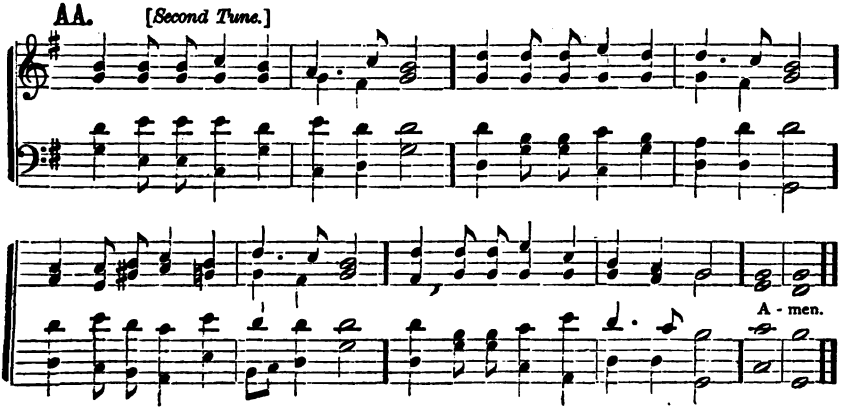
Hymn 273. AA. [*First Tune.*]

"*To proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ.*"

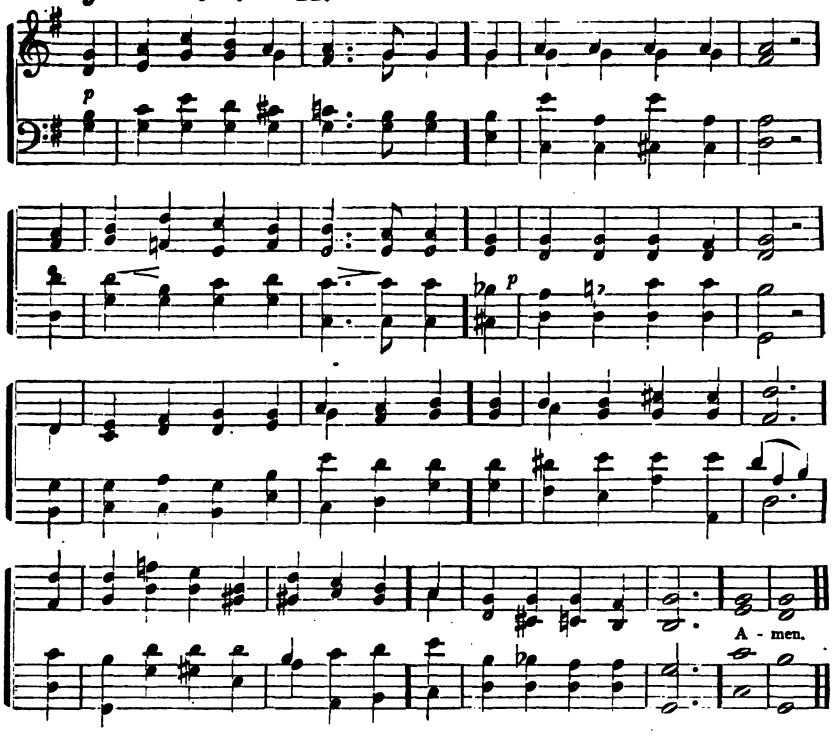
GO forth, ye heralds, in My Name,
Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That ye're commission'd from above.

4 Freely from Me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labours, sinners live. AMEN.

AA. [*Second Tune.*]

THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOPS.

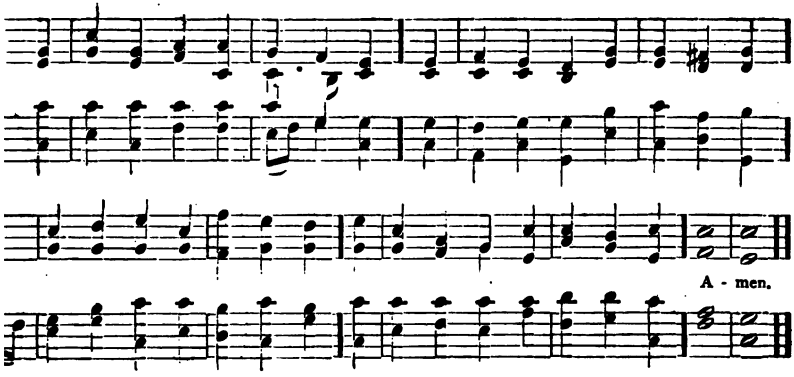
Hymn 274. BB.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."

HOW beautiful the feet that bring
The gladsome tidings here!
What gracious messengers e'en now
To our blest eyes appear!
These are the stars which God appoints
For guides into our way,
To lead to the true Bethlehem,
Where Christ is found alway.

2 These are our God's ambassadors,
By whom His mind we know;
God's angels in His nether heaven;
His heralds here below!
Sprinkled by them, the souls arise
That did in Adam die,
And, fed by them with bread from heaven,
Were train'd for rest on high.

3 Thy servants speak; Thou only dost
The hearing ear bestow:
They smite the rock, but Thou alone
Dost bid the waters flow.
They seek, but only Thou hast skill
To bring the wanderers home:
They call, but Thy love must compel,
And then the invited come.

4 Lord, Thou art in them of a truth,
Lest we should go astray:
The twelve bright banners march before,
And show us Canaan's way.
Bless we Thy Name Who grants us here
To sing in Sion's ways,
And then, on heavenly Sion's hill,
To sing eternal praise. AMEN.

Hymn 275. AA.

"*May Thine eyes be opened toward this house night and day.*"

THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, O forgive.

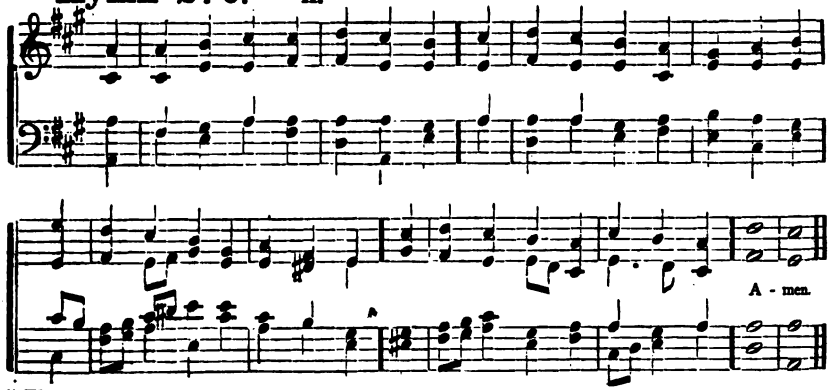
3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd Gospel of Thy Son,
Still by the power of His great Name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let their angels sing
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign?
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 That glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne. AMEN.

Hymn 276. A.



"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto Thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of My sanctuary."

O LORD of Hosts, Whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands;

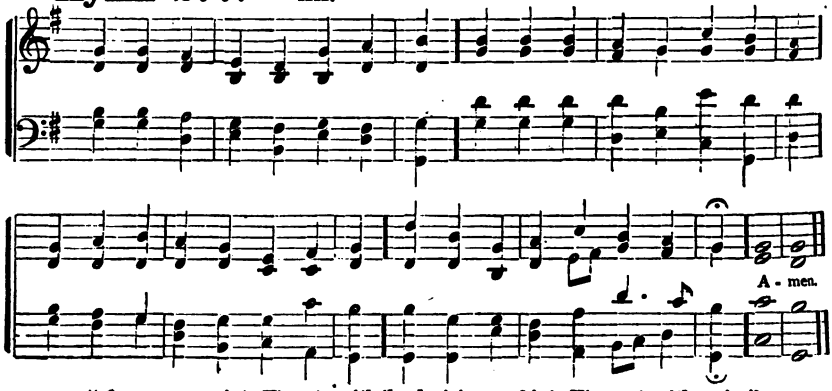
2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

4 To Thee they all pertain; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne,
We but present Thee with Thine own.

5 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day. AMEN.

CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

Hymn 277. AA.

"O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise."

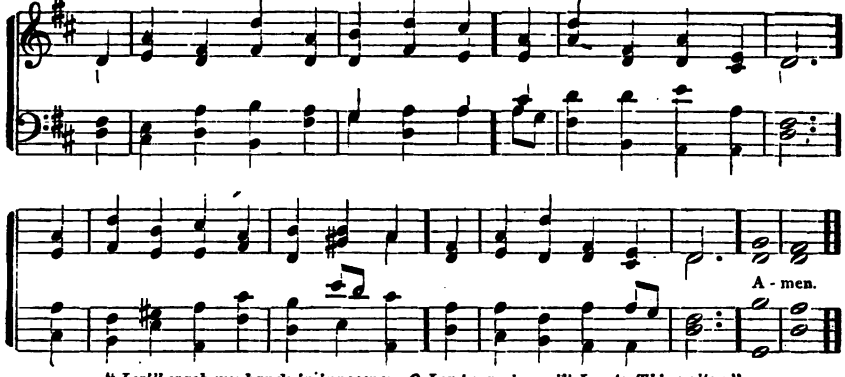
WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From Whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His Name with praises bless.

4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure. AMEN.

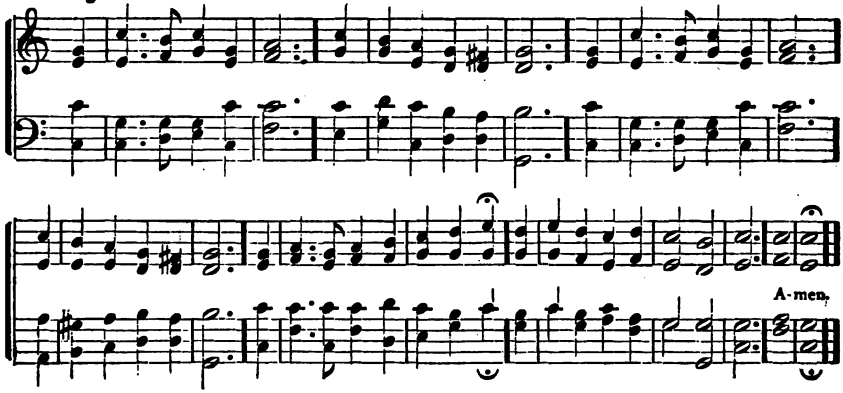
Hymn 278. B.



"*I will wash my hands in innocency, O Lord; and so will I go to Thine altar.*"

I'LL wash my hands in innocence,
And round Thine altar go;
Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence,
And thence Thy wonders show.

2 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How Thy renown excels;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which Thine honour dwells. AMEN.

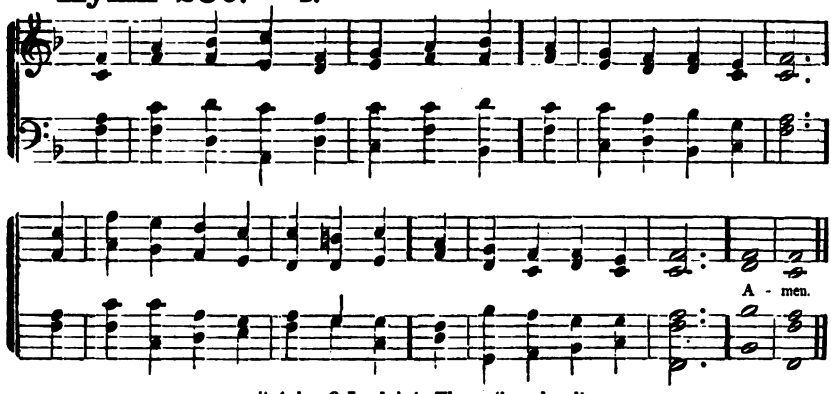
Hymn 279. U.

"*The Lord said unto him, I have hallowed this house to put My Name there for ever, and Mine Eyes and Mine Heart shall be there perpetually.*"

CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints above
The courts of heaven are filled,
On His great love our hopes we place
Of present grace and joys above.

2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring,
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long That glorious Name.

3 Here gracious God, do Thou
Forevermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower on all who pray
Each holy day thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away. AMEN.

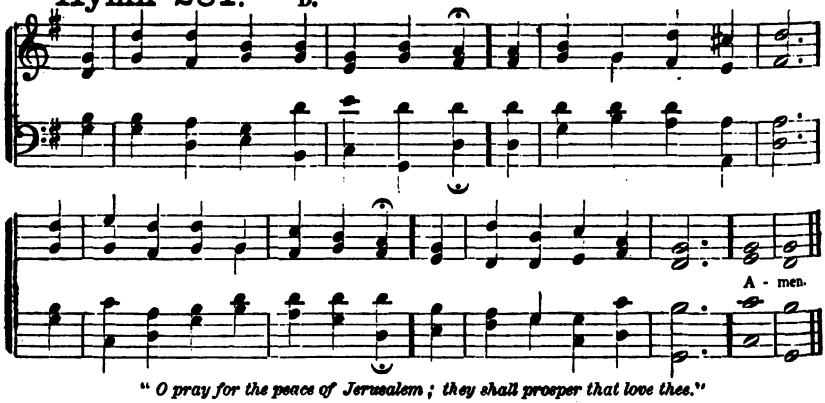
Hymn 280. B.

"*Arise, O Lord, into Thy resting-place.*"

O WITH due reverence let us all
To God's abode repair;
And prostrate at His footstool fall,
To breathe our humble prayer.

2 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;
Be that not only with Thy ark,
But with Thy presence bless'd.

3 Clothe Thou Thy priests with righteousness,
Make Thou Thy saints rejoice;
And, for Thy servant David's sake,
Hear Thy Anointed's voice. AMEN.

Hymn 281. B.



"*O pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee.*"

O 'TWAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel! to the temple haste,
And keep your festal-day.

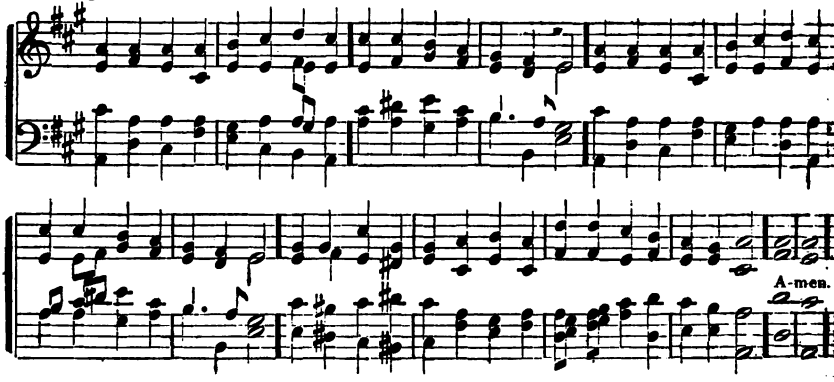
2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

3 O ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

4 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.

5 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

6 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell. AMEN.

Hymn 282. [*First Tune.*]

"*Behold I lay in Zion a chief Corner-stone, elect, precious.*"

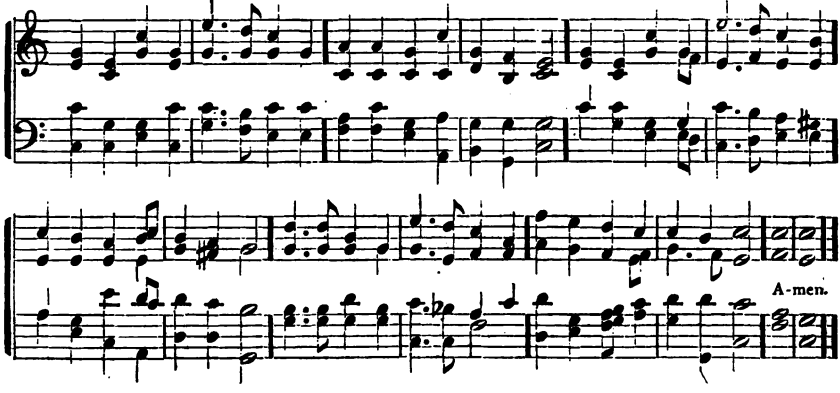
CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

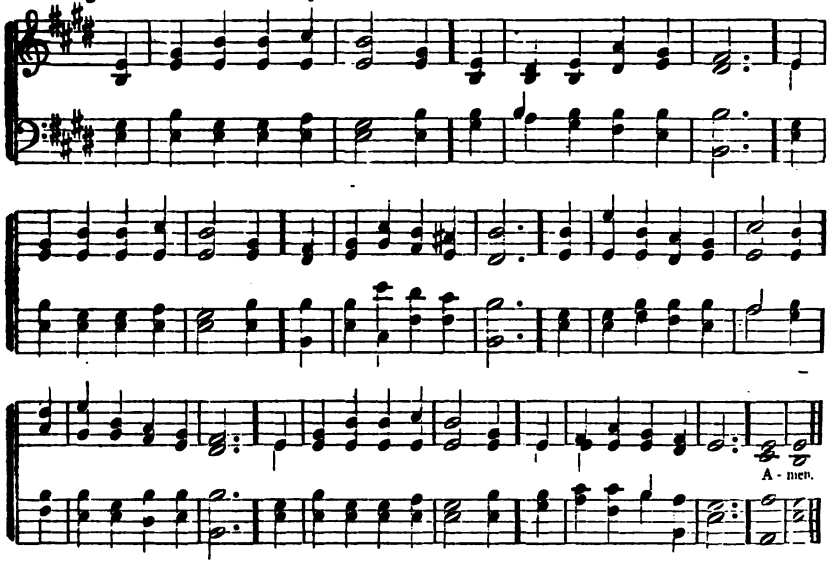
2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants as they pray,
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

5 Praise and honour to the Father,
Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
One in might, and one in glory,
While eternal ages run. AMEN.

[*Second Tune.*]

MISSIONS AND CHARITIES.

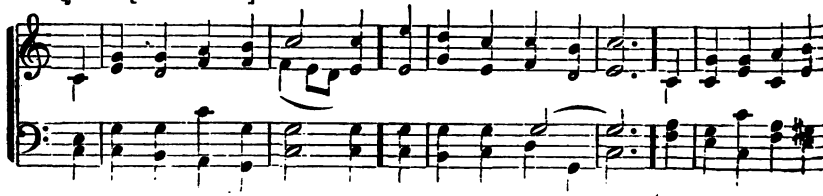
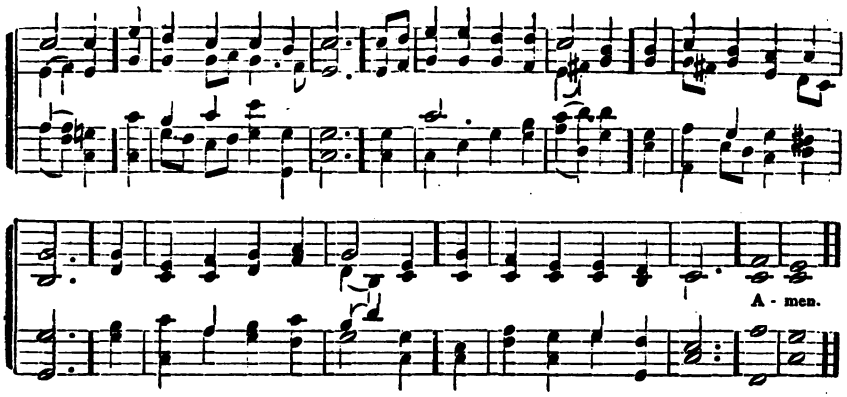
Hymn 283. Q. [*First Tune.*]

"Come over and help us."

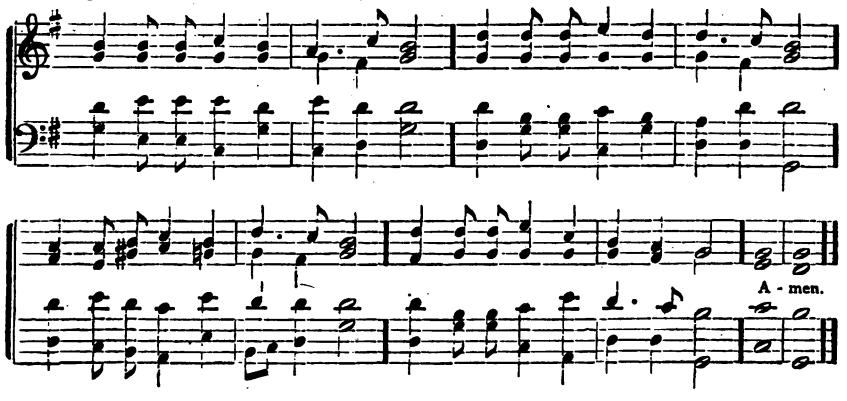
FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. AMEN.

Q. [*Second Tune.*]



Hymn 284. A.

"He shall have dominion from sea to sea."

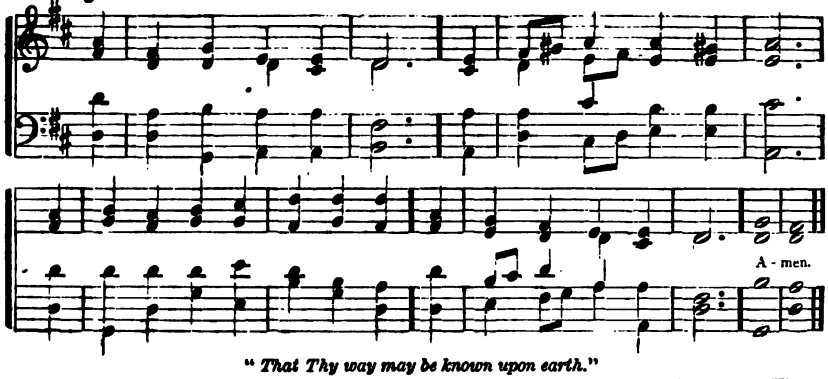
JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. AMEN.

Hymn 285. C.

"*That Thy way may be known upon earth.*"

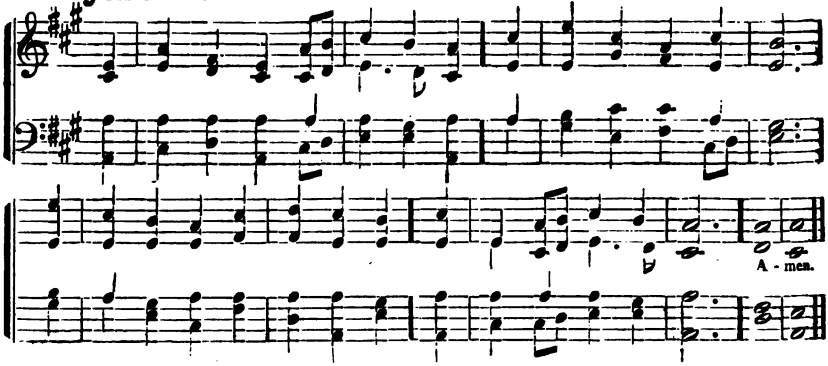
TO bless Thy chosen race
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine:

2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

3 O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

4 Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious Name.

5 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power. AMEN.

Hymn 286. B.

"*They shall see the glory of the Lord.*"

ON Sion and on Lebanon,
On Carmel's blooming height,
On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone
The glory, pure and bright.

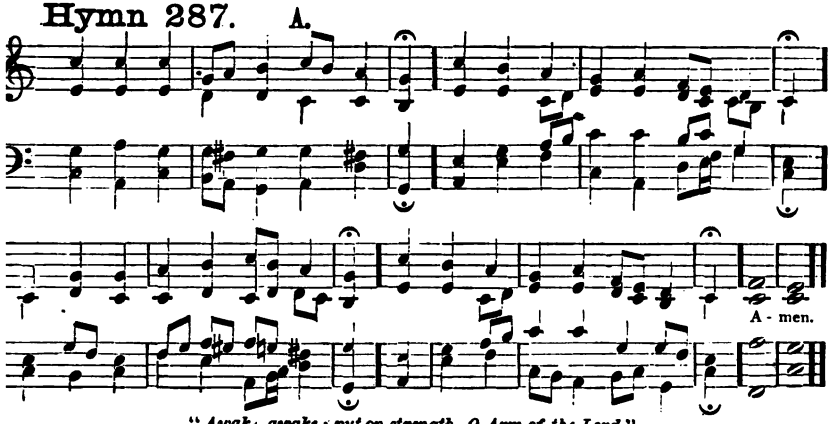
2 From thence its mild and cheering ray
Stream'd forth from land to land;
And empires now behold its day;
And still its beams expand.

3 Its brightest splendours, darting west,
Our happy shores illume;
Our farther regions, once unblest,
Now like a garden bloom;

4 But ah, our deserts deep and wild
See not this heavenly light;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel their dreary night.

5 Thou, Who didst lighten Sion's hill,
On Carmel Who didst shine,
Our deserts let Thy glory fill,
Thy excellence divine.

6 Like Lebanon, in towering pride,
May all our forests smile;
And may our borders blossom wide
Like Sharon's fruitful soil. AMEN.

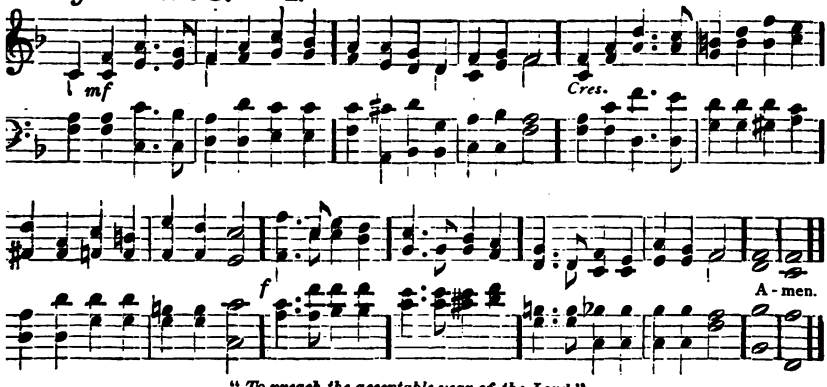
Hymn 287. A.

"*Awake, awake; put on strength, O Arm of the Lord.*"

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

Say to the heathen from Thy Throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

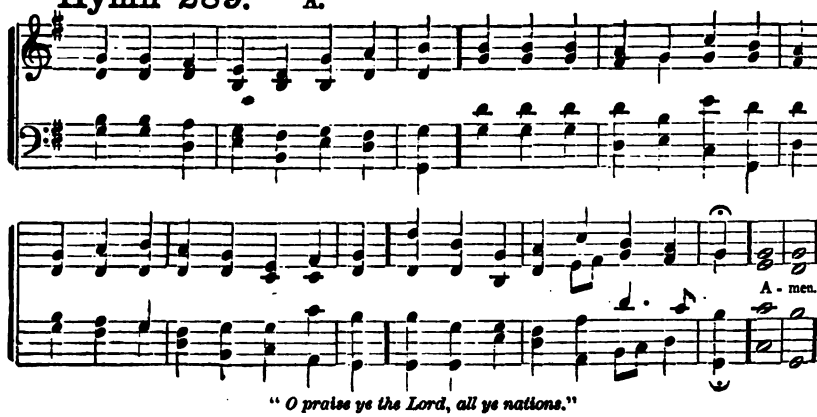
4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all. AMEN.

Hymn 288. L.

"*To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.*"

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.
Blessèd jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

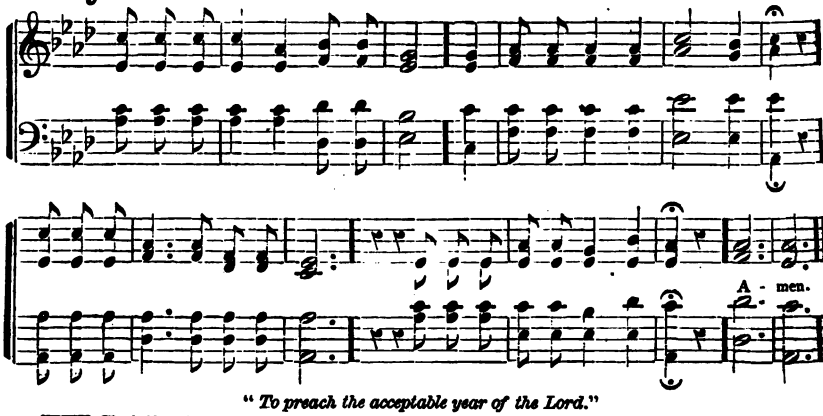
2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, Thy glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night:
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, eternal Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease:
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase:
May thy sceptre
Sway the enlighten'd world around. AMEN.

Hymn 289. A.

"O praise ye the Lord, all ye nations."

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Jehovah's glorious Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

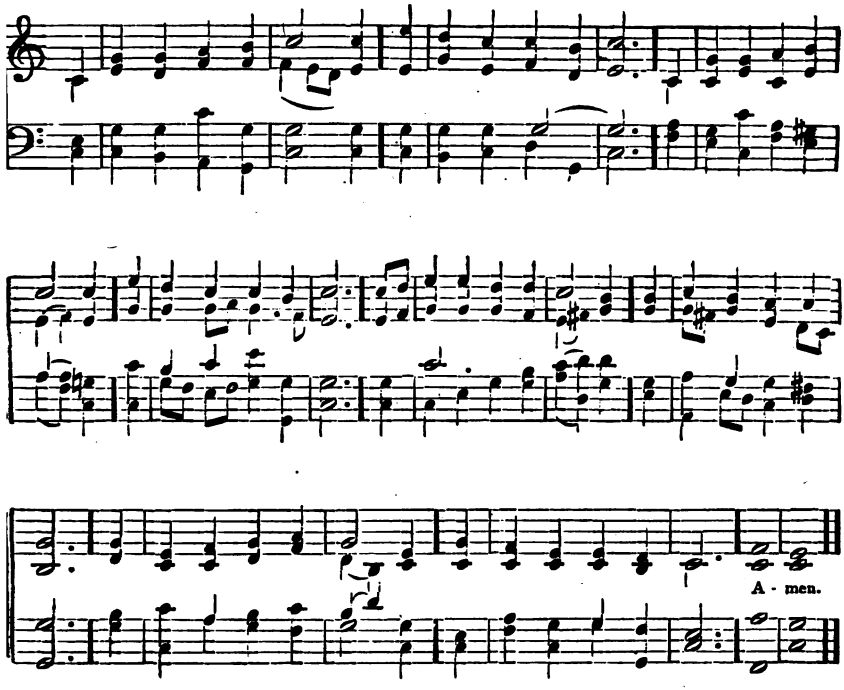
2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. AMEN.

Hymn 290. A.

"To preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Emmanuel's name:
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labours all are o'er,
Then may we meet to part no more,—
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all. AMEN.

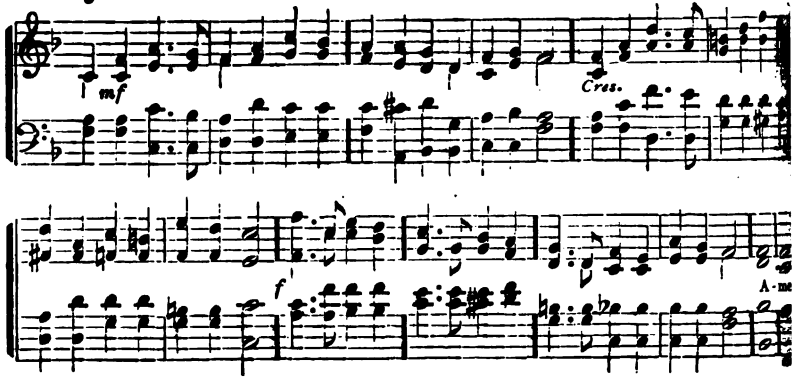
Hymn 291. Q.

"And there shall be one fold and one Shepherd."

AND is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together
One Shepherd and one fold?
Shall every idol perish,
To moles and bats be thrown,
And every prayer be offer'd
To God in Christ alone?

2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learn'd no longer,
Shall strife and tumult cease,
All earth his blessed kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace?

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labour,
Till the dark night be gone. AMEN.

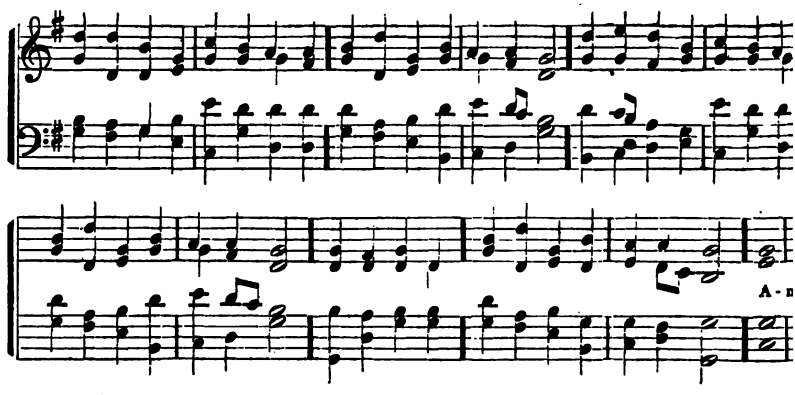
Hymn 292. L. [*First Tune.*]

"*And I will set my glory among the heathen.*"

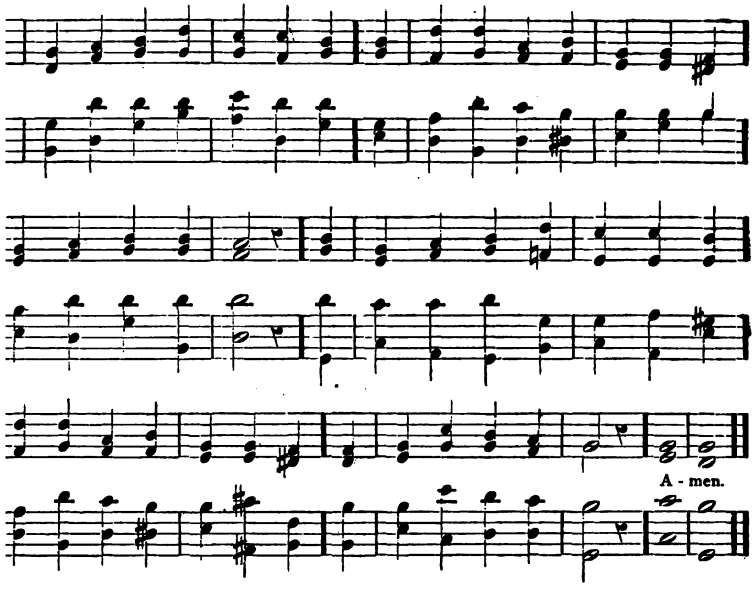
SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew—
Thousand voices
Call us, o'er the waters blue.

2 Christians, hearken! None has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

3 Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us when we stand
In the judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.

4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten;
Light of nations! lead us o'er:
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before. AMEN.

L. [*Second Tune.*]

FOR MISSIONS TO THE NEW SETTLEMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Hymn 293. D.

they fear the Name of the Lord from the West, and His glory from the rising of the sun."

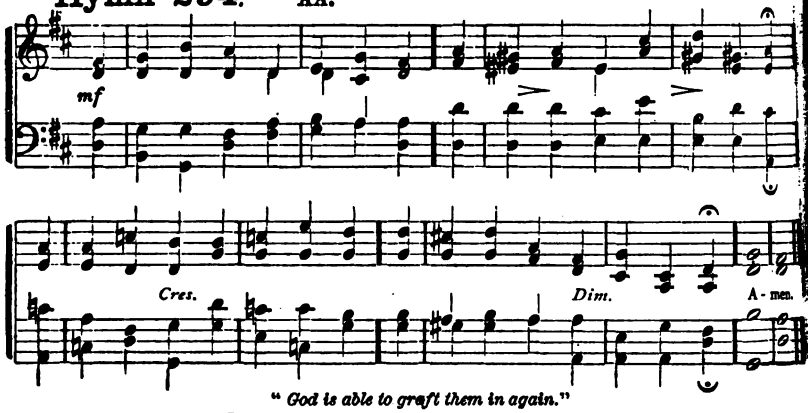
WHEN, Lord, to this our western land,
Led by Thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of Thy truth,
To keep them in Thy Name.

2 Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by Thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.

3 And O may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet
Within our spreading land:
There, brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam;
Still guided by Thy hand.

4 Saviour, we own this debt of love:
O shed Thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall Thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix Thy Name,
Through all our desert west. AMEN.

FOR THE JEWS.

Hymn 294. AA.

"God is able to graft them in again."

O WHY should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
Still roam the scorning world around;
Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground?

2 O God of Israel, view their race;
Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring,
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive-branch again
To its own parent stock unite.

4 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise.

Hymn 295.

"Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem."

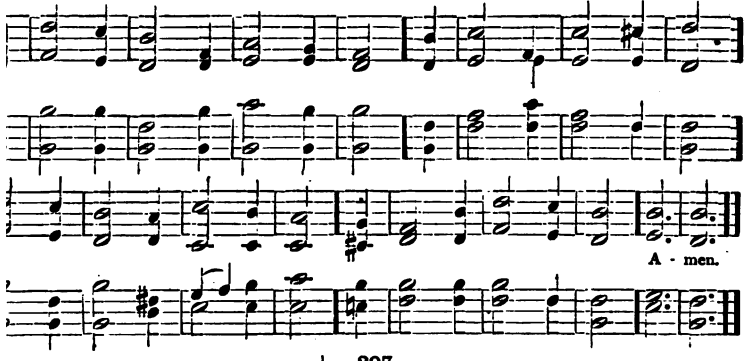
HIGH on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains;
Thy promised King His sceptre sways;
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.

3 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood;
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

4 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

5 Then why, on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string!
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song delays to sing? AMEN.

mns 296 and 297. B.

ıs ye have done it unto one of the least brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

TAIN of good, to own Thy love
r thankful hearts incline;
ı we render, Lord, to Thee,
all the worlds are Thine?

ıu hast needy brethren here,
:efs of Thy grace,
ıumble names Thou wilt confess
› Thy Father's face.

sad accents of distress
eading voice is heard,
thou mayst be clothed, and fed,
lsited, and cheered.

› with reverence and with love
Thy poor would see;
le we minister to them,
it, Lord, to Thee. AMEN.

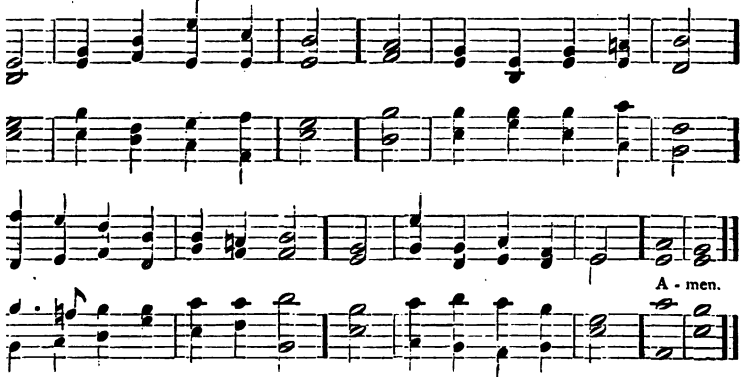
297.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

RICH are the joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

3 All that my willing hands can give
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay. AMEN.

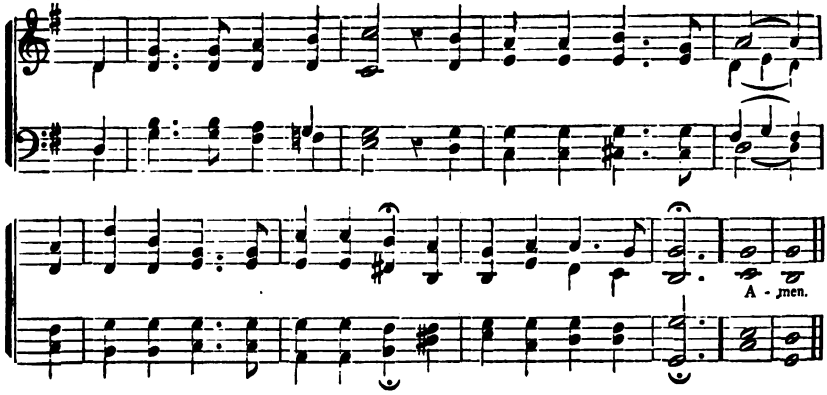
mn 298. C.

"In the morning sow thy seed; and in the evening withhold not thine hand."

in the morn thy seed;
eve hold not thy hand;
bt and fear give thou no heed,
l-cast it o'er the land.

now'st not which may thrive,
ate or early sown;
:eeps the chosen *germ* alive,
ı *and wherever strown.*

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky. AMEN.

Hymn 299. C.

"As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another."

WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

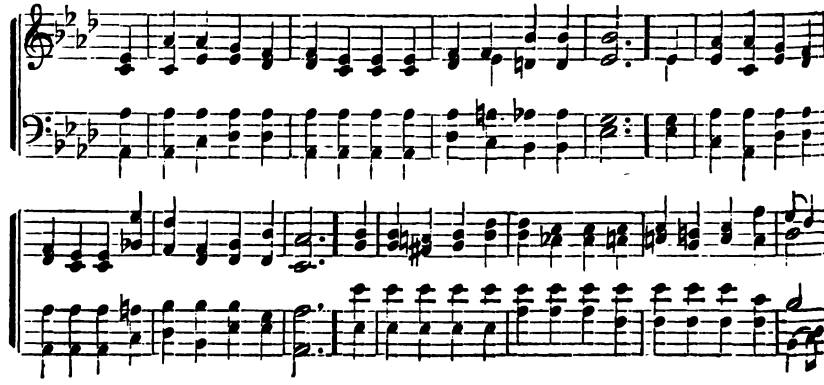
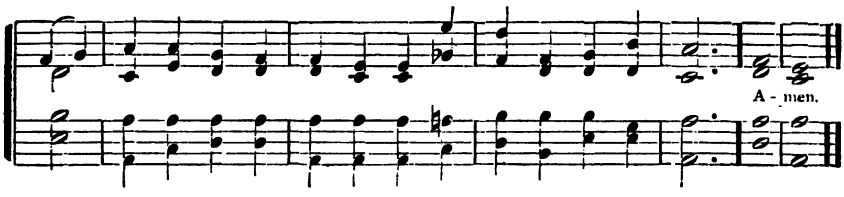
2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our firstfruits give.

3 O! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angel's work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. AMEN.

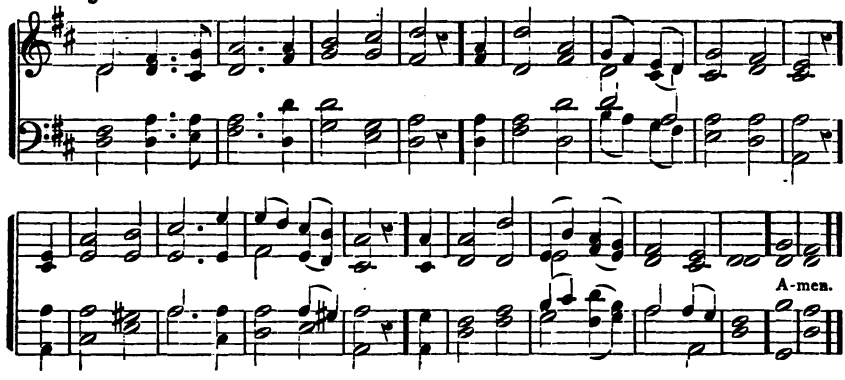
Hymn 300. BB.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like His, upon the poor:
Like Him through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

2 For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill,
And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
Mean are all offerings we can make,
But Thou has taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward. AMEN.

SPECIAL SEASONS.

THANKSGIVING AND HARVEST HOME.

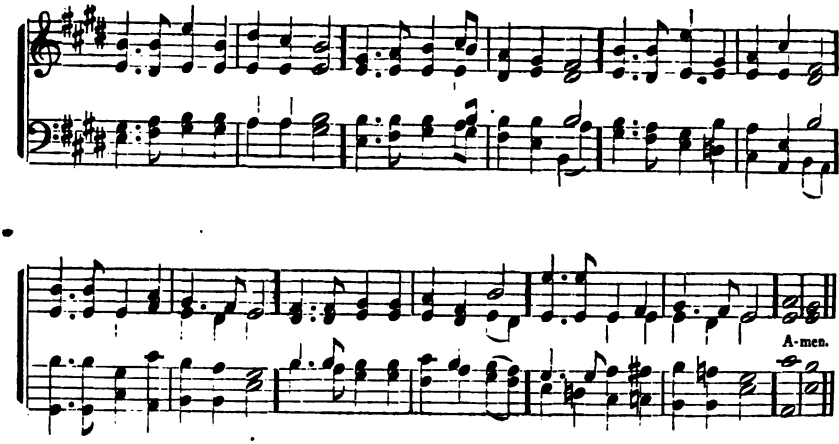
Hymn 301. A.

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation."

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King,
And high our grateful voices raise,
As our Salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into His presence let us haste
To thank Him for His favours past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His Name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command.

4 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Low on our knees with reverence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call. AMEN.

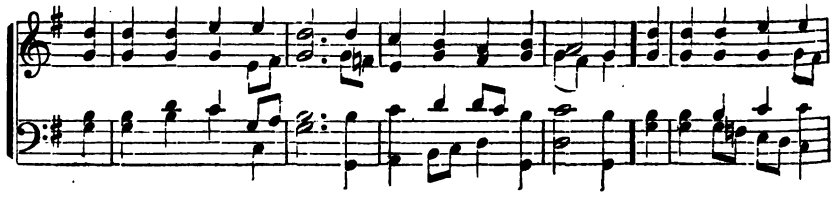
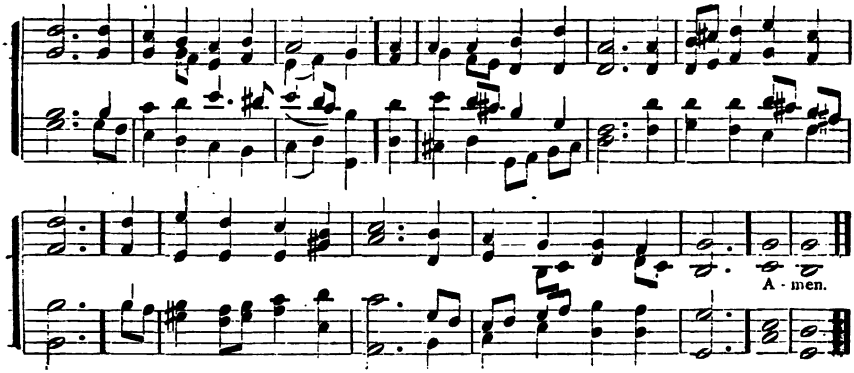
Hymn 302. H.

"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness."

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ:
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

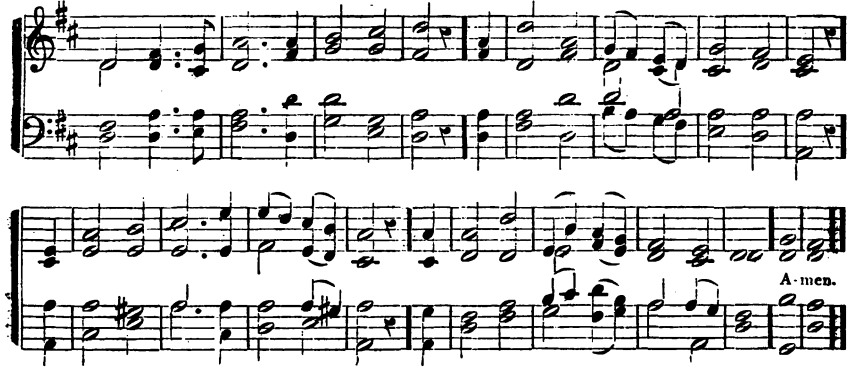
4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise. AMEN.

Hymn 303.

"O clap your hands together, all ye people; O sing unto God with the voice of melody."

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

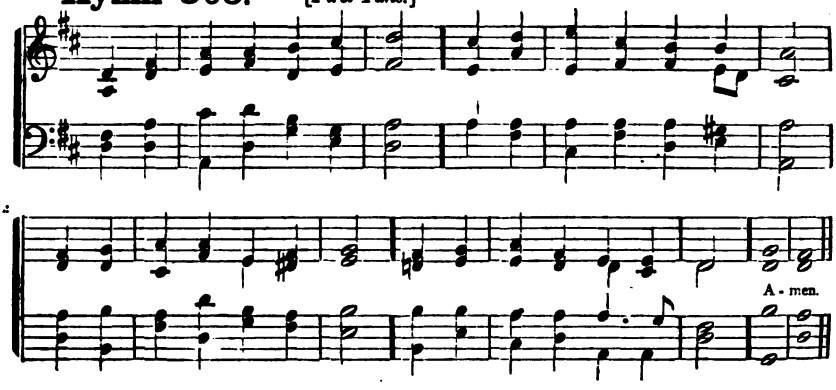
3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. AMEN.

Hymn 304. A.

"Let the people praise Thee, O God."

SALVATION doth to God belong,
His power and grace shall be our song;
From Him alone all mercies flow,
His arm alone subdues the foe.

2 Then praise this God, who bows His ear
Propitious to His people's prayer;
And though deliverance He may stay,
Yet answers still in His own day.

3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To Thee, our Saviour and our King. AMEN.

Hymn 305. [*First Tune.*]

"*Who giveth food to all flesh: for His mercy endureth for ever.*"

PRAISE, O praise our God and King!
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

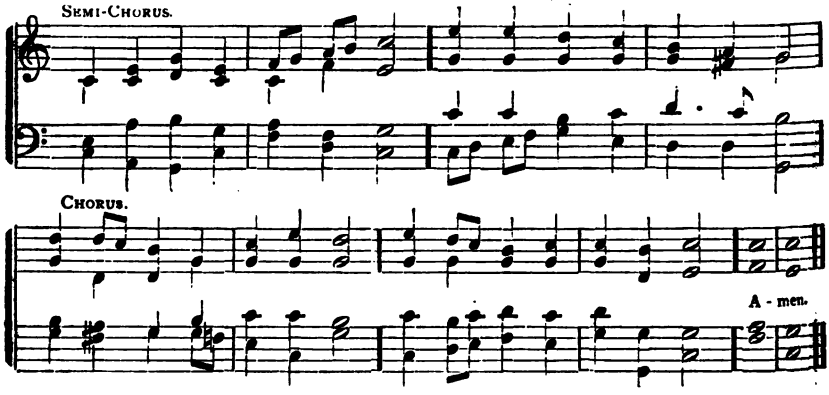
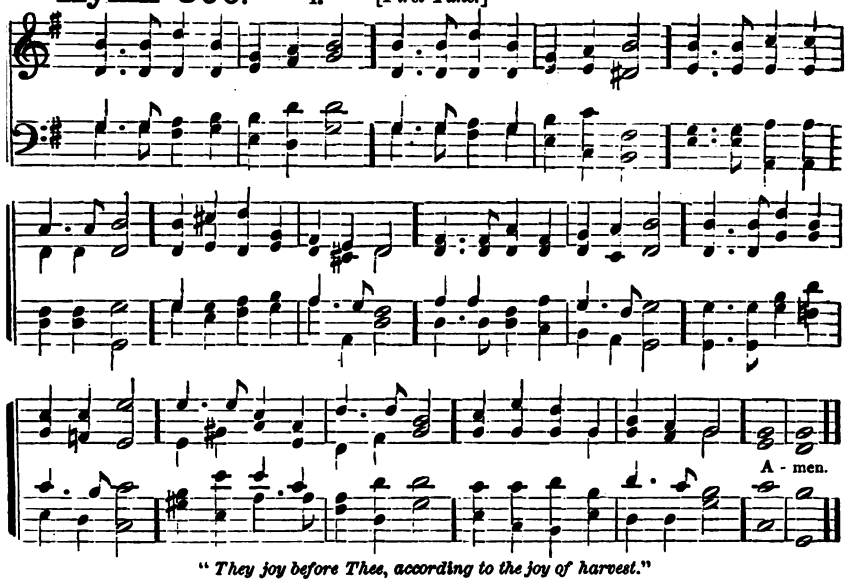
4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath fill'd the garner-floor;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One. AMEN.

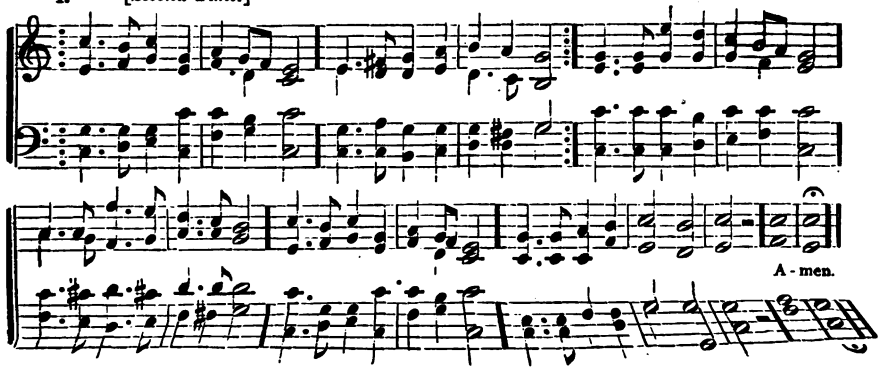
[*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 306. I. [*First Tune.*]

"*They joy before Thee, according to the joy of harvest.*"

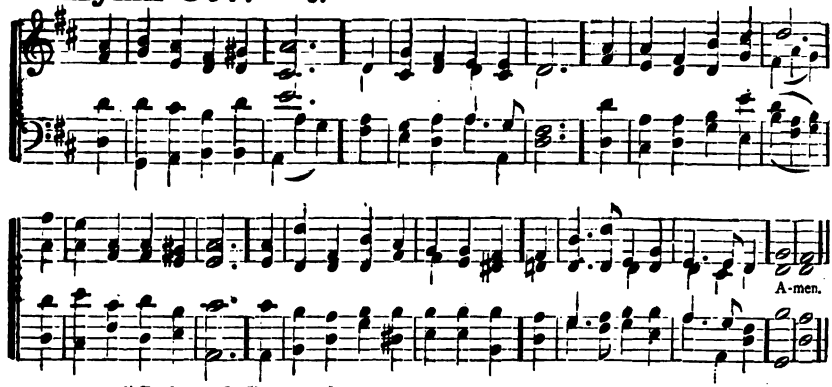
COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home:
All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home:
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home:
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home. AMEN.

I. [*Second Tune.*]

NATIONAL FESTIVALS.

Hymn 307. U.

"*Praise ye the Name of the Lord; praise Him, O ye servants of the Lord.*"

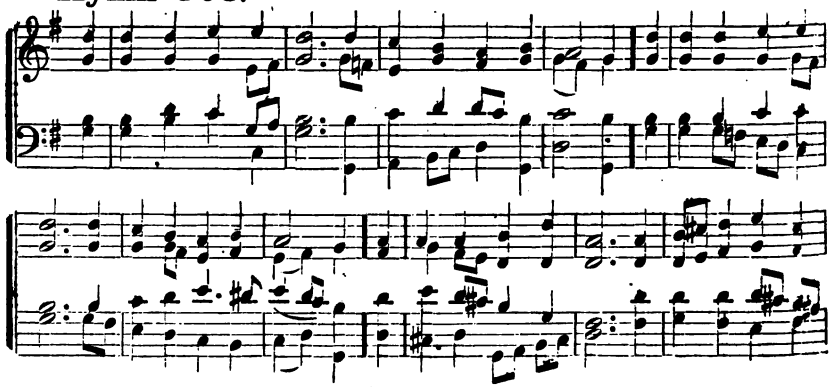
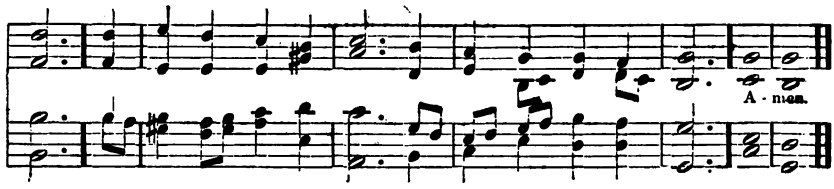
BEFORE the Lord we bow,
The God who reigns above,
And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love;
Our thanks we bring | Our hearts we raise
In joy and praise | To heaven's high King.

2 The nation Thou hast blest
May well Thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by Thy care.
For this fair land | Our thanks we pay—
For this bright day | Gifts of Thy hand.

3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in Thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen!
May every tongue | And join to raise
Be turned to praise | A grateful song.

4 Earth! hear thy Maker's voice,
The great Redeemer own,
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship Him alone;
Cast down thy pride, | And bow before
Thy sin deplore, | The Crucified.

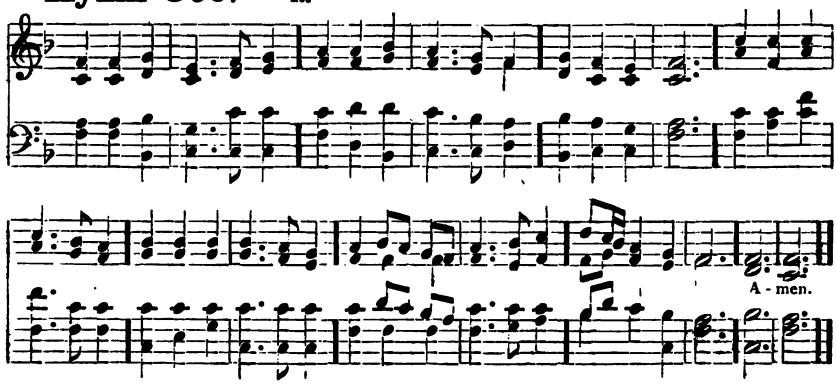
5 And when in power He comes,
O may our native land,
From all its rending tombs,
Send forth a glorious band;
A countless throng | To heaven's high King.
Ever to sing | Salvation's song. AMEN.

Hymn 308.

"*This God is our God for ever and ever.*"

LORD God, we worship Thee!
In loud and happy chorus
We praise Thy love and power,
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us.
To heaven our song shall soar,
Forever shall it be
Resounding o'er and o'er,
Lord God, we worship Thee!

2 Lord God, we worship Thee!
For Thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down Thy grace,
And strife and war Thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land, with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

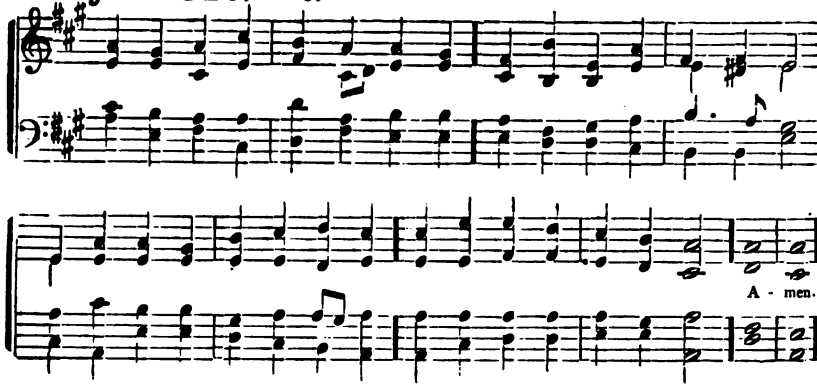
3 Lord God, we worship Thee!
Thou didst indeed chastise us,
Yet still Thy anger spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us:
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship Thee! AMEN.

Hymn 309. R.

"*Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.*"

GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State. AMEN.

NATIONAL FASTS.

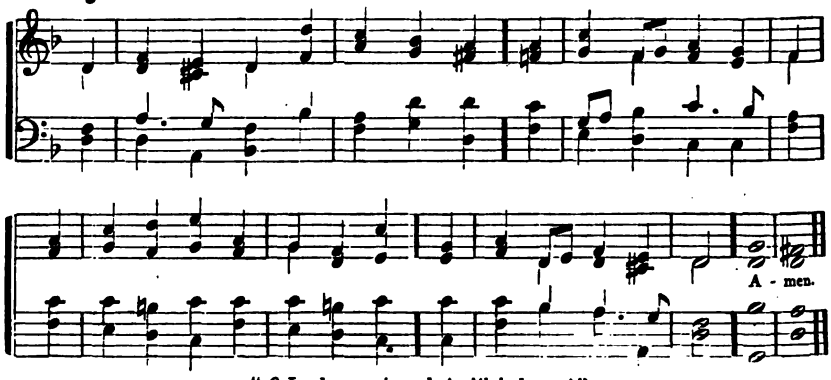
Hymn 310. J.

"*O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive: O Lord, hearken and do.*"

DREAD Jehovah, God of Nations,
From Thy temple in the skies,
Hear Thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise:

2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place. AMEN.

Hymn 311. B.

"*O Lord, correct me, but with judgment.*"

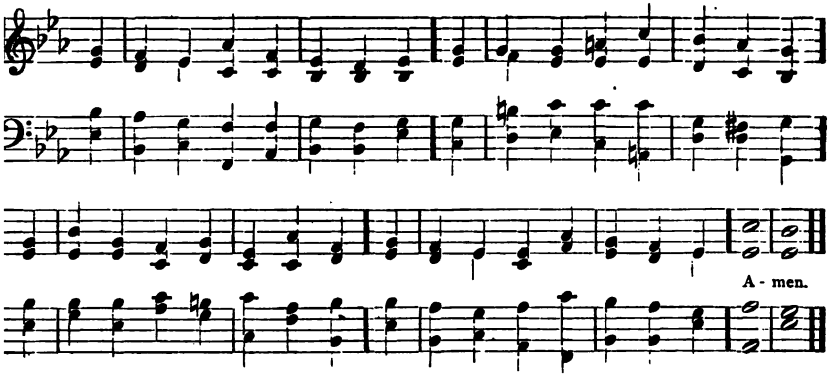
ALMIGHTY Lord, before Thy Throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on Thy pardoning grace alone
Our dying hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from Thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O turn, turn us, mighty Lord!
Convert us by Thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey Thy word,
And see again Thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not yield to fear,
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When Thou, O God, art near. AMEN.

Hymn 312. A.

"*The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace.*"

O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told,
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again. AMEN.

Hymn 313. AA.

"*God be merciful unto us and bless us, and show us the light of His countenance.*

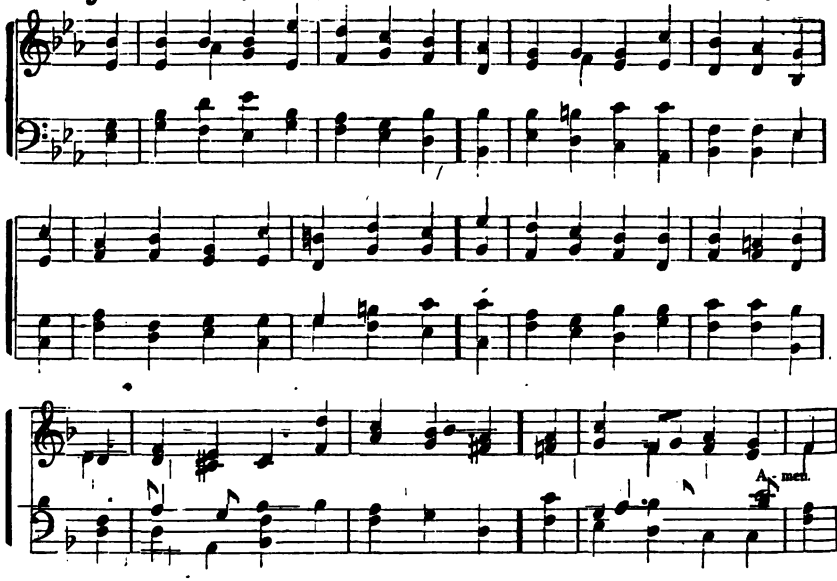
NOW may the God of grace and power
Attend His people's humble cry;
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliverance from on high.

2 In His salvation is our hope;
And in the Name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From Thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
Till Thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song. AMEN.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

Hymn 314. E.

"*Ask, and it shall be given you.*"

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When to Heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's Name,
Then Jesus sprinkle with Thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

3 As every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counsellor and friend:
Teach me Thy precepts, all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

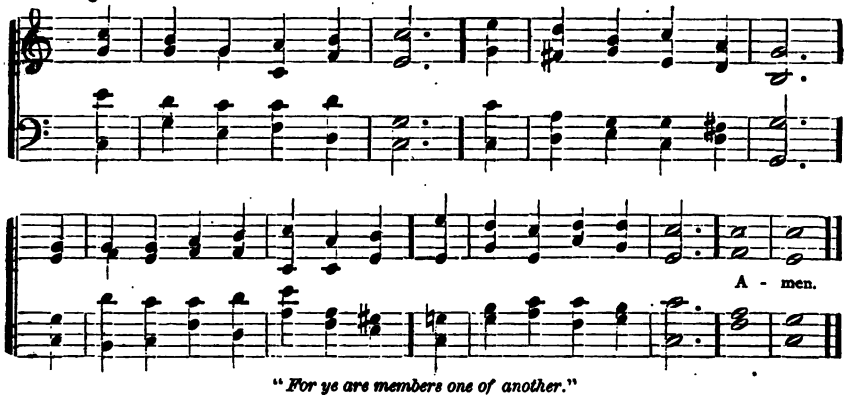
4 When pain transfixes every part,
Or languor settles at the heart;
When on my bed, diseased, oppress,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest;
O great Physician, see my grief,
And grant Thy servant sweet relief.

5 Should poverty's consuming blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low;
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer:
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For Thou, on earth, wast poor indeed

6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its various blessings on my store;
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state:
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with Thee.

7 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

8 And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, Thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And, from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

Hymn 315. C.

"*For ye are members one of another.*"

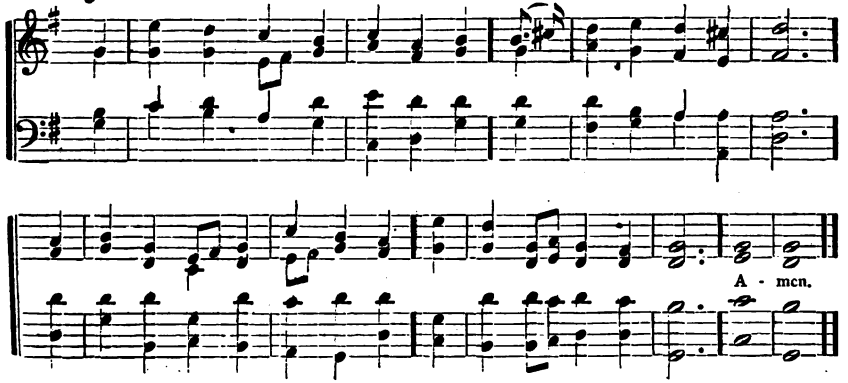
BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love:
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity. AMEN.

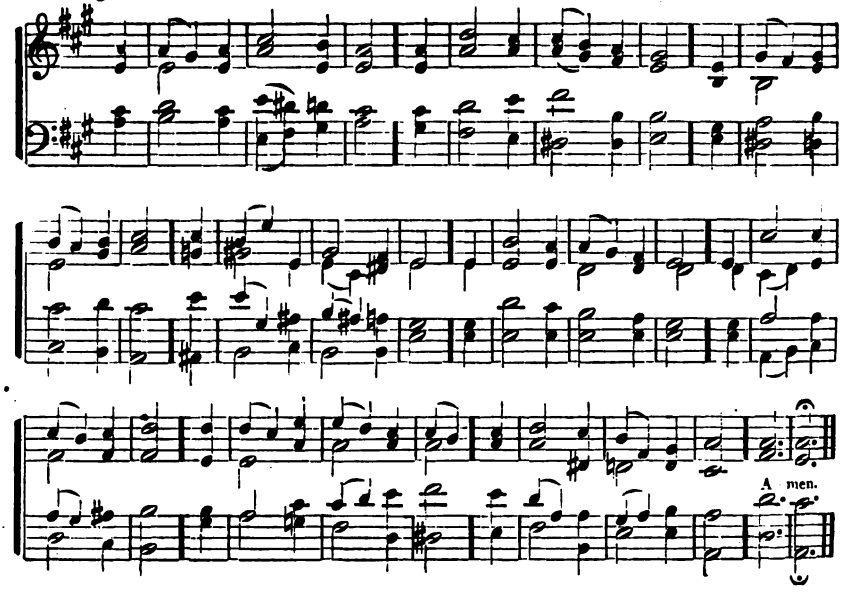
Hymn 316. B.

"*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.*"

TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.

2 He will not let thy foot be moved,
Thy Guardian will not sleep;
Behold, the God Who slumbers not
Will favoured Israel keep.

3 Sheltered beneath the Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end. AMEN.

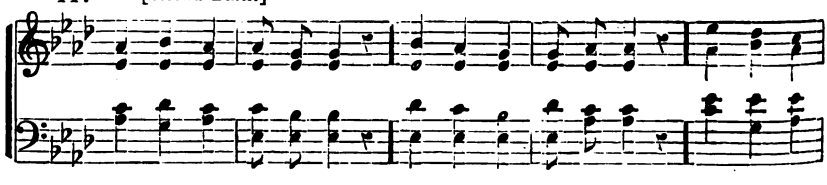
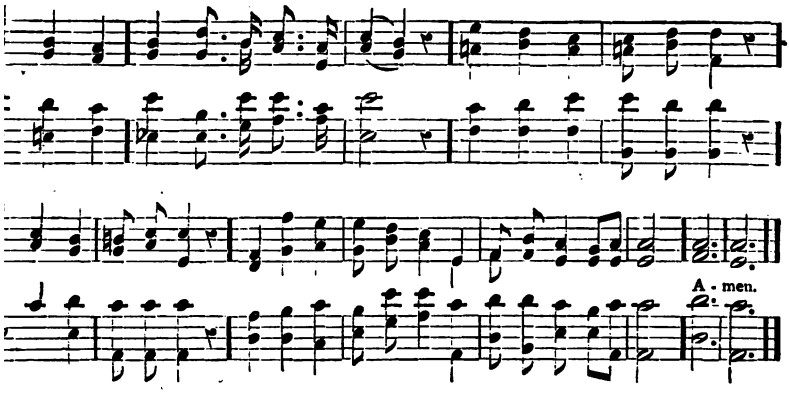
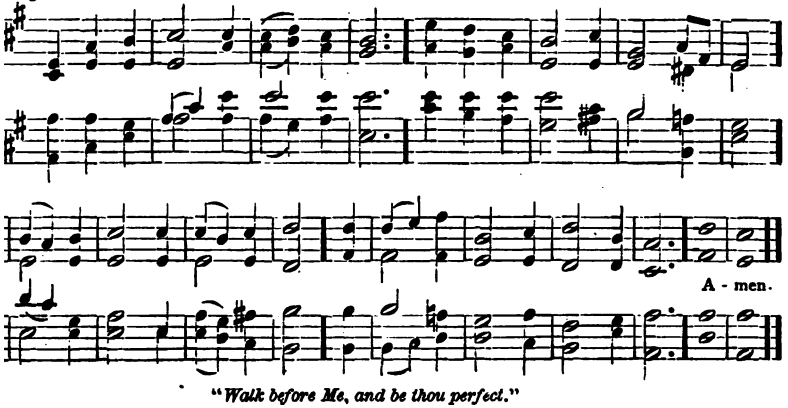
Hymn 317. PP. [*First Tune.*]

"*There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.*"

THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crown'd,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. AMEN.

PP. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 318. A.

"*Walk before Me, and be thou perfect.*"

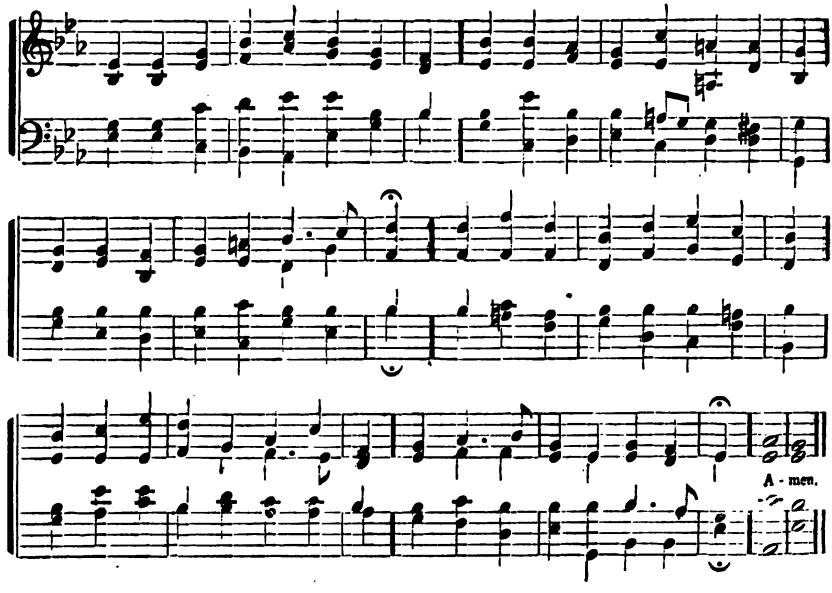
FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

5 Fain would I still for Thee employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to Heaven.

Hymns 319 and 320. F.

319.

"Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

HE that has God his guardian made
Shall under the Almighty's shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide:
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My God, in Whom I will confide.

2 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence;
He over thee His wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.

3 Because, with well-placed confidence,
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
Thy refuge, even God most high;
Therefore no ill on thee shall come,
Nor to thy heaven-protected home
Shall overwhelming plagues draw nigh.
AMEN.

320.

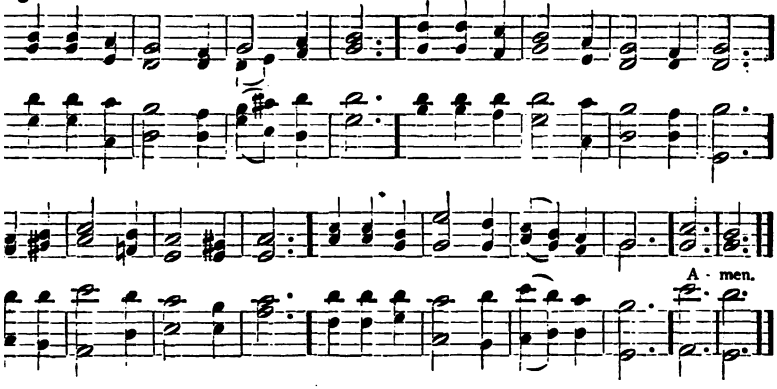
"O God, thou art my God; early will I seek Thee."

O GOD, my gracious God, to Thee
My morning prayers shall offer'd be,
For Thee my thirsty soul doth pant;
My fainting flesh implores Thy grace,
As in a dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2 O to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious power restore,
Which Thy majestic house displays:
Because to me Thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak Thy praise.

3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore His Name:
As with its choicest food supplied,
My soul shall be full satisfied,
While I with joy His praise proclaim.

4 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
And when I wake in dead of night,
Because Thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing
I rest with safety and delight. AMEN.

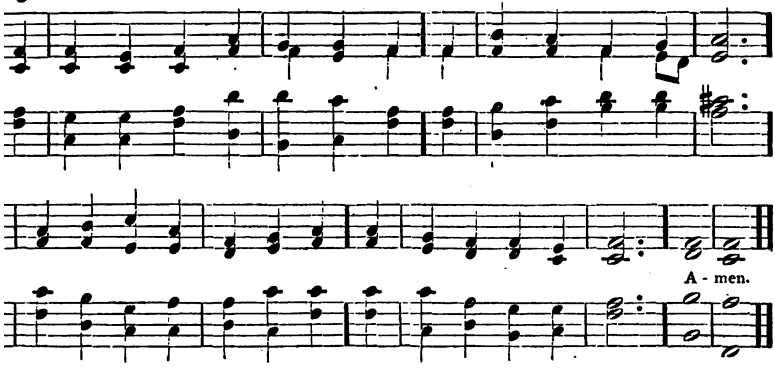
Hymn 321. A.

"*Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising.*"

to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
e all her help my soul derives,
my Almighty Refuge lives.

es—the everlasting God,
built the world, that spread the flood;
eavens with all their hosts He made,
he dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, He guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

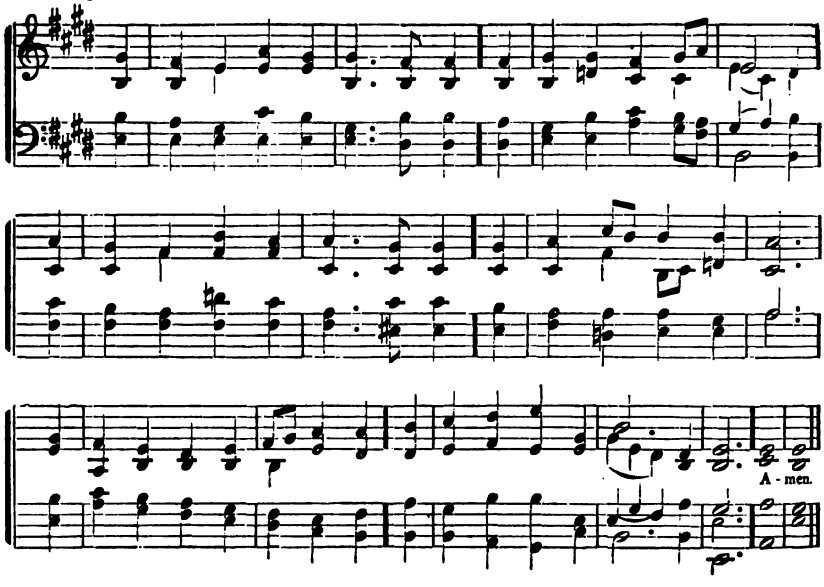
4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise. AMEN.

Hymn 322. B.

"*Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it.*"

E build with fruitless cost, unless
The Lord the pile sustain;
less the Lord the city keep,
he watchman wakes in vain.

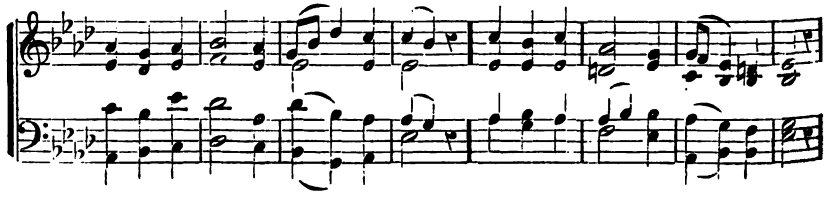
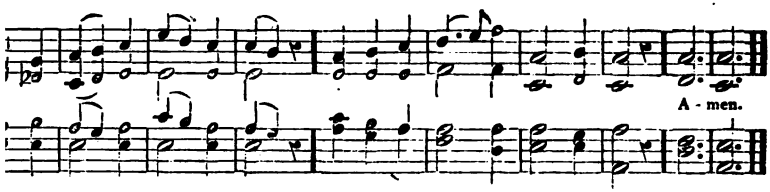
2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

3 Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on His saints bestows;
He crowns their labours with success,
Their nights with safe repose. AMEN.

Hymn 323.

" Our eyes wait upon the Lord our God."

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resign'd, beneath His rod,
And bless His chastening power,
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 O blessèd be the Hand that gave,
Still blessèd when it takes;
Blessèd be He Who smites to save,
Who heals the heart He breaks:
Perfect and true are all His ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys. AMEN.

Hymns 324 and 325. AA.

is God is our God for ever and ever."

God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
iorning mercies from above
lly distil, like early dew.

spread'st the curtain of the night,
it Guardian of my sleeping hours;
)vereign word restores the light,
quickens all my drowsy powers.

my powers to Thy command,
Thee I consecrate my days;
ual blessings from Thy hand
and perpetual songs of praise.
AMEN.

325.

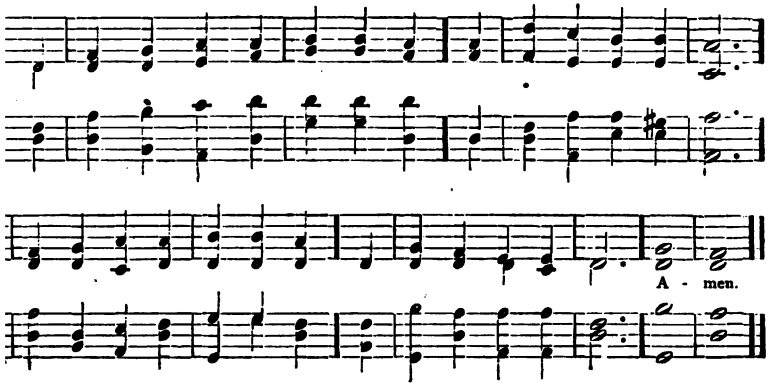
"*I have set God always before me.*"

SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to Thee;
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To Thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and Thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To Thee, with Whom I trust to live. AMEN.

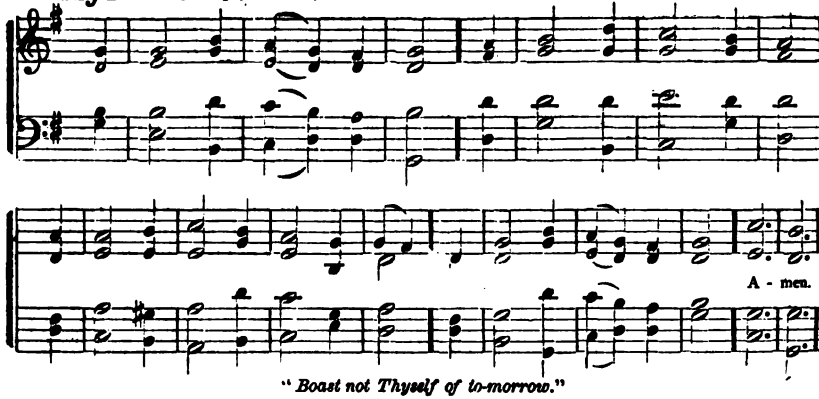
ymn 326. B.

"*O Lord, Thou art our God.*"

D of our fathers, by Whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
th us through our pilgrimage;
duct us to our rest.

gh each perplexing path of life
wandering footsteps guide;
is each day our daily bread,
raiment fit provide.

3 O spread Thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore. AMEN.

Hymn 327. C.

"*Boast not Thyself of to-morrow.*"

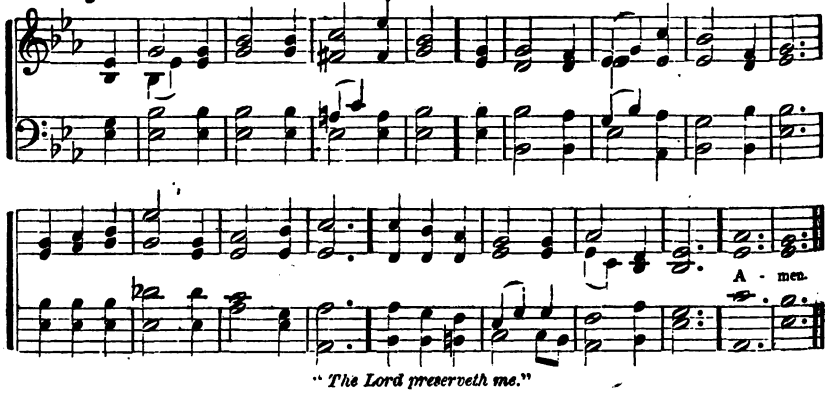
TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by Thine Almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night. AMEN.

Hymn 328. AA. MORNING.

"*The Lord preserveth me.*"

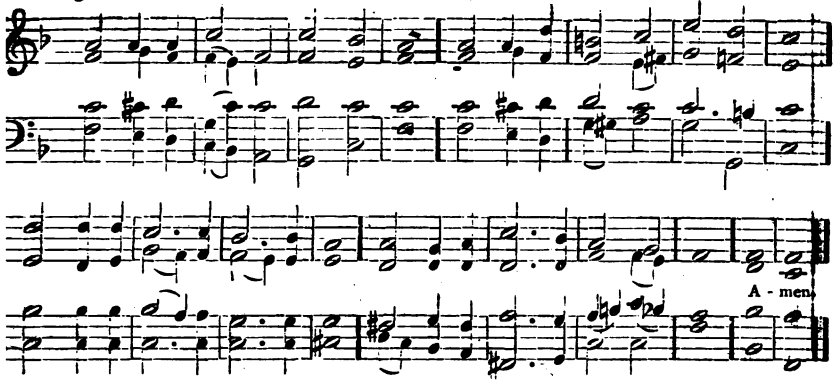
ARISE, my soul, with rapture rise,
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful Sovereign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly-flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to Thee.

3 But can it be? That Power Divine
Is throned in light's unbounded blaze;
And countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise.

4 And will He deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor sinful mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless goodness! He will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

5 Then let me serve Thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase:
For pleasant, Lord, are all Thy ways,
And all Thy paths are paths of peace.
AMEN.

Hymn 329. A. [*First Tune.*]

"*His compassions fail not: they are new every morning.*"

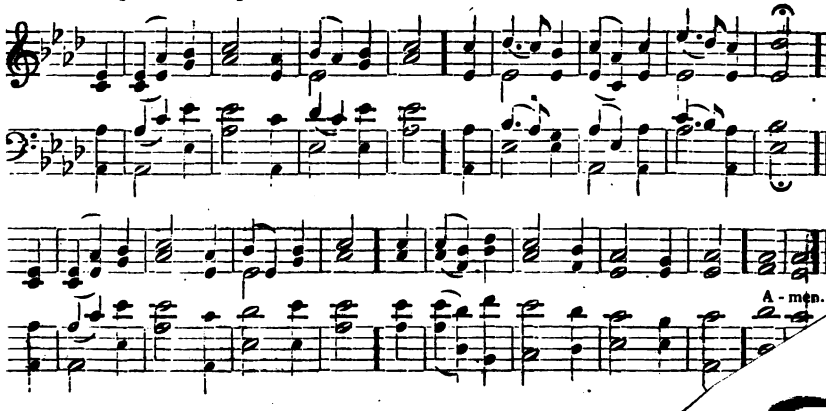
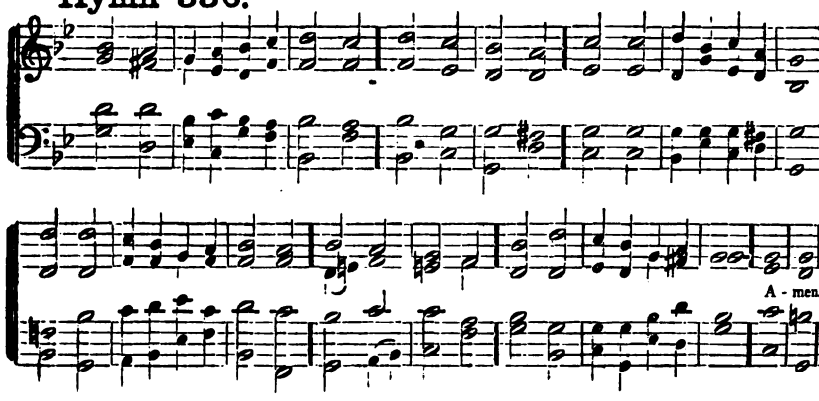
NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourselves: a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. AMEN.

A. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 330.

"In Thy Light shall we see light."

COME, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come, to Him Who made this splendour
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

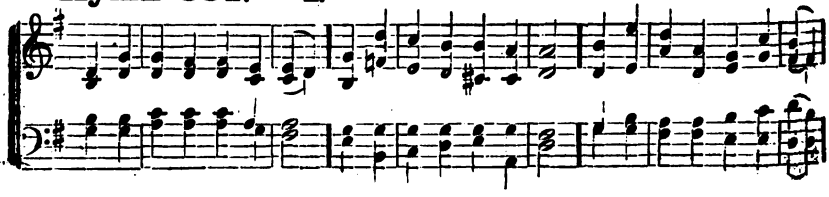
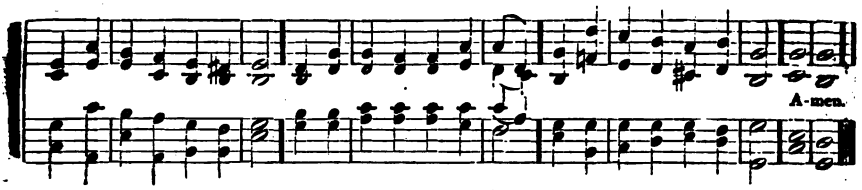
4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth,
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumbers sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

7 Glory, honour, exaltation,
Adoration,
Be to the eternal One:
To the Father, Son, and Spirit
Laud and merit,
While unending ages run. AMEN.

Hymn 331. H.

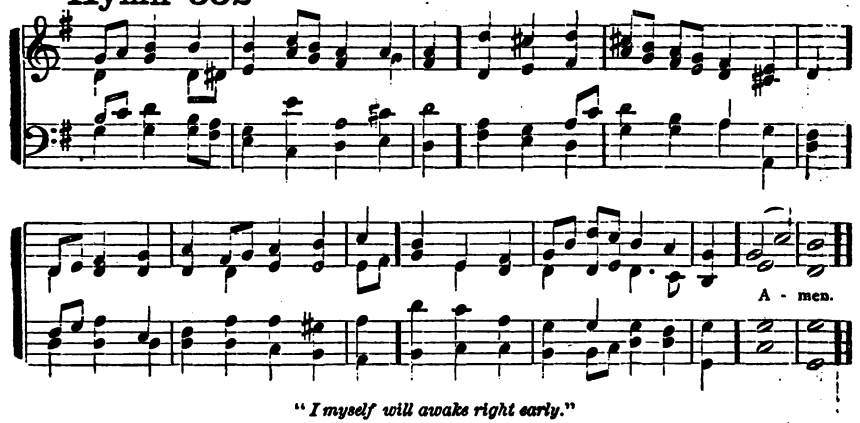


"*Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise.*"

CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. AMEN.

Hymn 332

"*I myself will awake right early.*"

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay Thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time mis-spent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 By influence of the light Divine,
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the eternal King.

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

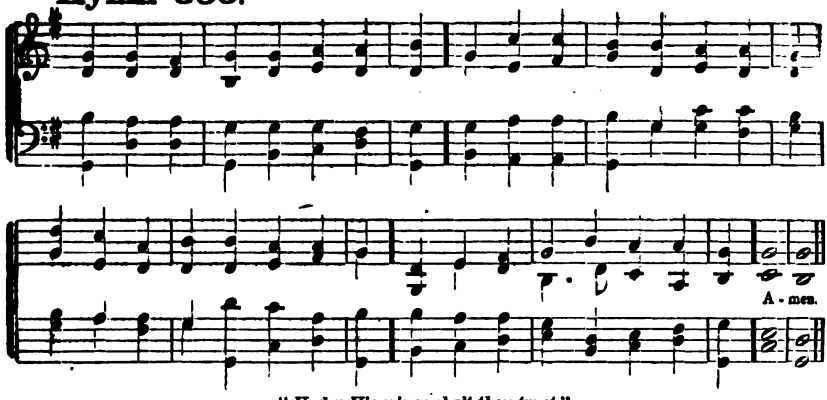
6 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

7 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

8 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

9 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. AMEN.

EVENING.

Hymn 333.

"*Under His wings shalt thou trust.*"

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

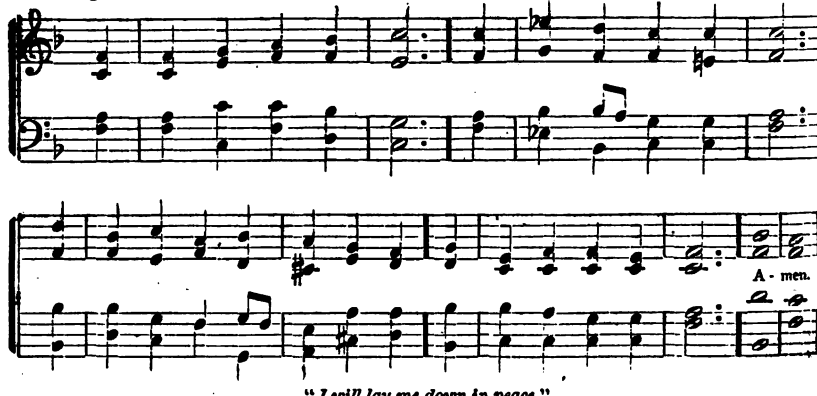
2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

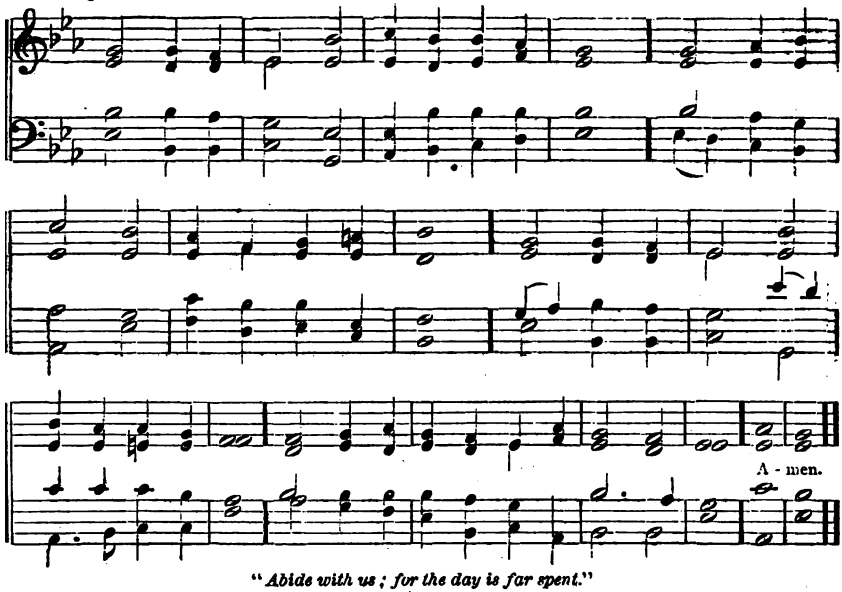
6 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. AMEN.

Hymn 334. C.

"*I will lay me down in peace.*"

THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear:
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears. AMEN.

Hymn 335. N.

"Abide with us; for the day is far spent."

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

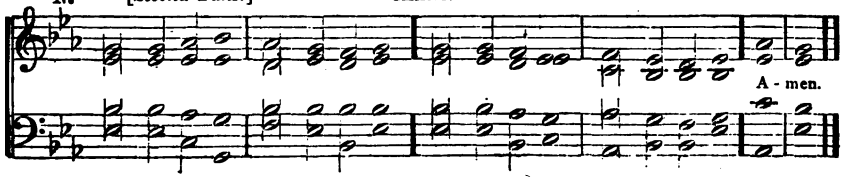
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

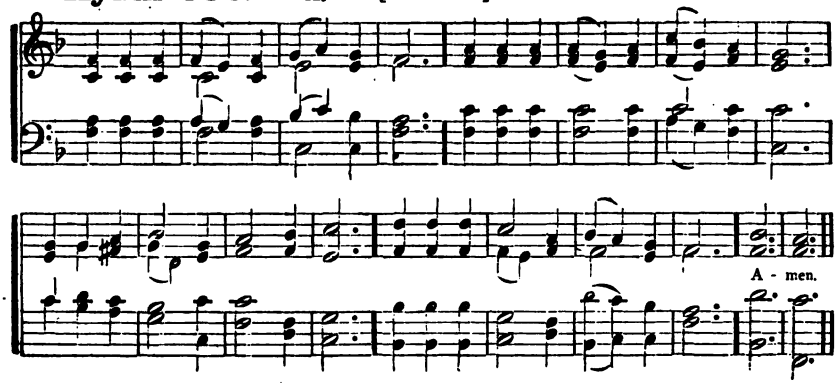
3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. AMEN.

N. [*Second Tune.*] CHANT.



Hymn 336. A. [*First Tune.*]

"*Thy sun shall no more go down.*"

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

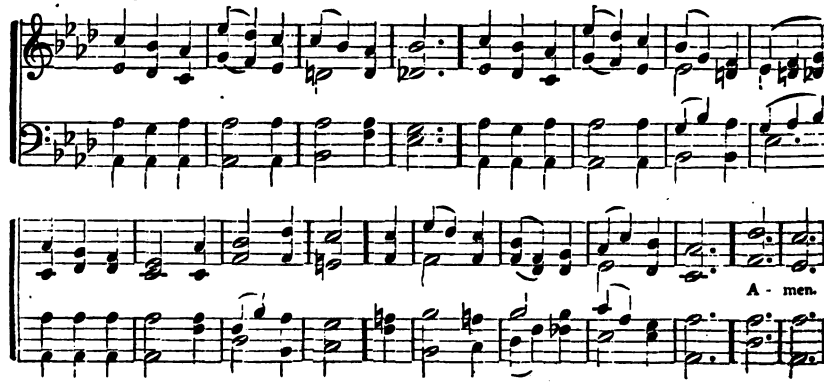
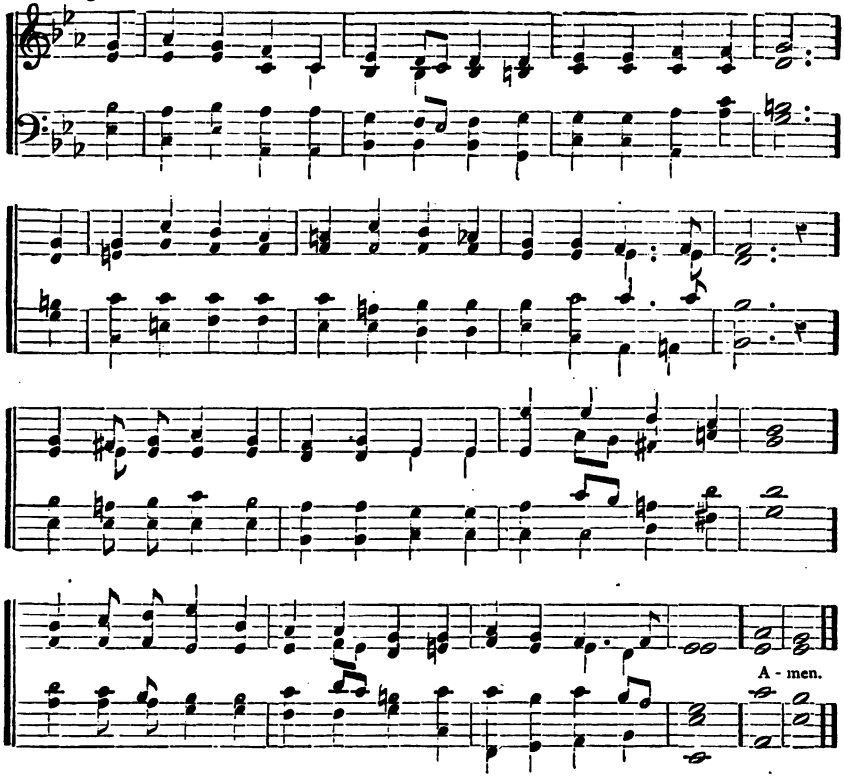
2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. AMEN.

A. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 337. BB.

"With my soul have I desired Thee in the night."

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie;

2 Before Thy Throne, O Lord of heaven
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

3 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;

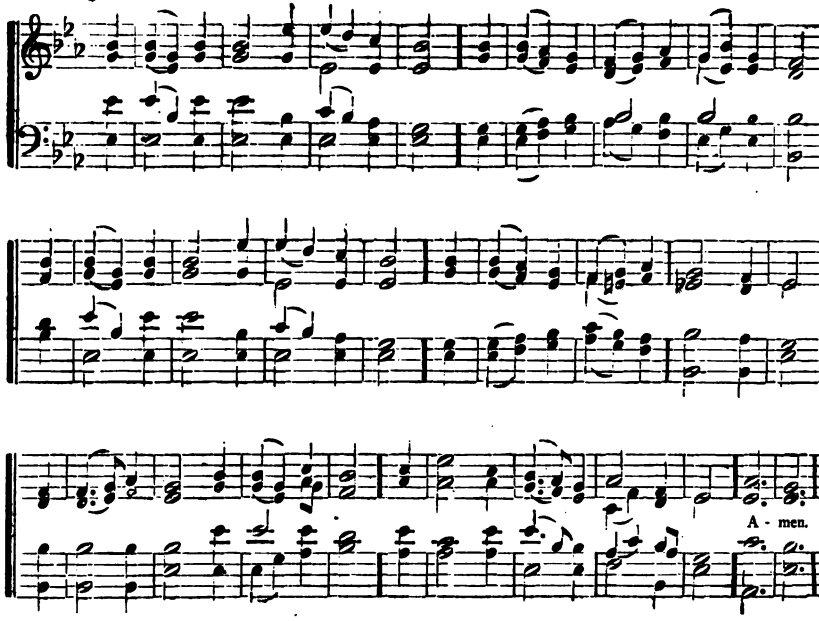
4 The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our hearts
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart;

6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

7 Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:

8 Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose. AMEN.

Hymn 338. E.

"The Lord is my Light."

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go:
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

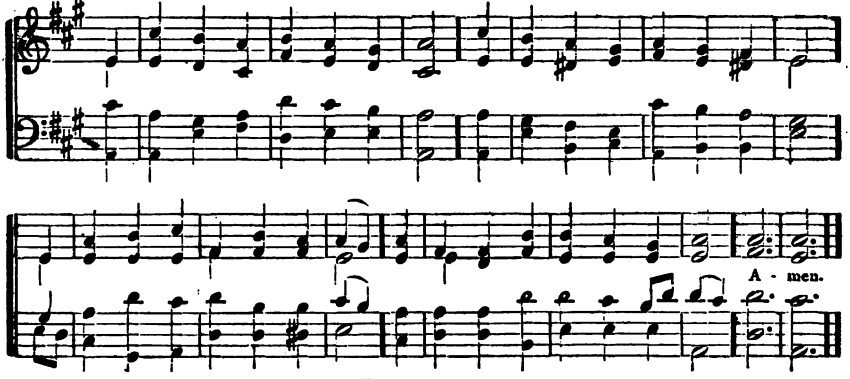
2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

4 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soil'd
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

6 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light. AMEN.

Hymn 339. Y.

"*Darkness and light to Thee are both alike.*"

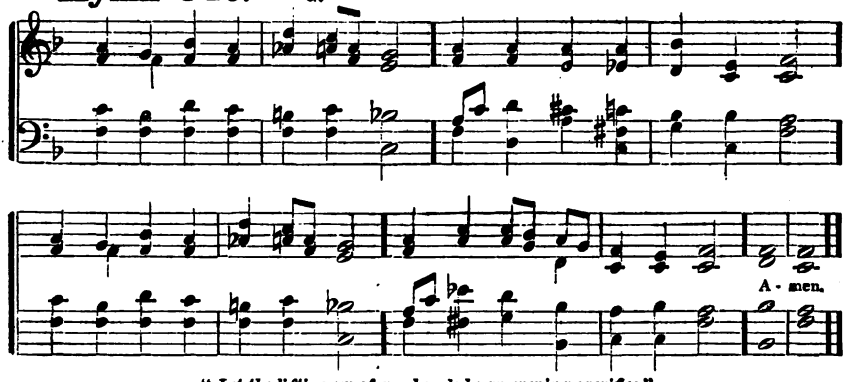
INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

3 Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while Thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend
The heirs of salvation to keep.

4 Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

5 I too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus forever shall join;
And love, and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine. AMEN.

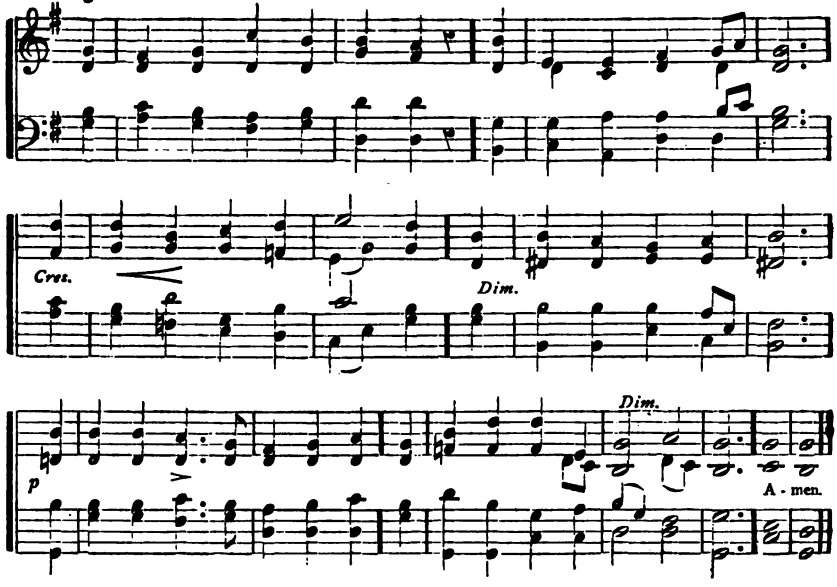
Hymn 340. G.

"*Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.*"

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee:

2 Thou, Whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee:

4 Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye. AMEN.

Hymn 341.

"Thou, Lord, only that makest me dwell in safety."

THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night!

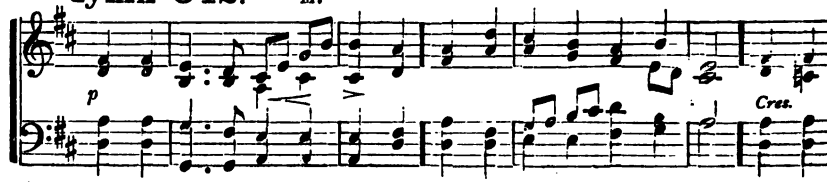
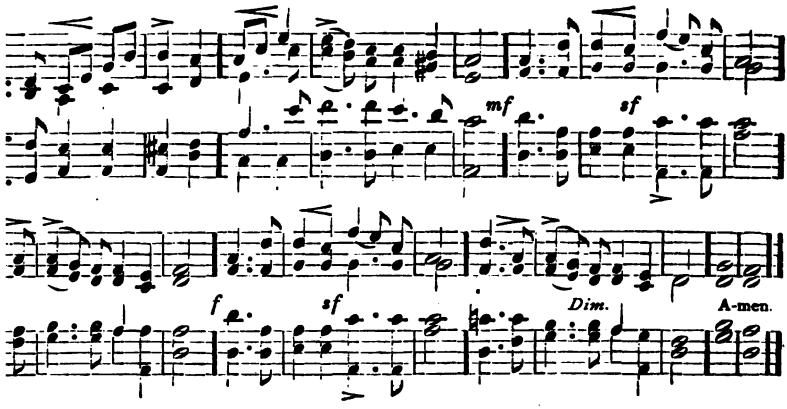
2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
"Against him I have now prevailed:
Rejoice! the child of God has failed."

5 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know,
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

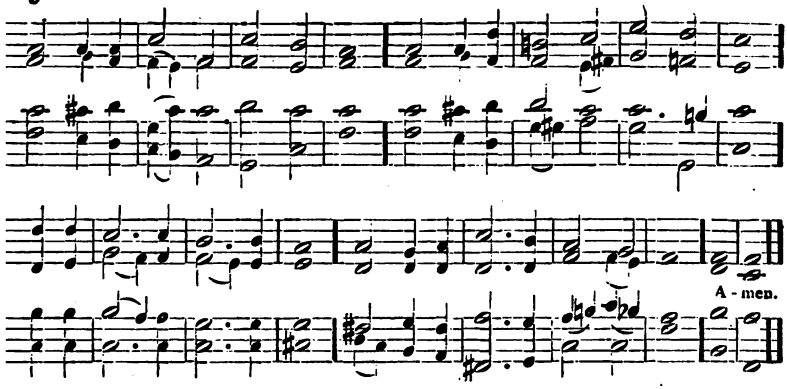
AMEN.

Hymn 342. M.

"*I will lay me down in peace and take my rest.*"

ROUGH the day Thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest,
ugh the silent watches guard us,
t no foe our peace molest;
|: Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee. :|

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
|: And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last. :|

AMEN.

Hymn 343. AA.

"*The Lord is thy keeper.*"

REAT God, to Thee my evening song,
With humble gratitude I raise:
t Thy mercy tune my tongue,
ıd fill my heart with lively praise.

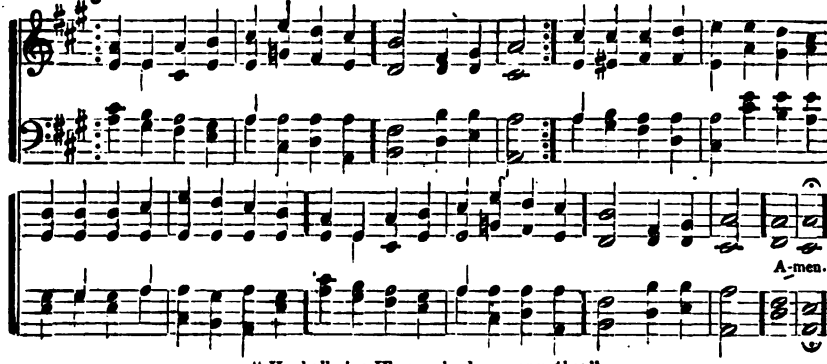
lays unclouded as they pass,
ıd every gently rolling hour,
monuments of wondrous grace,
ıd witness to Thy love and power.

yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
)o oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; His dear Name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

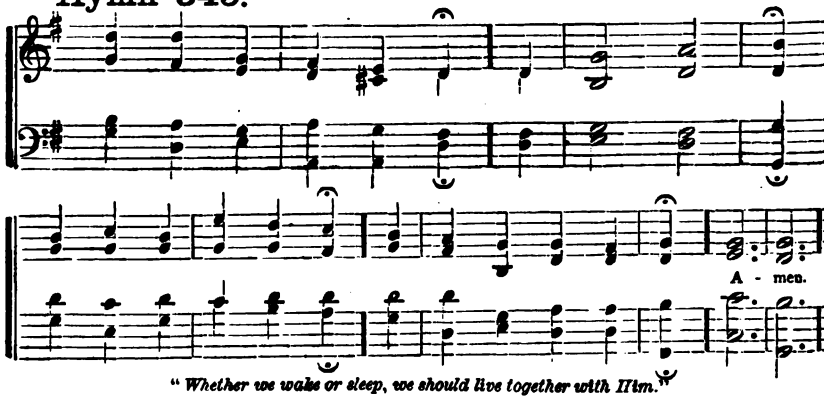
5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy Name.

AMEN.

Hymn 344. W.

"He shall give His angels charge over thee."

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night:
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. AMEN.

Hymn 345.

"Whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resign'd;

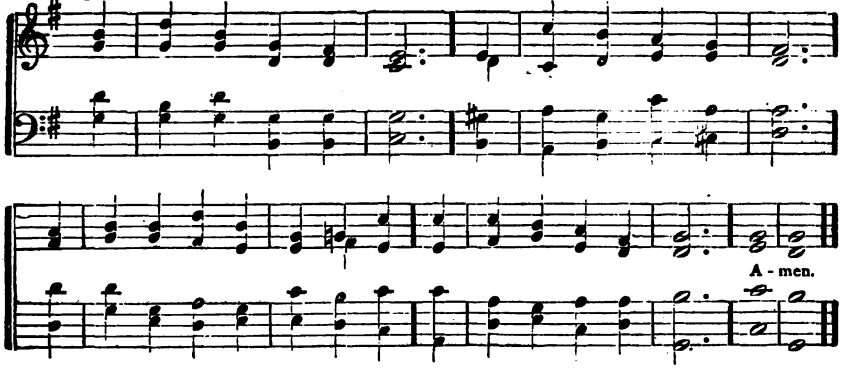
3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One Sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine. AMEN.

Hymn 346. C.

"At eventide it shall be light."

THE day of praise is done:
The evening shadows fall;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

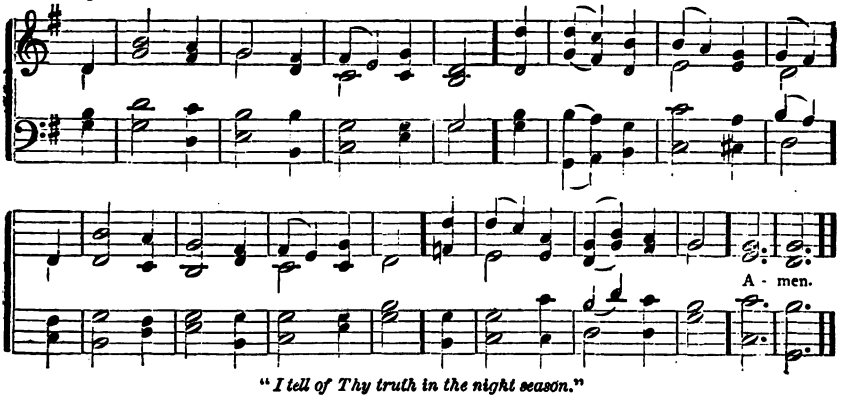
2 Around Thy throne on high
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless songs to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh! the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir.

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

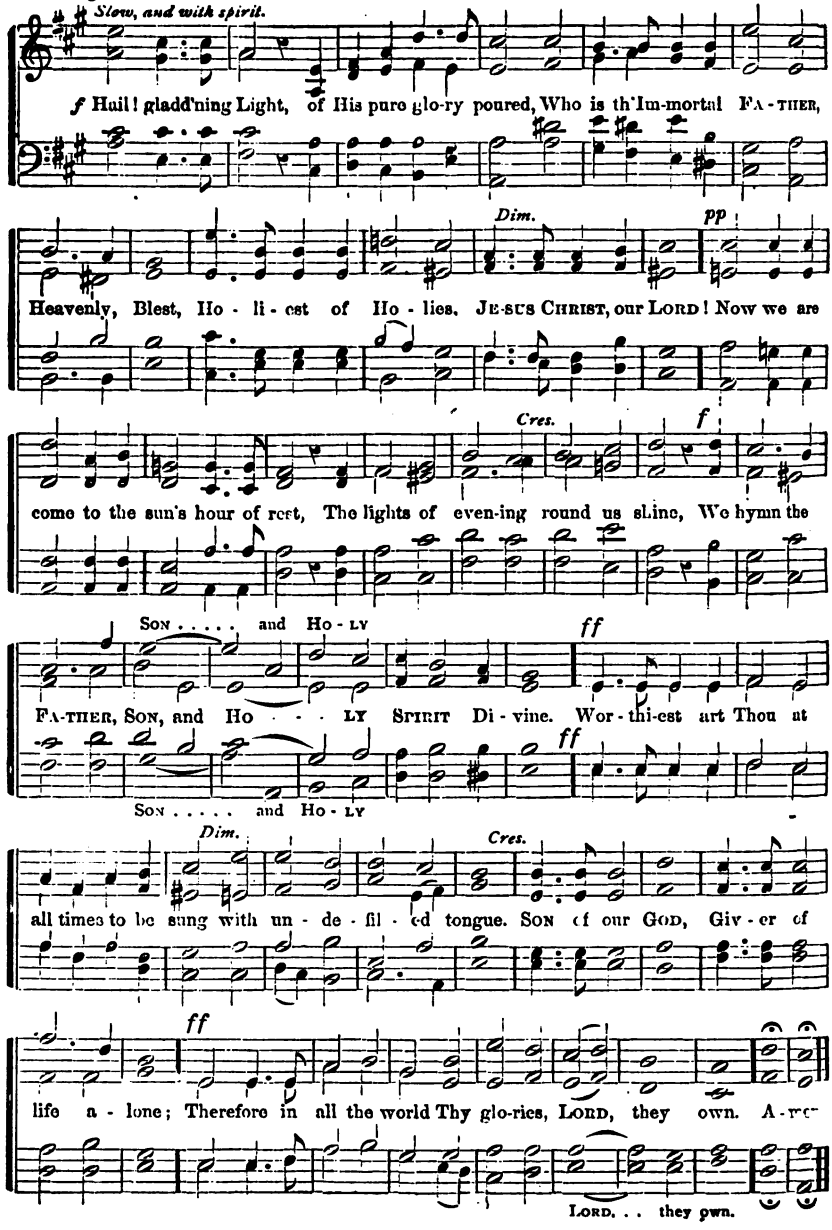
6 Shine Thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend. AMEN.

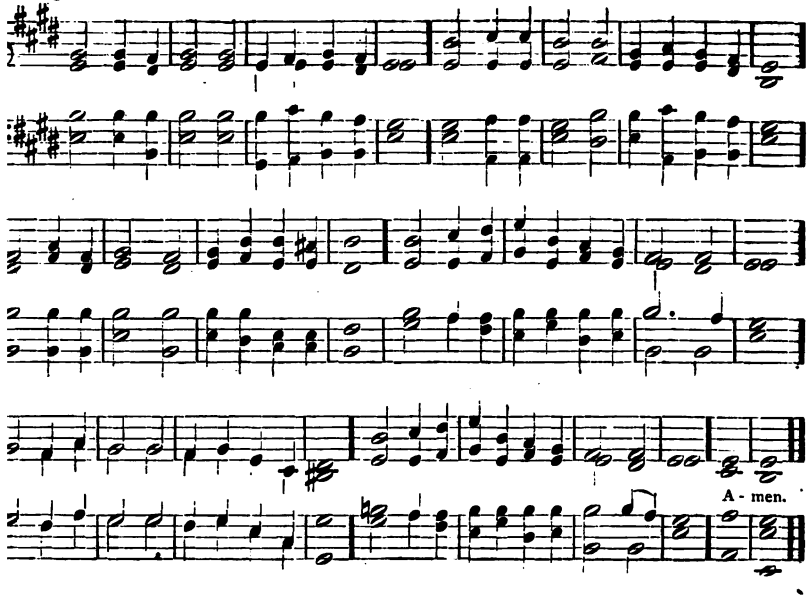
Hymn 347. B.

"I tell of Thy truth in the night season."

NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

3 New time, new favours, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire. AMEN.

Hymn 348.

Slow, and with spirit.
f Hail! gladd'ning Light, of His pure glo-ry poured, Who is th'Im-mortal FA-THER,
Dim.
pp
Heavenly, Blest, Ho - li - est of Ho - lies, JE-SUS CHRIST, our LORD! Now we are
Cres.
f
come to the sun's hour of rest, The lights of even-ing round us shine, We hymn the
SON . . . . . and HO - LY
ff
FA-THER, SON, and Ho - - - LY SPIRIT Di - vine. Wor - thi-est art Thou at
SON . . . . . and HO - LY
ff
Dim.
Cres.
all times to be sung with un - de - fil - ed tongue. SON of our GOD, Giv - er of
ff
life a - lone; Therefore in all the world Thy glo-ries, LORD, they own. A-
LORD. . . they own.

Hymn 349.

"The darkness and light to Thee are both alike."

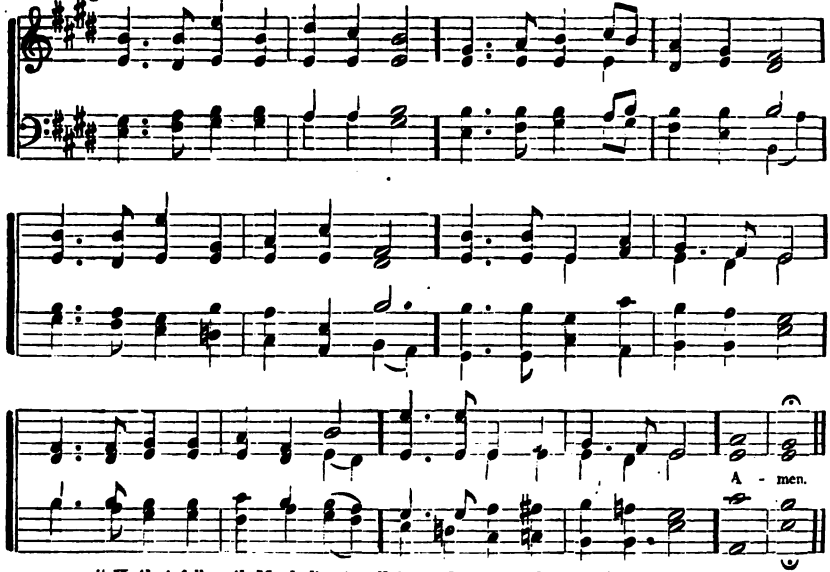
THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:
O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
Eternal Light of light, be with us now:
Where Thou art present darkness cannot be:
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail:
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice—"Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awaken'd by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide. AMEN.

SATURDAY EVENING.

Hymn 350. H.

"*He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.*"

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching holy day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest!

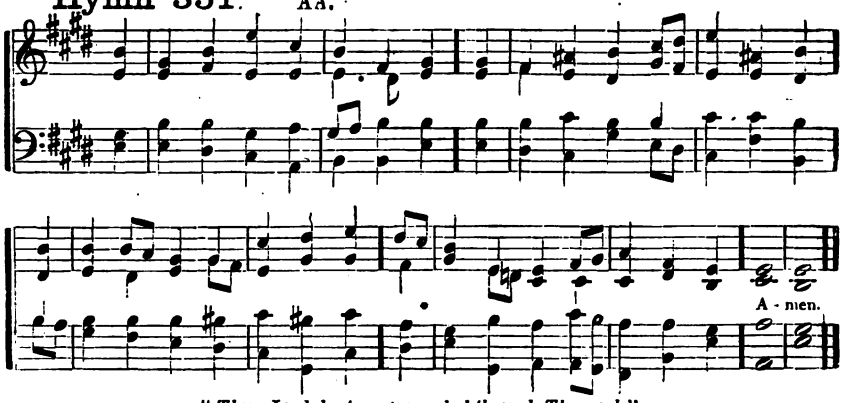
2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by Almighty power,
Fed and guided by His hand:
Though ungrateful we have been,
And repaying love with sin.

3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's Name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
Drive away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this night with Thee.

4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in Thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

5 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints;
Such the days of rest we love,
Till we join the Church above. AMEN.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Hymn 351. AA.

"*Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work.*"

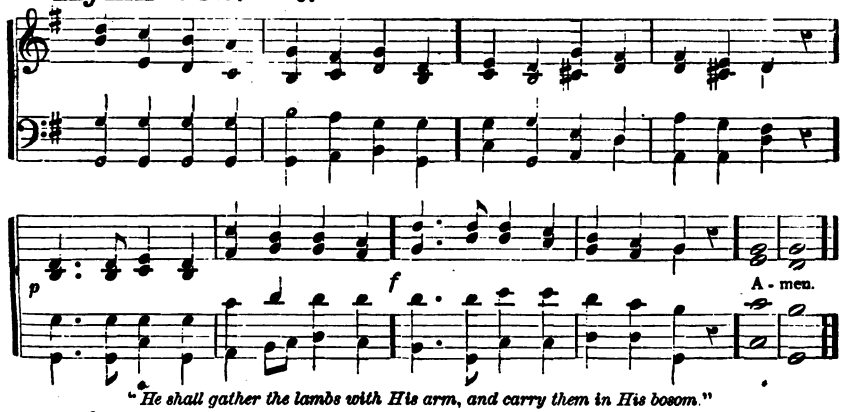
LORD, when this holy morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
All round the world, the feast to keep.

2 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still where evening stretched her shade,
And stars came forth, were heard their songs.

3 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To hearts in trouble Thou wast nigh,
No one hath sought Thy face in vain.

4 The poor in spirit Thou hast fed,
Thy chastened ones have kissed the rod,
The mourner Thou hast comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

AMEN.

Hymn 352. J.

"*He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.*"

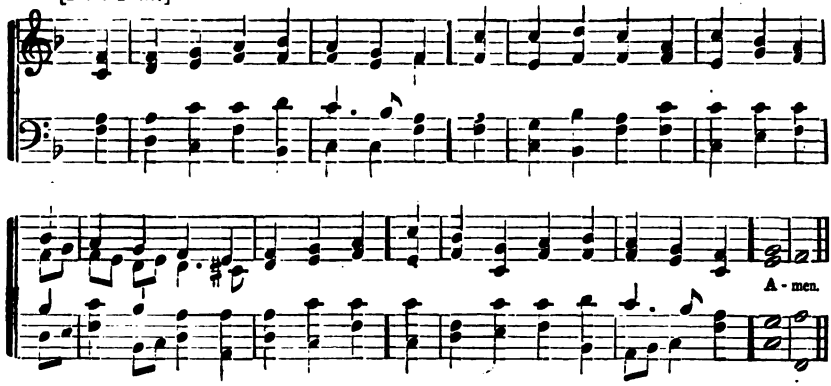
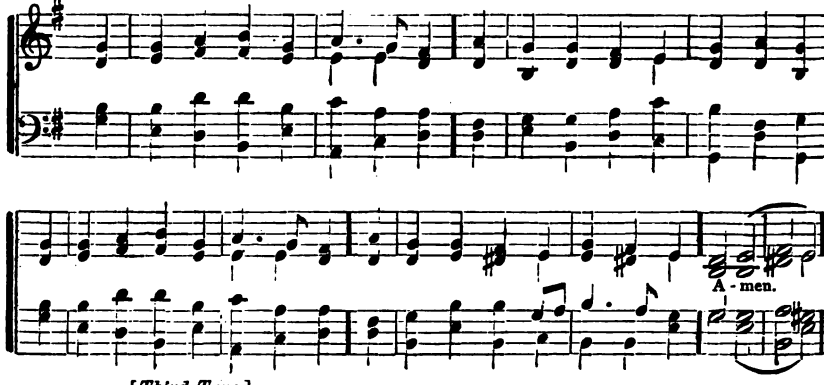
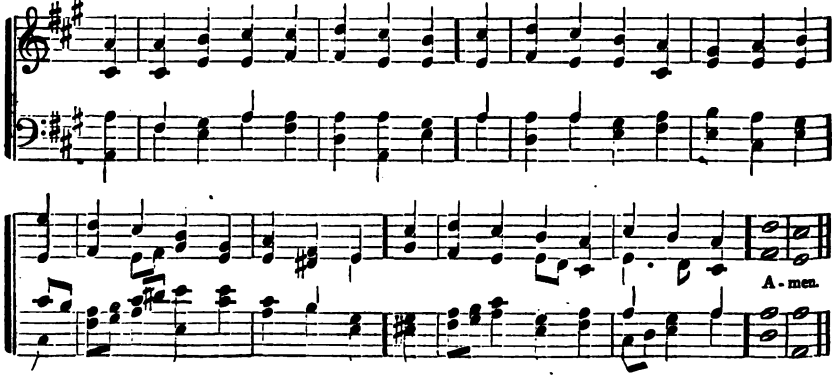
JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer!

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. AMEN.

THE SEVEN HOURS.

Hymns 353—357.

[*First Tune.*]

[*Second Tune.*]

[*Third Tune.*]

SEE TUNES ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

BEFORE DAWN.

nn 353.

"I myself will awake right early."

wingèd herald of the day
Proclaims the morn's approaching ray:
rist the Lord renews His call,
dless life awakening all.

e up thy bed," to each He cries,
sick, or wrapp'd in slumber, lies:
haste, and, living soberly,
ı ye, for I the Lord am nigh."

earnest cry, with tearful care,
e the Lord to hear our prayer;
supplication, pure and deep,
ls each chastened heart to sleep.

her, that we ask be done,
gh Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
live and reign eternally. AMEN.

FIRST HOUR.

Hymn 354.

"Early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up."

DAWN purples all the east with light;
Day o'er the earth is gliding bright;
Morn's sparkling rays their course begin;
Farewell to darkness and to sin!

2 Each evil dream of night, depart,
Each thought of guilt, forsake the heart!
Let every ill that darkness brought
Beneath its shade, now come to naught!

3 So that last morning, dread and great,
Which we with trembling hope await,
With blessèd light for us shall glow,
Who chant the song we learnt below.

4 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. AMEN.

THIRD HOUR.

nn 355.

It is but the third hour of the day."

ME, Holy Ghost, with God the Son,
And God the Father, ever one;
forth Thy grace within our breast,
dwell with us, a ready Guest.

very power, by heart and tongue,
ct and deed, Thy praise be sung;
me with perfect love each sense,
others' souls may kindle thence.

ther, that we ask be done,
ugh Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
live and reign eternally. AMEN.

SIXTH HOUR.

Hymn 356.

"At noonday will I pray."

O GOD of truth, O Lord of might,
Who, ordering time and change aright,
Sendest the early morning ray,
Kindling the glow of perfect day;

2 Extinguish Thou each sinful fire,
And banish every ill desire:
And, keeping all the body whole,
Shed forth Thy peace upon the soul.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. AMEN.

NINTH HOUR

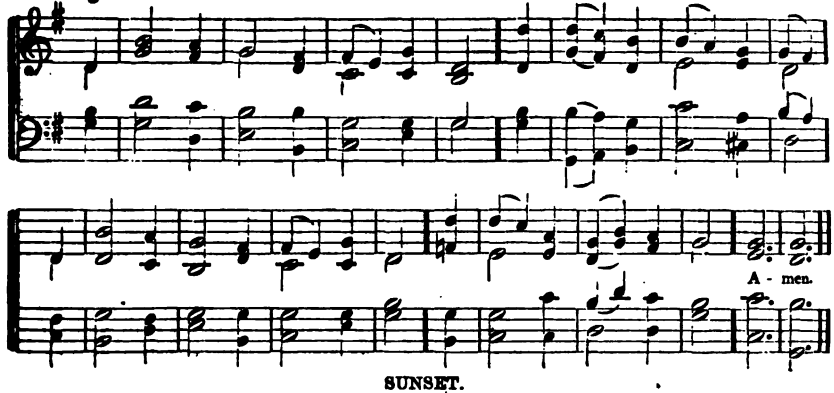
Hymn 357.

"The hour of prayer being the ninth hour."

O GOD! creation's secret Force,
Thyself unmoved, all motion's Source,
Who, from the morn till evening's ray,
Through all its changes guidest the day,

2 Grant us, when this short life is past,
The glorious evening that shall last;
That, by a holy death attained,
Eternal glory may be gained.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. AMEN.

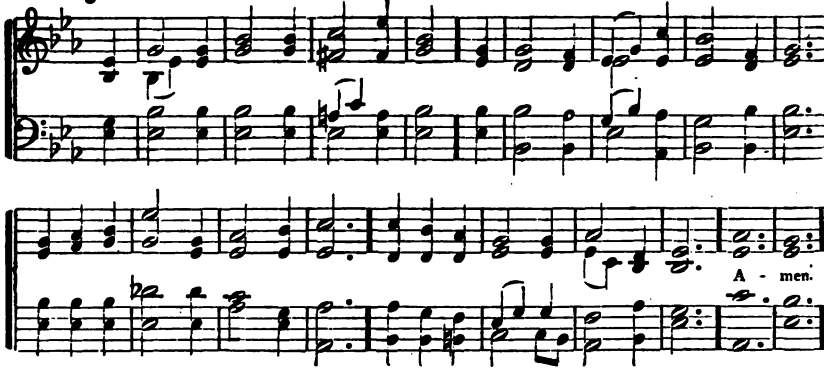
Hymn 358.

SUNSET.

"I will meditate upon Thee in the night watches."

AS now the sun's declining rays
Toward the eve descend,
E'en so our years are sinking down
To their appointed end.

2 Lord, on the Cross Thine arms were stretch'd
To draw Thy people nigh;
O grant us then that Cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

3 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel host. AMEN.

Hymn 359.

NIGHT WATCH.

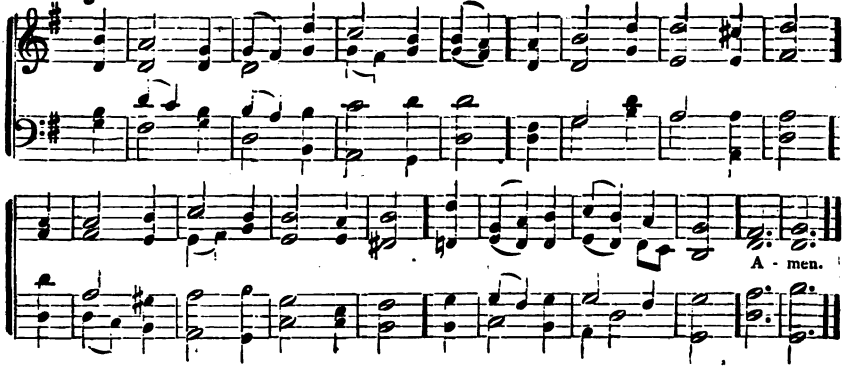
"Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night."

BEFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray,
That with Thy wonted favor, Thou
Wouldst be our Guard and Keeper now.

2 From all ill dreams defend our sight,
From fears and terrors of the night;
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,
That spot of sin we may not know.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee
Doth live and reign eternally. AMEN.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

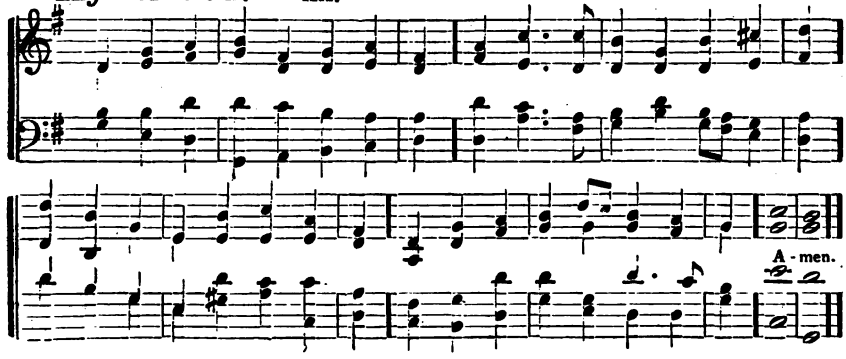
Hymn 360. B.

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

FATHER of mercies! in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there. AMEN.

Hymn 361. AA.

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works."

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

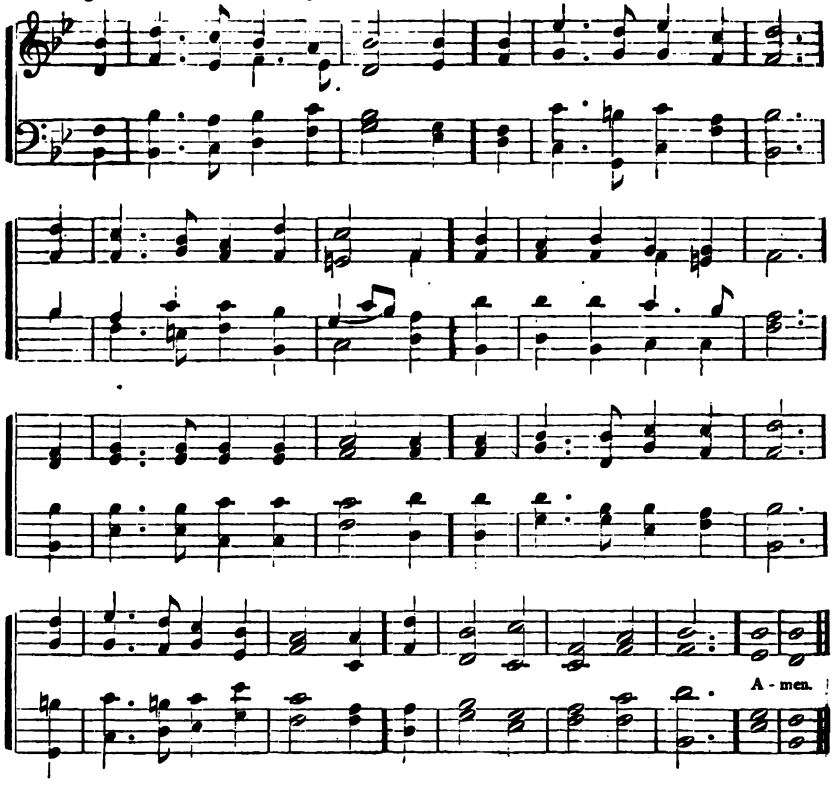
2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and *glanced on every* land.

4 Nor will Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.
AMEN.

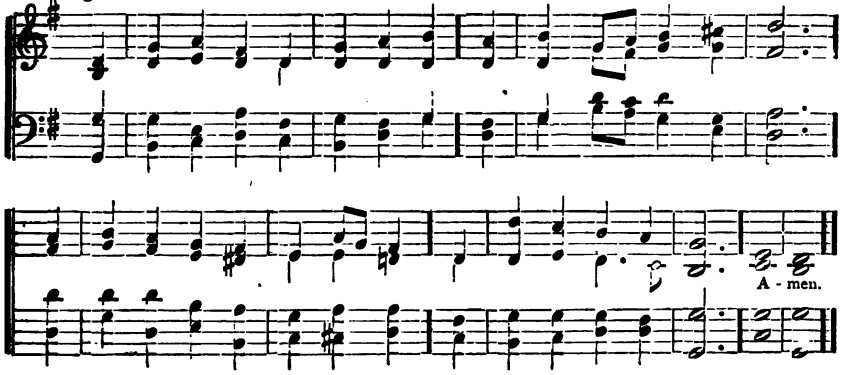
Hymn 362. Q.

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

O WORD of God incarnate,
O wisdom from on high,
O truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky!
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallow'd page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurl'd,
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnish'd gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face. AMEN.

Hymn 363. B.

"The law of the Lord is an undefiled law, converting the soul."

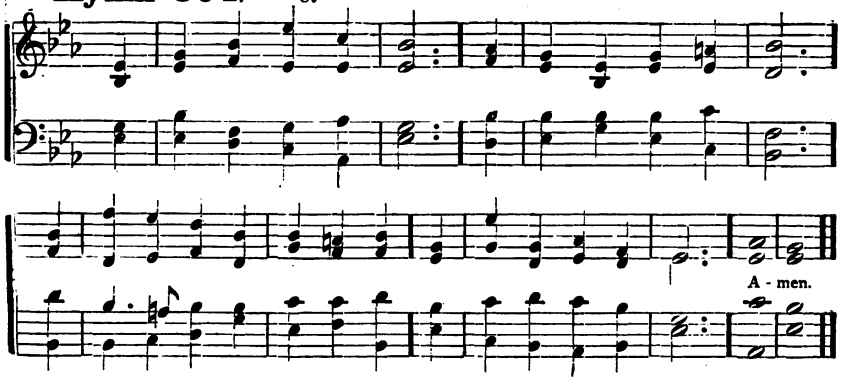
GOD'S perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom His sure word
The ignorant inspires.

2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.

3 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd;

4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warning give:
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by Thy precepts live. AMEN.

Hymn 364. C.

"How excellent is Thy loving kindness, O God."

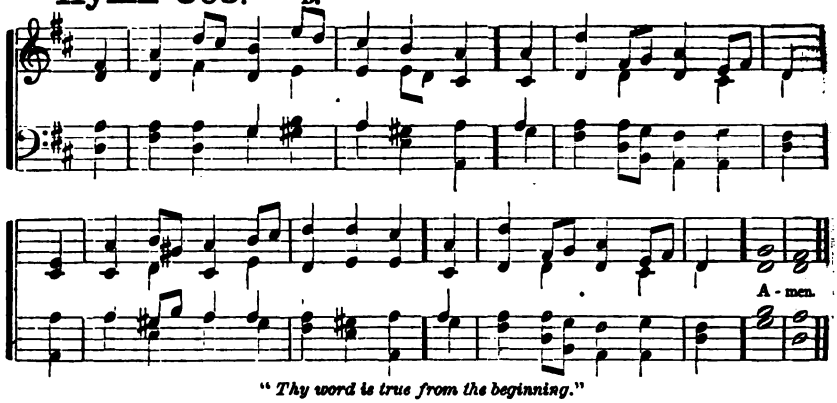
BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way!
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

4 I hear Thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send Thy good spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray. AMEN.

Hymn 365. B.



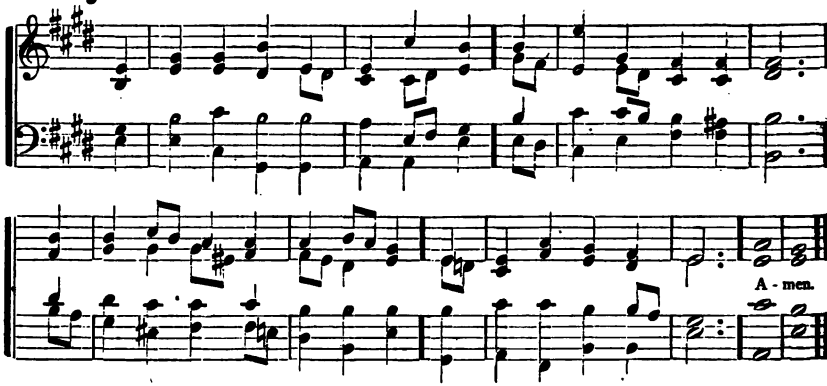
"*Thy word is true from the beginning.*"

A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun:
It gives a light to every age:
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above. AMEN.

Hymn 366. B.

"*Thy Word is a lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths.*"

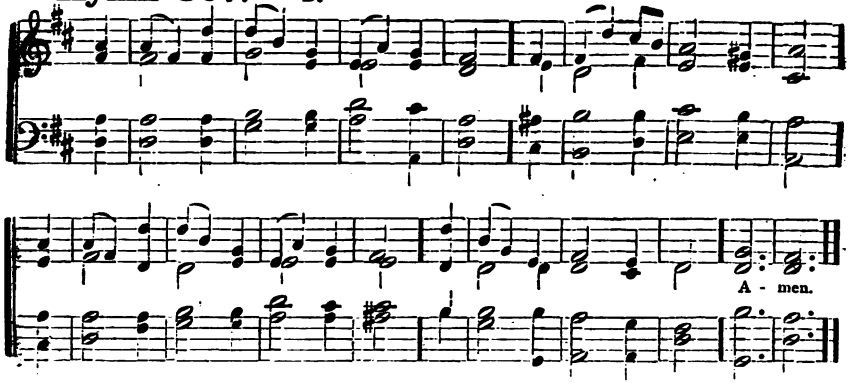
THY word is to my feet a lamp,
The way of truth to show;
A watch-light, to point out the path
In which I ought to go.

2 I've vow'd—and from my covenant, Lord,
Will never start aside—
That in Thy righteous judgments I
Will steadfastly abide.

3 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With Thee acceptance find;
And in Thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.

4 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.

5 My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey;
And, till my course of life is done,
Shall keep Thine upright way. AMEN.

Hymn 367. B.

"The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

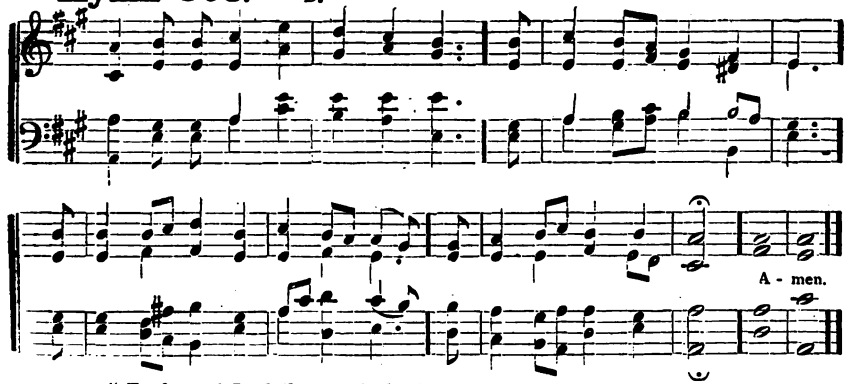
2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat,
Perform their courses still.

6 Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere. AMEN.

Hymn 368. B.

"Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes, and I shall keep it unto the end."

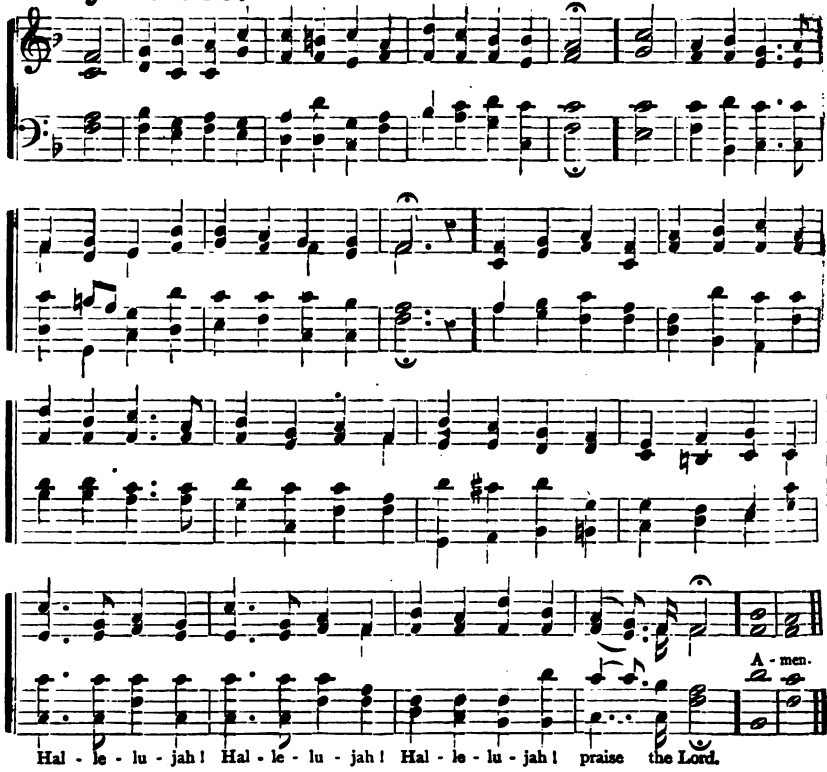
INSTRUCT me in Thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display;
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.

2 If Thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep Thy *perfect laws I will*
Devote my zealous heart.

3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which Thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

4 Do Thou to Thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From Thee my thoughts divert. AMEN.

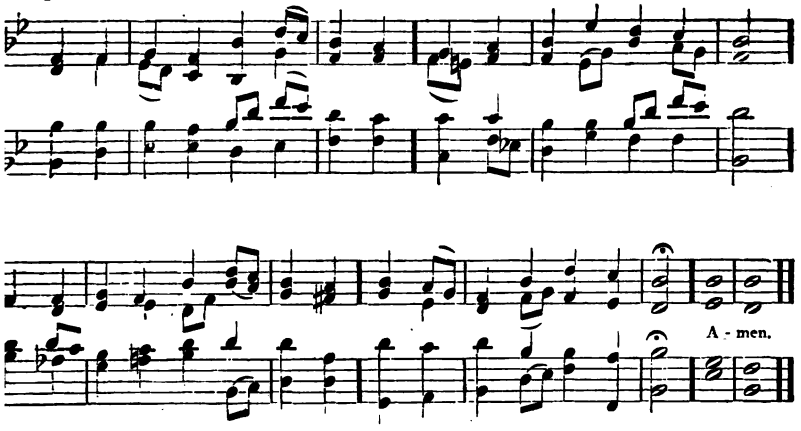
REDEMPTION.

Hymn 369.

"*My heart shall rejoice in Thy salvation.*"

SALVATION, O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer;
Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
Glory, honour, etc.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
Glory, honour, etc. AMEN.

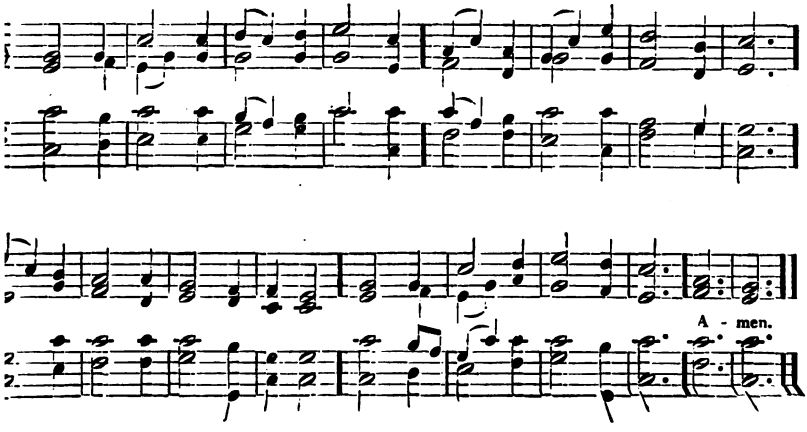
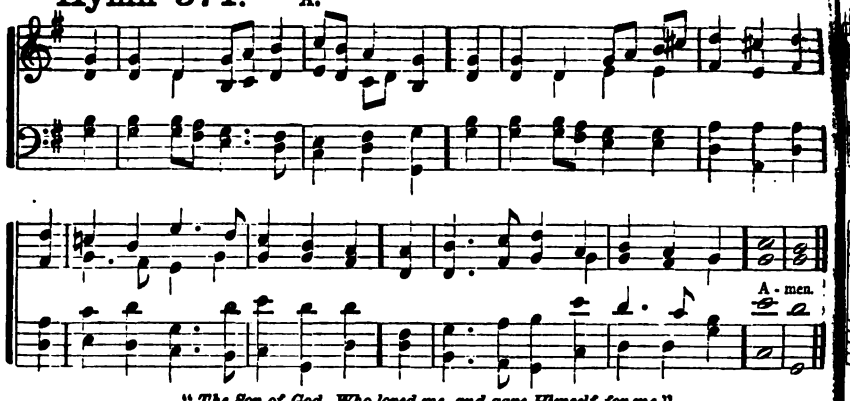
Hymn 370. J. [*First Tune.*]

"*Every day will I give thanks unto Thee, and praise Thy Name for ever and ever.*"

SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home. AMEN.

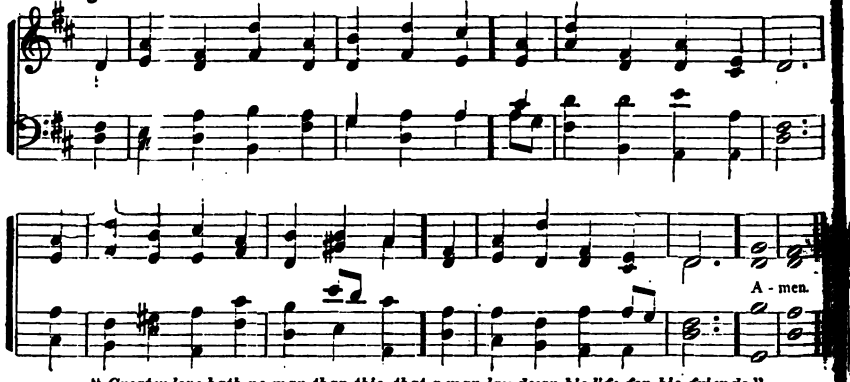
J. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 371. A.

"*The Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.*"

ALL glorious God, what hymn of praise
Shall our transported voices raise!
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view!

2 Once we were fallen, and O how low!
Just on the brink of endless woe:
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,

3 Scattered the shades of death and night,
And spread around His heavenly light:
By Him what wondrous grace is shown
To souls impoverish'd and undone!

4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait
To share their holy, happy state. AMEN.

Hymn 372. B.

"*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*"

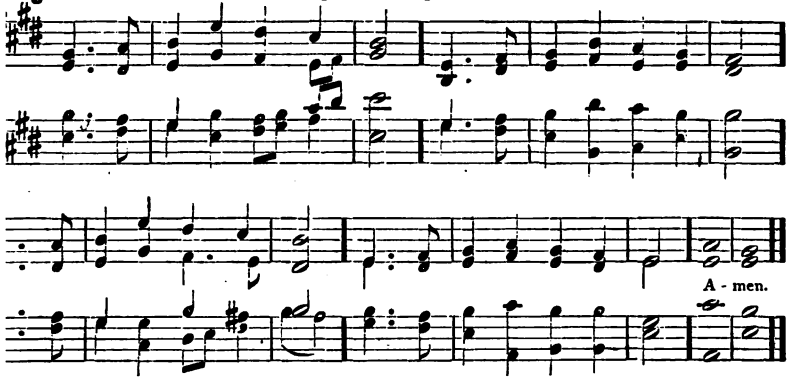
TO our Redeemer's glorious Name
Awake the sacred song;
O may His love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die:
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love Thy charming Name,
And join the sacred song. AMEN.

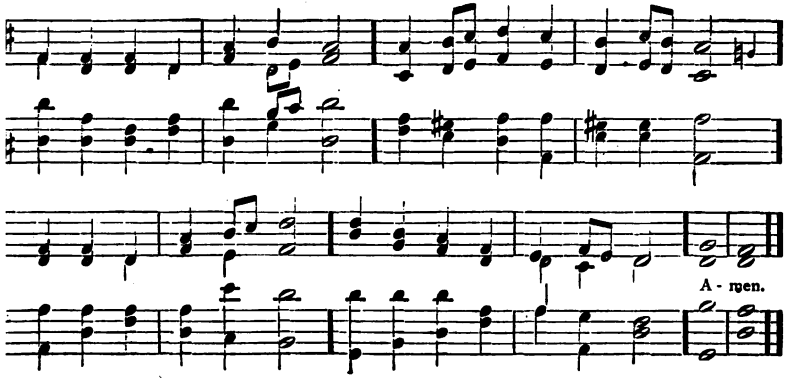
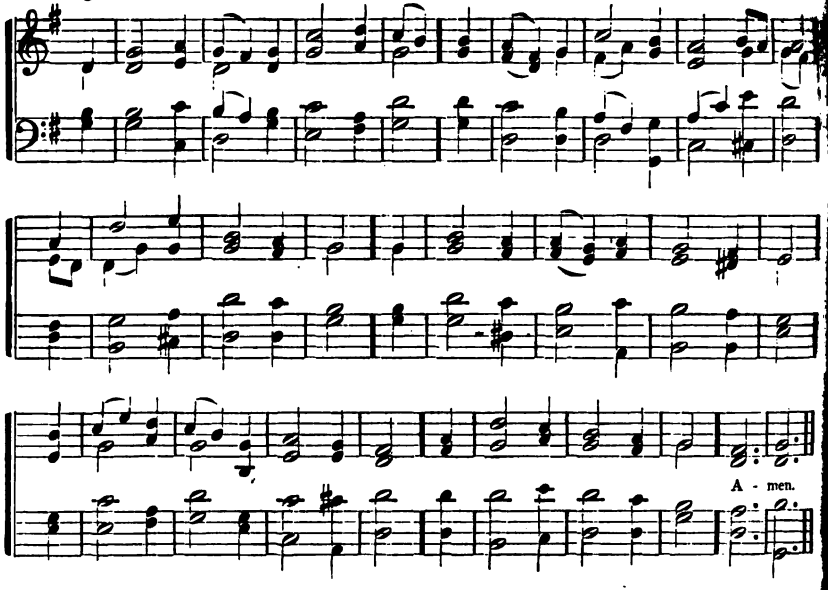
Hymn 373. G. [*First Tune.*]

"*There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.*"

SING, my soul, His wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends His grace.

2 Heaven and earth by Him were made,
All is by His sceptre sway'd;
What are we that He should show
So much love to us below?

3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by His Spirit pure.

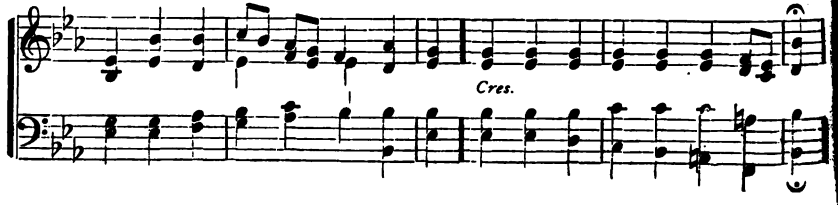
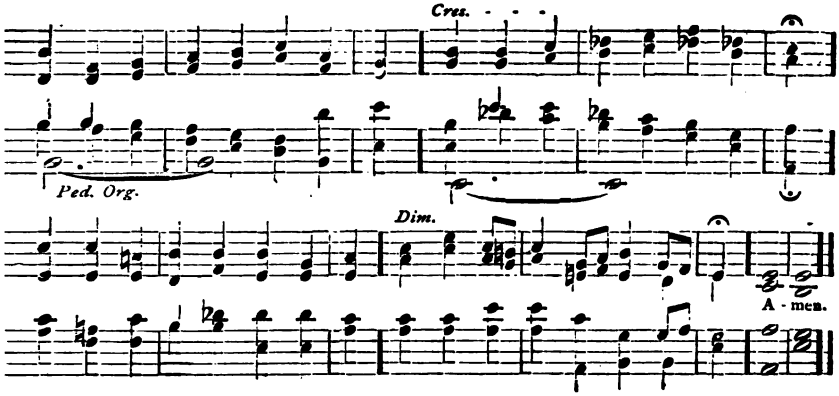
4 Sing, my soul, adore His Name,
Let His glory be thy theme:
Praise Him till He calls thee home,
Trust His love for all to come. AMEN.

1. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 374. D.

"God hath given Him a name which is above every name."

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

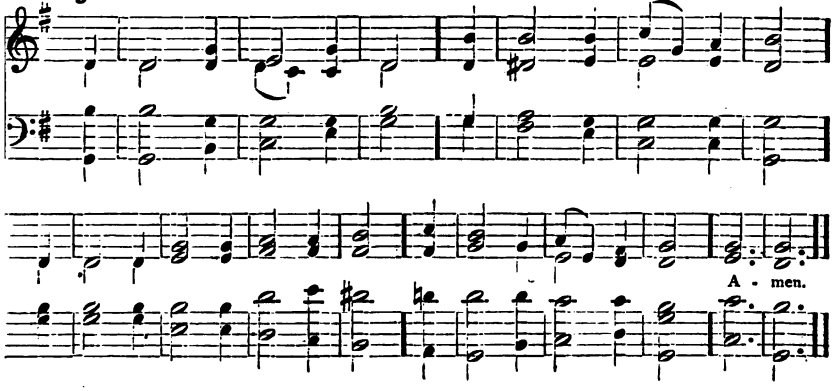
2 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all His glories known.

3 O the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace. AMEN.

Hymn 375. F.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the note of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain and heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In Him thy Refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word;
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord.
AMEN.

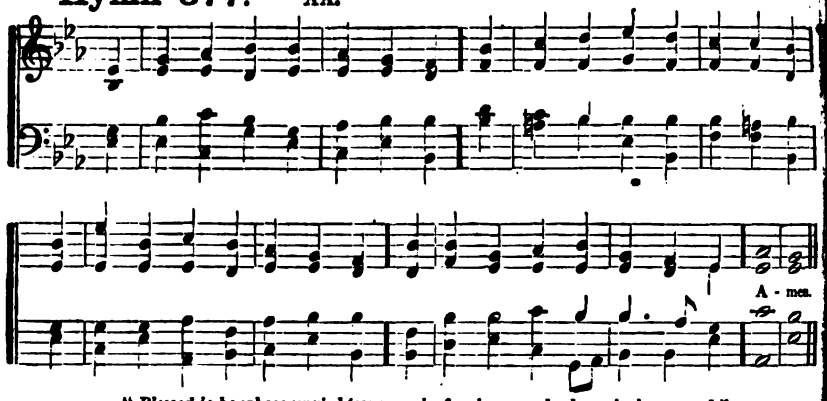
Hymn 376. C.

"By grace ye are saved through faith."

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise. AMEN.

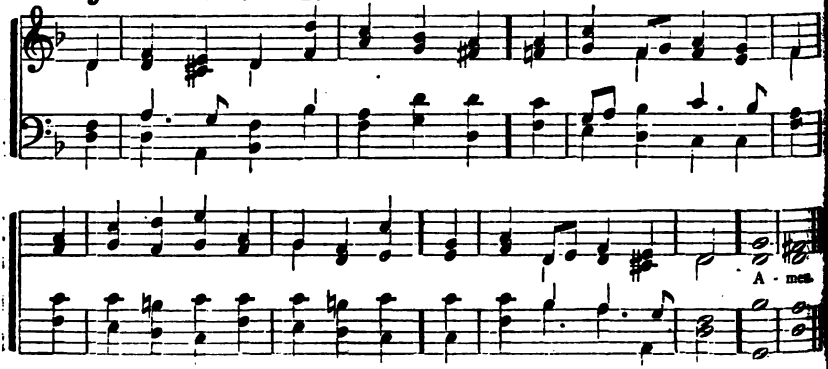
Hymn 377. AA.

"Blessed is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven, and whose sin is covered."

HE'S blest, whose sins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear,
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.

2 No sooner I my wound disclosed,
The guilt that tortured me within,
But Thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

3 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
The harden'd sinner shall confound;
But them who in His truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

4 His saints that have perform'd His laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy. AMEN.

Hymn 378. B.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

ALL ye who seek for sure relief
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress:

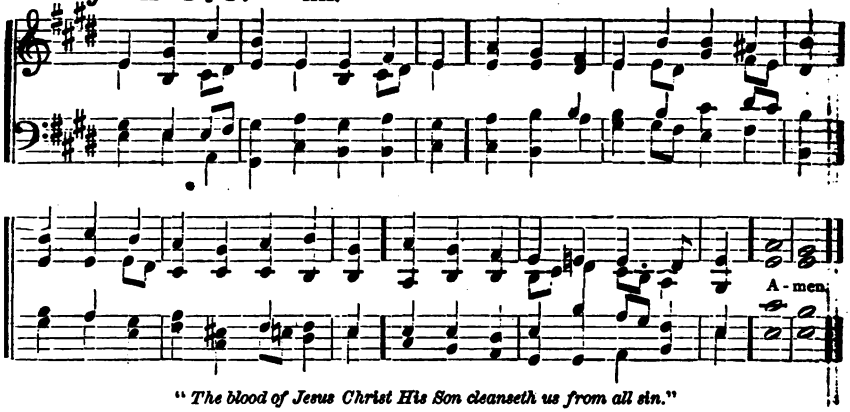
2 Jesus, Who gave Himself for you,
Upon the Cross to die,
Opens to you His sacred heart:
O to that heart draw nigh.

3 Ye hear how kindly He invites;
Ye hear His words so blest:
"All ye that labour come to Me,
And I will give you rest."

4 O Jesus, joy of saints on high,
Thou hope of sinners here,
Attracted by those loving words,
To Thee I lift my prayer.

5 Wash Thou my wounds in that dear blood
Which forth from Thee doth flow;
New grace, new hope inspire; a new
And better heart bestow. AMEN.

Hymn 379. AA.

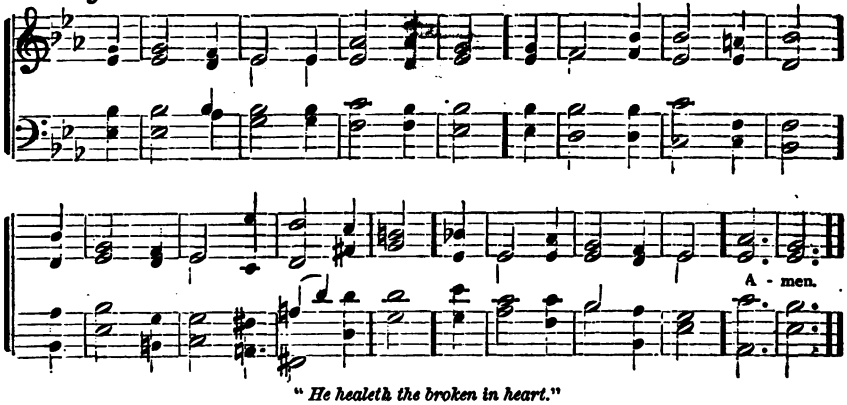


"*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*"

AH, not like erring man is God,
That men to answer Him should dare;
Condemn'd, and into silence awed,
They helpless stand before His bar.

2 There must a Mediator plead,
Who, God and man, may both embrace;
With God for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.

3 And lo! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crown'd:
In Him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In Him thy righteousness be found. AMEN.

Hymn 380. B.

"*He healeth the broken in heart.*"

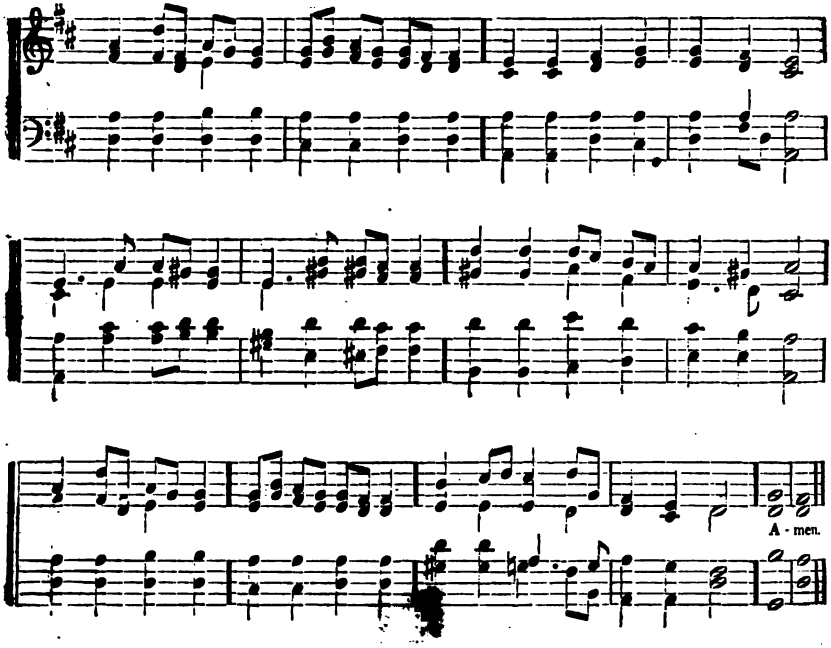
WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden heart,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touch'd with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide:
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side. AMEN.

Hymn 381. L.

"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore:
Jesus ready stands to save you,
And His heart with love runs o'er;
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

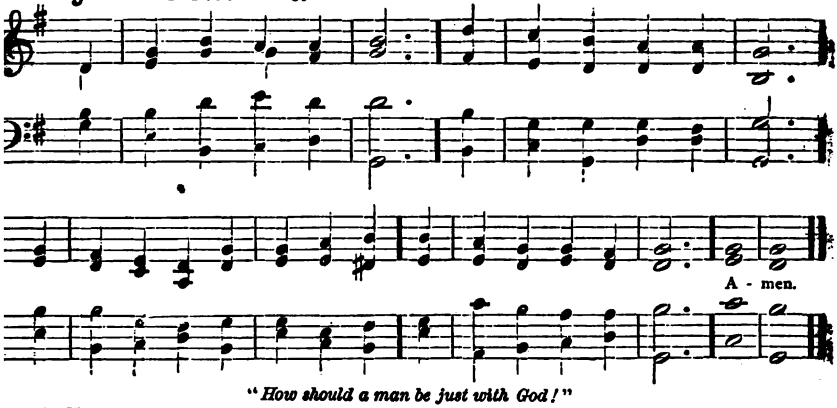
2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him—venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful courts of heaven
Sweetly echo with His Name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same. AMEN.

Hymn 382. C.

"*How should a man be just with God!*"

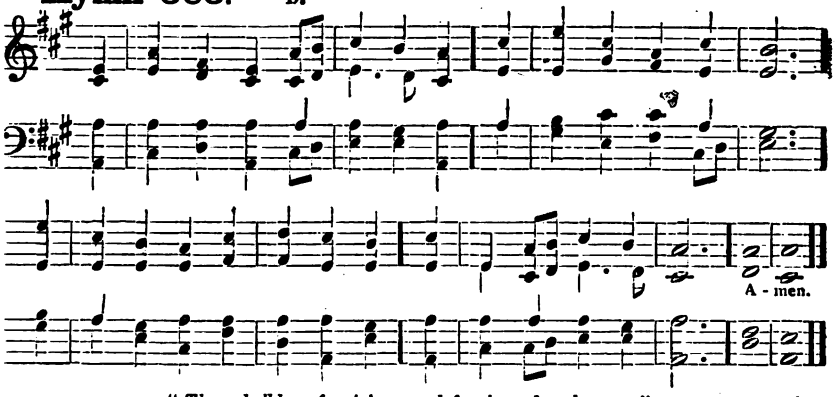
AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If He contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath His rod.

2 If He our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with Thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in Thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake:
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet Him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood. AMEN.

Hymn 383. B.

"*There shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness.*"

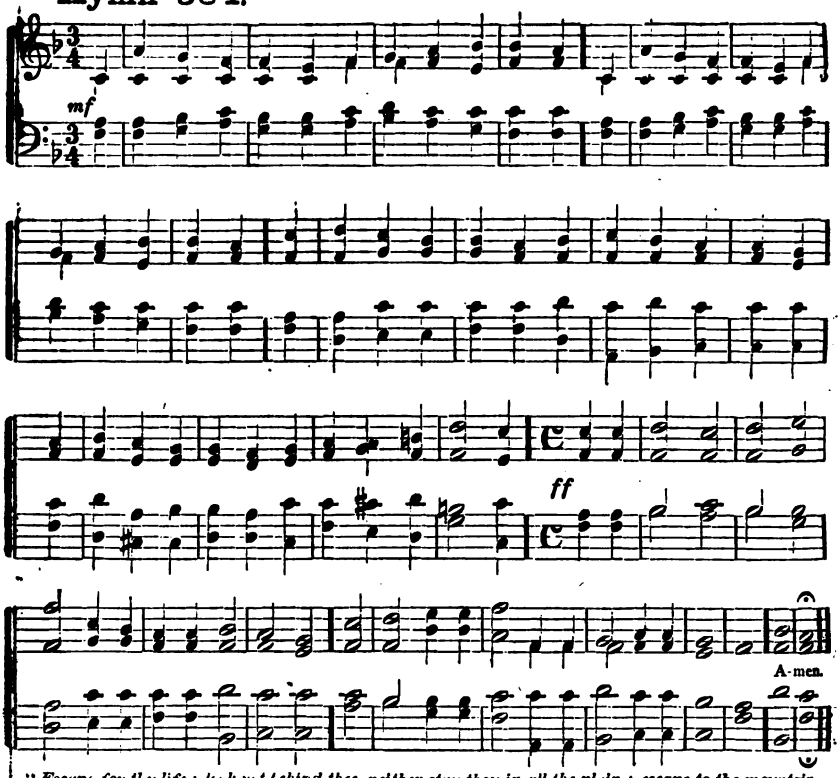
THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear, dying lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never *lose its power,*
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. AMEN.

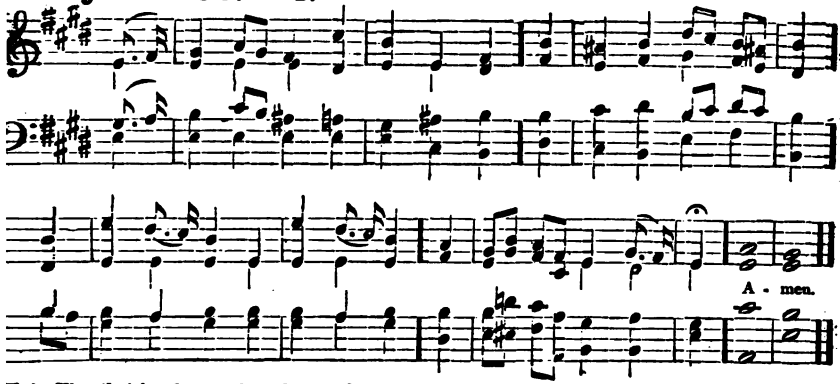
Hymn 384.

"Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed."

THE voice of free grace
Cries, Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race
Christ hath opened a fountain:
For sin and uncleanness
And every transgression,
His blood flows most freely
In streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who hath bought us our pardon;
We'll praise Him again
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded,
To Jesus repair;
He calls you in mercy,
And can you forbear?
Though your sins be as scarlet,
Still flee to the mountain,
That blood can remove them
Which streams from this fountain.
Hallelujah, etc.

3 O Jesus! ride onward,
Triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell
Thou'rt more than victorious;
Thy Name is the theme
Of the great congregation,
While angels and saints
Raise the shout of salvation.
Hallelujah, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand
When escaped to that shore;
With our harps in our hand
We will praise Him the more:
We'll range the sweet fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation
For ever and ever.
Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who hath bought us our pardon;
We'll praise Him again
When we pass over Jordan. AMEN.

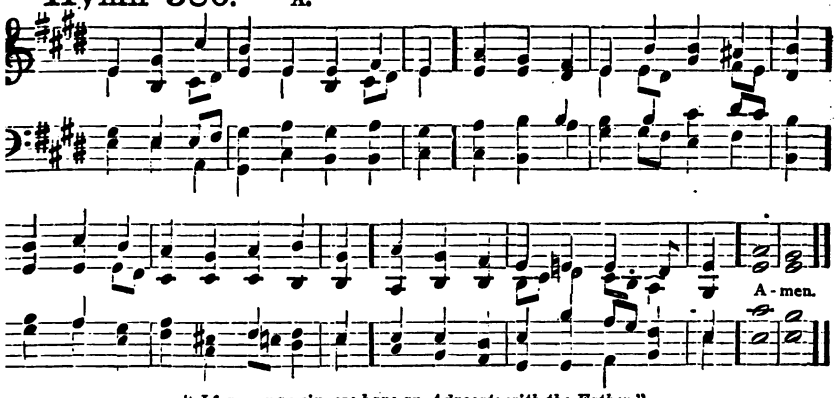
Hymn 385. B.

Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

NOW to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on His head!

2 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee. AMEN.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

REPENTANCE.

Hymn 386. A.

"*If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father.*"

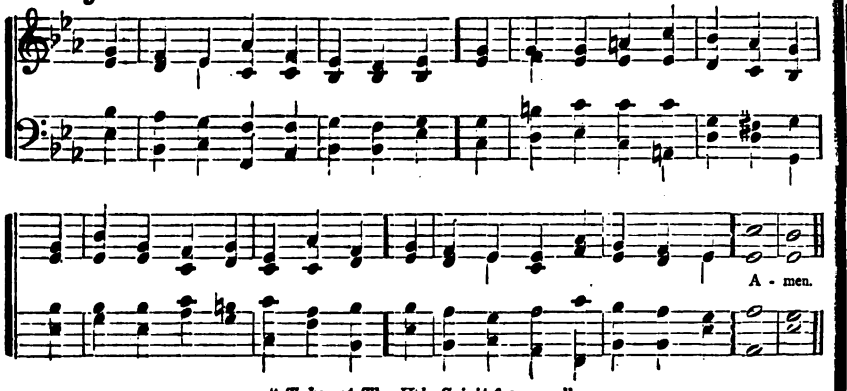
O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.

Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from Thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 O may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song:
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.
AMEN.

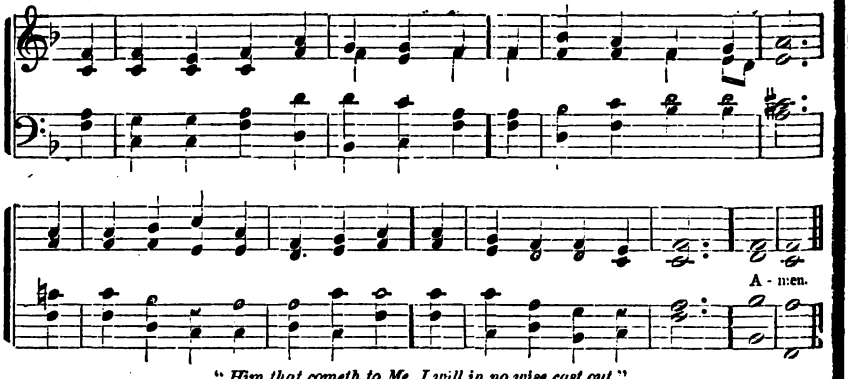
Hymn 387. AA.

"*Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.*"

STAY, Thou long-suffering Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
And long in vain Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet O the mourning sinner spare,
In honour of my great High-Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from Thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land. AMEN.

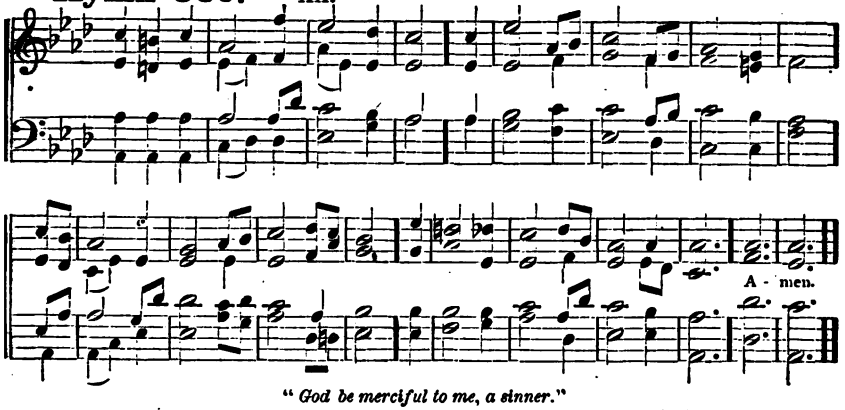
Hymn 388. B.

"*Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.*"

O JESUS, Saviour of the lost,
My Rock and Hiding-place,
By storms of sin and sorrow toss'd,
I seek Thy sheltering grace.

2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.

3 Once safe in Thine Almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee. AMEN.

Hymn 389. AA.

"*God be merciful to me, a sinner.*"

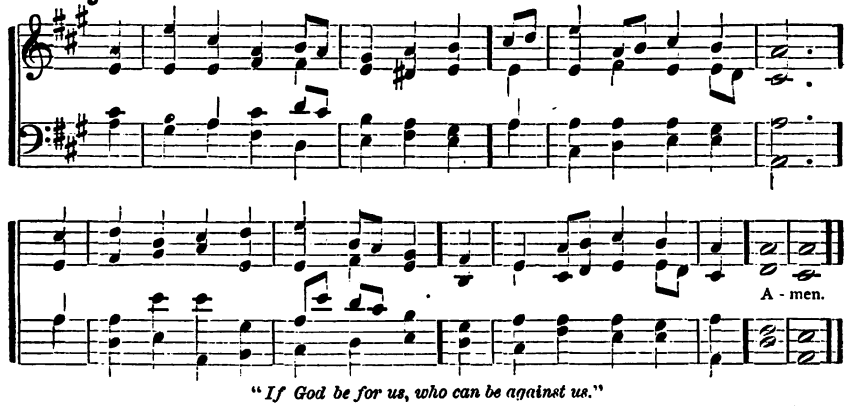
O THAT my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God;
The light and easy burden prove,
The Cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of Thy dying love.

5 I would, but Thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace. AMEN.

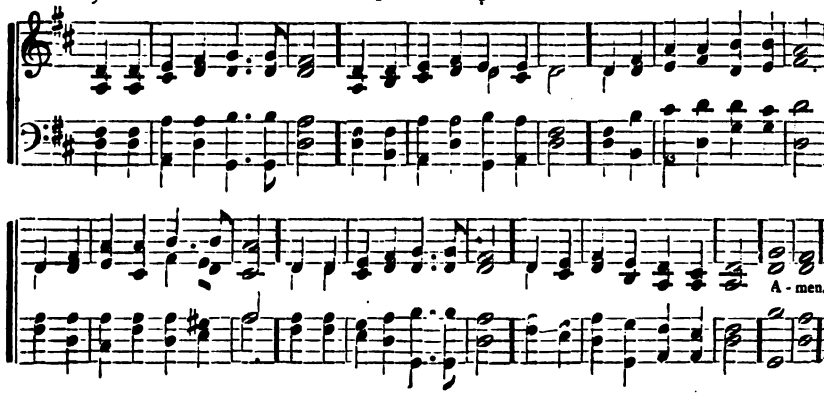
Hymn 390. B. FAITH.

"*If God be for us, who can be against us.*"

O LET triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and woe:
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who, who shall be our foe?

2 He Who His only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall He not all things freely grant
That boundless love can give?

3 Who now His people shall accuse?
'Tis God hath justified;
Who now His people shall condemn?
The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And He Who died hath risen again,
Triumphant from the grave;
At God's right hand for us He pleads,
Omnipotent to save. AMEN.

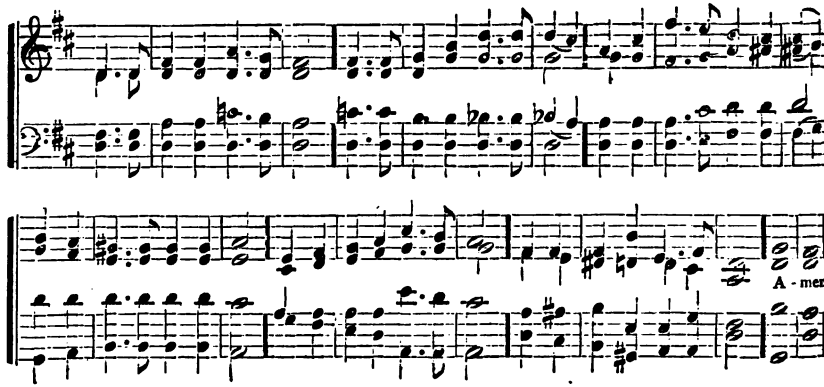
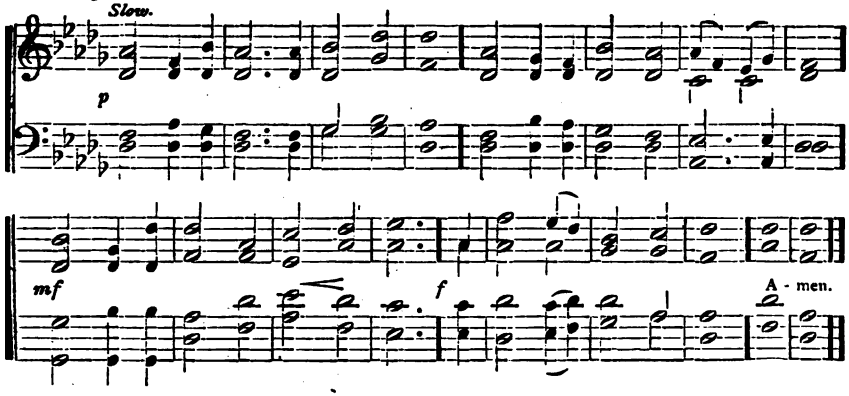
Hymn 391. H. [*First Tune.*]

"*I will put thee in a clift of the rock.*"

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. AMEN.

H. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 392. X. [*First Tune.*]

"*To whom shall we go but unto Thee.*"

JUST as I am,—without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

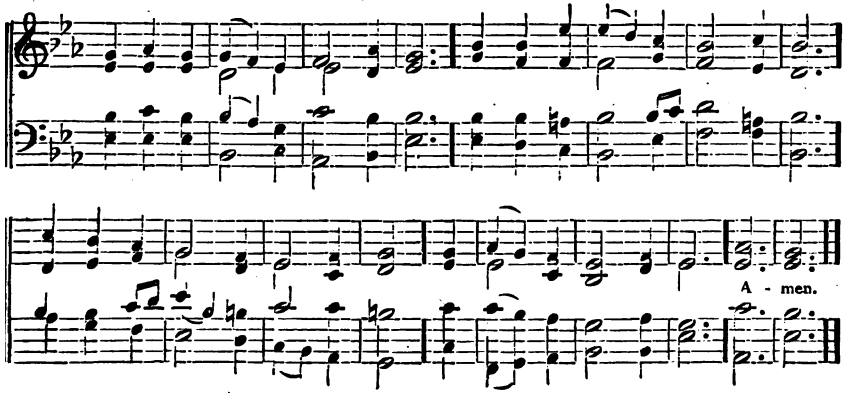
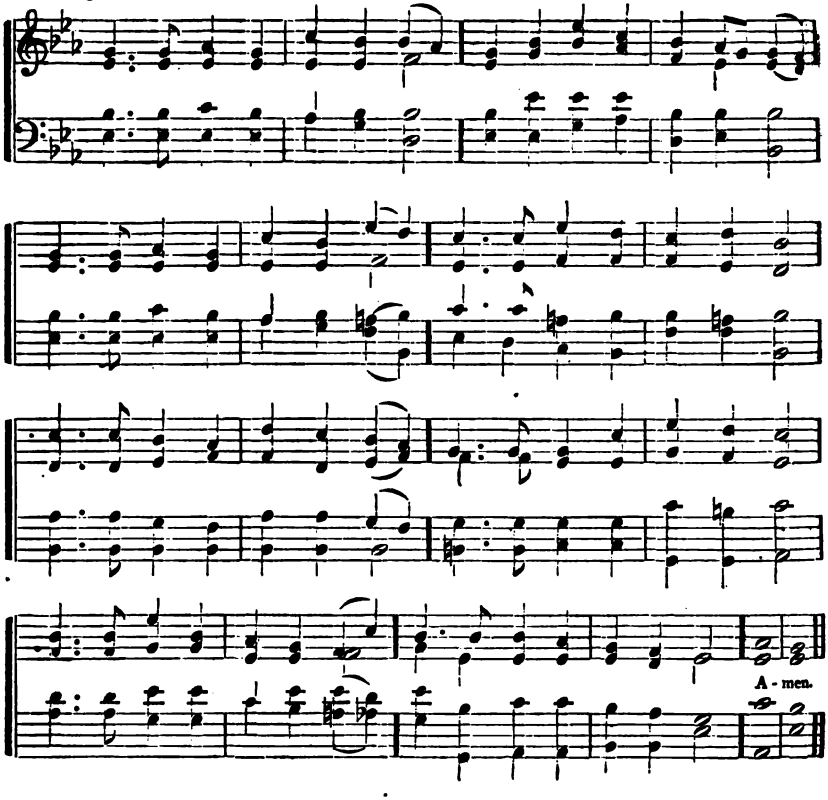
3 Just as I am,—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

7 Just as I am,—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above—
O Lamb of God, I come. AMEN.

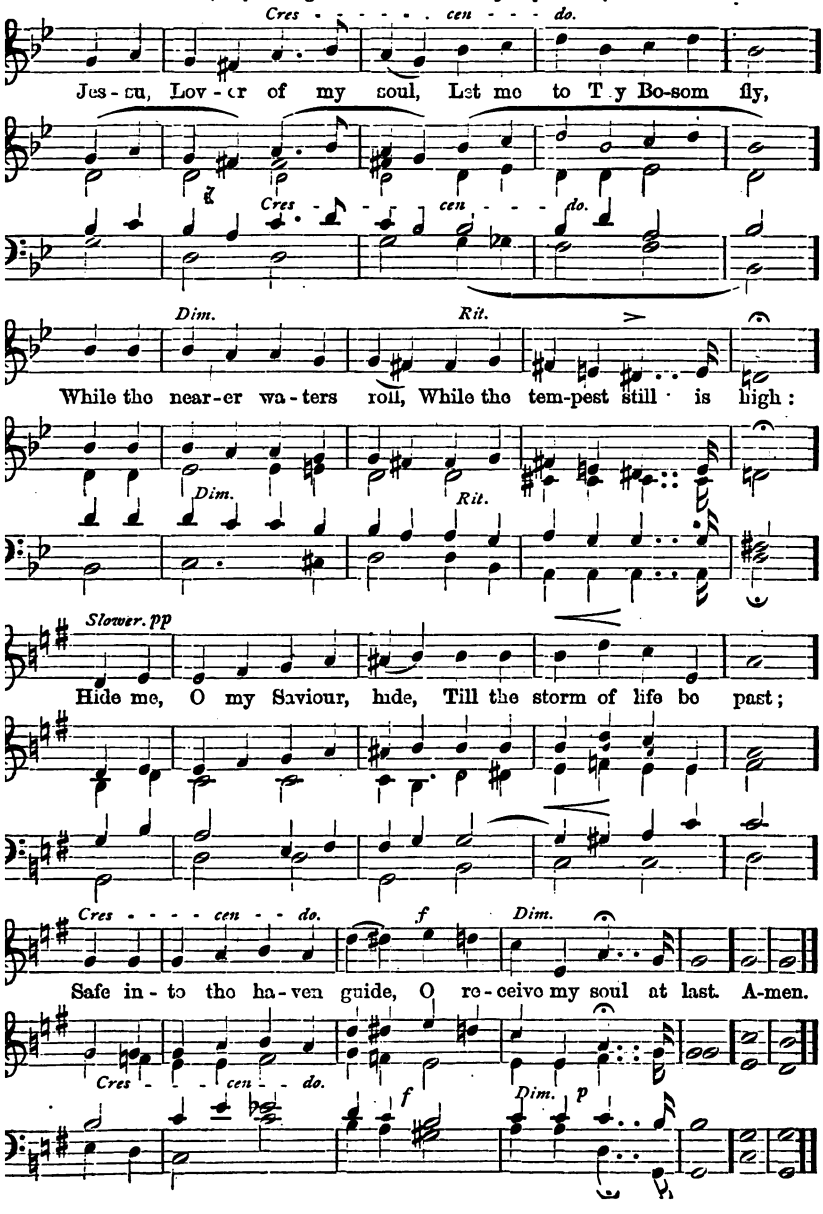
X. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 393. I. [*First Tune.*]

"*I flee unto Thee to hide me.*"

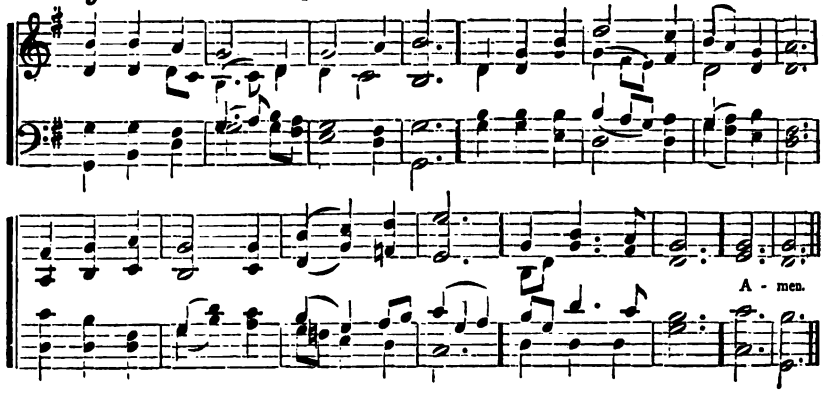
JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. AMEN.

Hymn 393. I. [*Second Tune.*]

(May be sung in *unison* or in *harmony* as preferred.)

Cres - - - - - cen - - - do.
Jes - u, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy Bo-som fly,
Cres - - - cen - - - do.
Dim. Rit.
While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high:
Dim. Rit.
Slower. pp
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
Cres - - - - cen - - do. f Dim.
Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last. A-men.
Cres - - - cen - - do. f Dim. p

Hymn 394. [*First Tune.*]

"*Whom have I in heaven but Thee?*"

JESUS, my Saviour! look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on Thee:
Thou art my Rest.

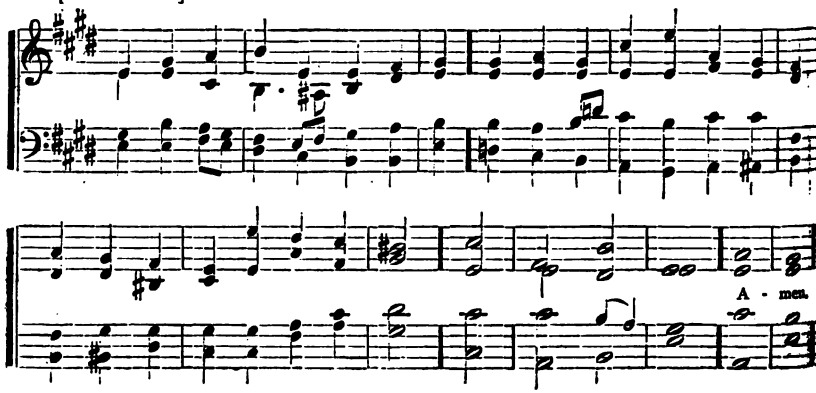
2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid Omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

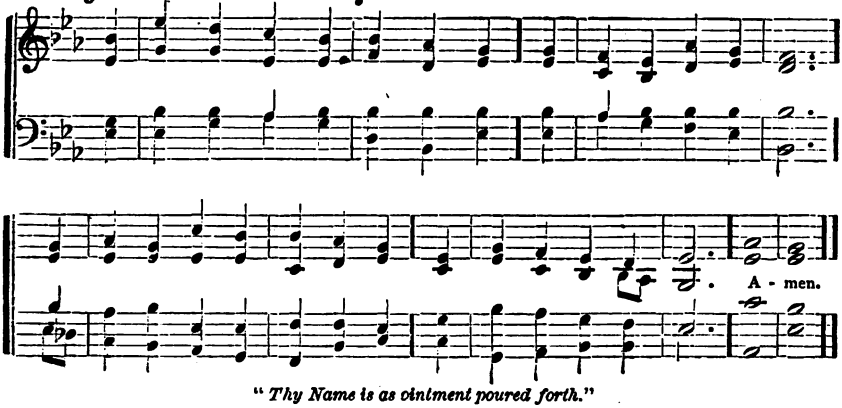
3 I am bewilder'd on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death eternally,
Thou art my All. AMEN.

[*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 395. B.



"*Thy Name is as ointment poured forth.*"

HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sororws, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

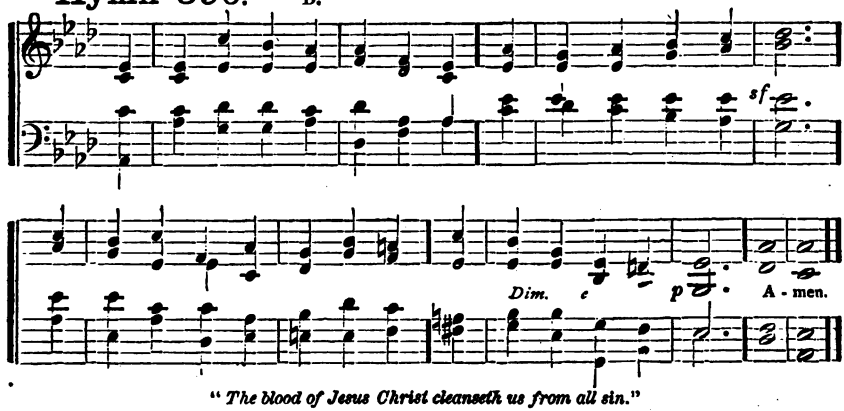
3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,—
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death. AMEN.

Hymn 396. B.



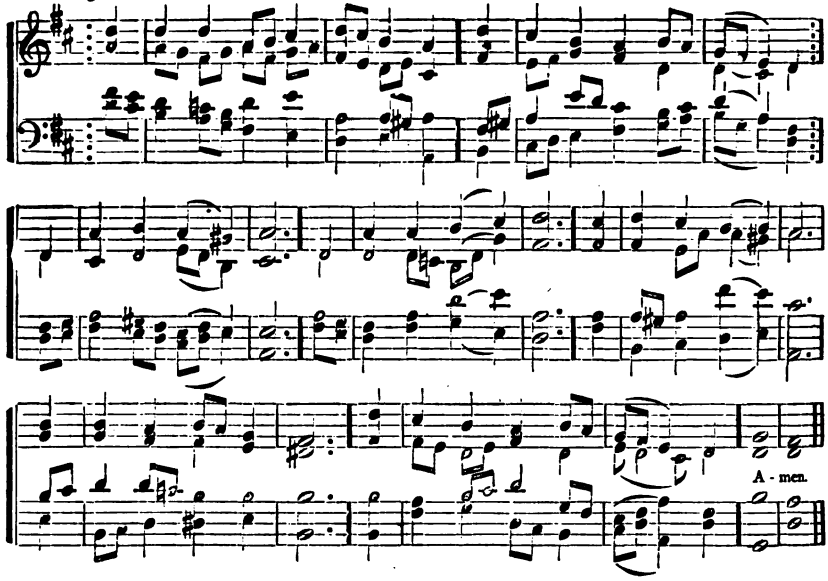
"*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.*"

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood,
And cleanse and *keep me clean.*

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy Blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul is love. AMEN.

Hymn 397.

"*My Hope, and my Fortress, my Castle.*"

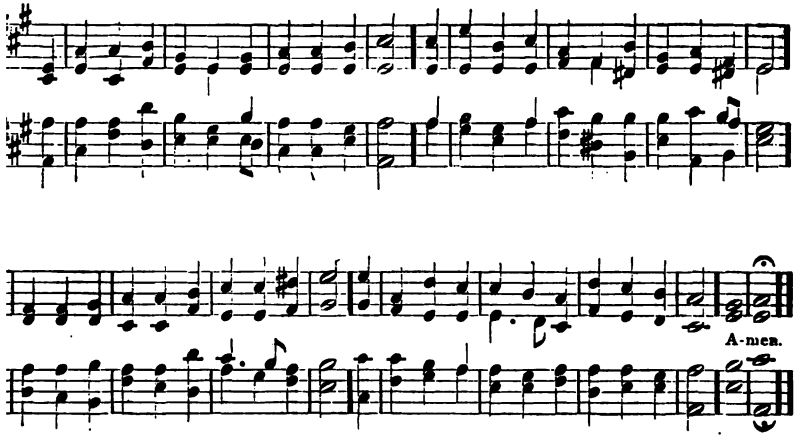
A MOUNTAIN Fastness is our God,
On which our souls are planted:
And though the fierce foe rage abroad,
Our hearts are nothing daunted.
What though he beset,
With weapon and net,
Array'd in death-strife?
In God are help and life:
He is our Sword and Armour.

2 By our own might we naught can do;
To trust it were sure losing;
For us must fight the Right and True,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask for His Name?
Christ Jesus we claim;
The Lord God of hosts;
The only God: vain boasts
Of others fall before Him.

3 What though the troops of Satan fill'd
The world with hostile forces?
E'en though our fears should all be still'd:
In God are our resources.
The world and its King
No terrors can bring:
Their threats are no worth:
Their doom is now gone forth:
A single word can quell them.

4 God's word through all shall have free sway,
And ask no man's permission:
The Spirit and His gifts convey
Strength to defy perdition.
The body to kill,
Wife, children, at will,
The wicked have power:
Yet lasts it but an hour!
The kingdom's ours for ever!

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For ever be outpouring
One chorus from the heavenly host
And saints on earth adoring!
That chorus resound
To earth's utmost bound,
And spread from shore to shore,
Like stormy ocean's roar,
Through endless ages rolling. AMEN.

Hymn 398. Z.

"I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest."

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

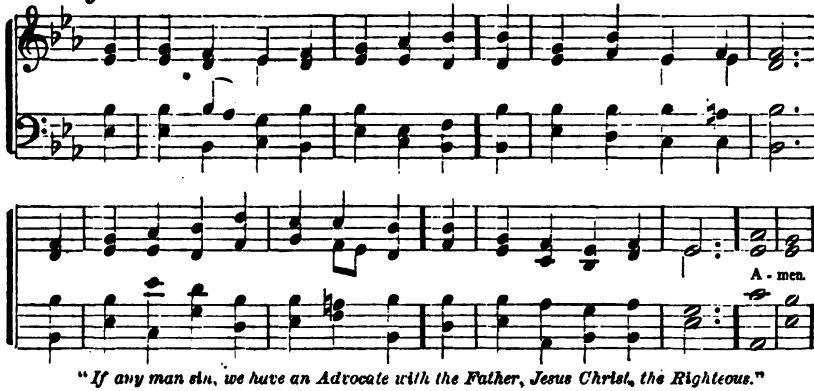
2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake. AMEN.

PRAYER.

Hymn 399. B.

"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the Righteous."

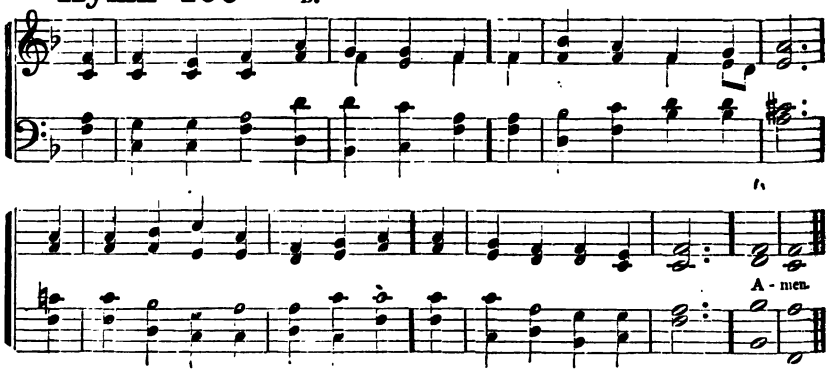
APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place;
That, shelter'd near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name. AMEN.

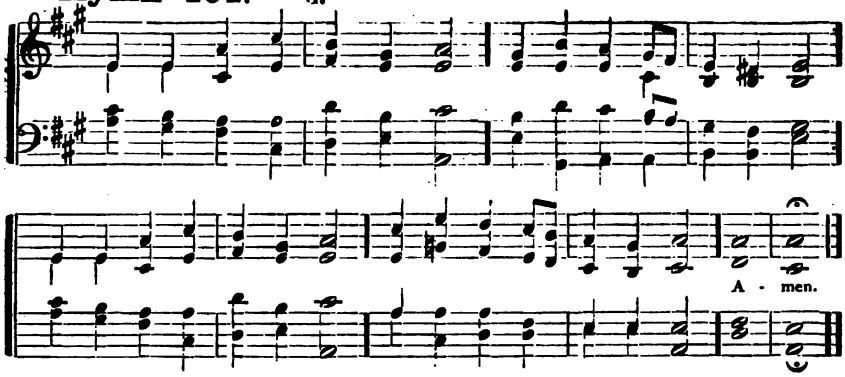
Hymn 400 B.

"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live.

3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.

4 Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus, strengthen'd with all might,
We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright. AMEN.

Hymn 401. G.

"*Ask, and it shall be given you.*"

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

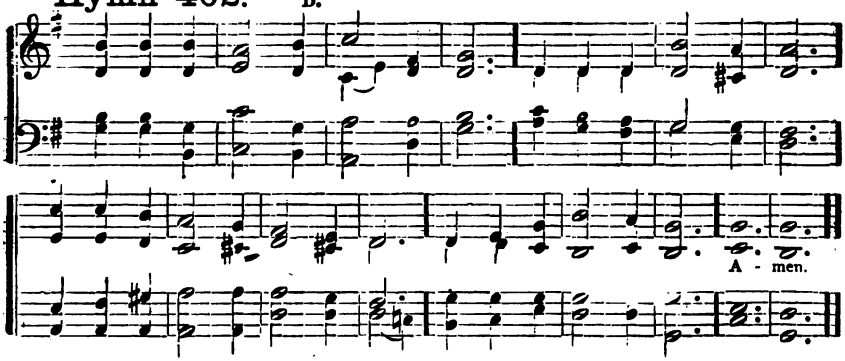
2 Thou art coming to a King,—
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy Blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death. AMEN.

Hymn 402. B.

"*And he said, I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.*"

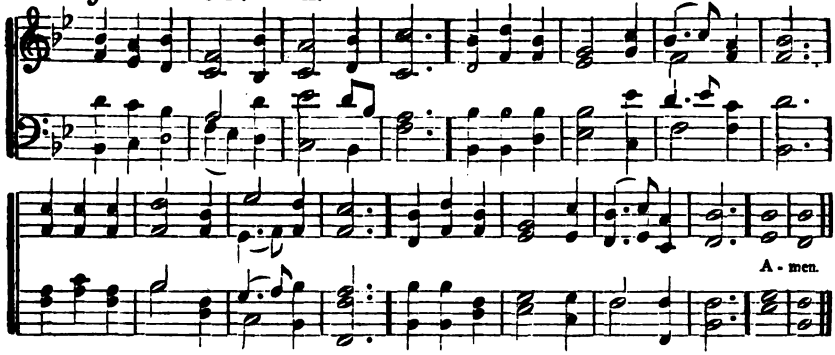
SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day:
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to trust and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the Cross we bear,
O let our souls on Thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 The Spirit's interceding grace
Give us the faith *to claim;*
To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden Name.

4 Till Thou the Father's love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart—
I will not let Thee go:

5 I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy Name to me;
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And say,—I died for Thee. AMEN.

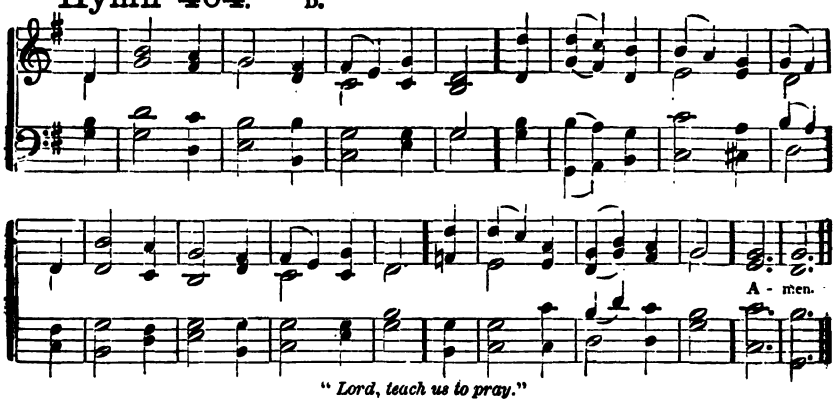
Hymn 403. A.

"There I will meet with Thee; and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat."

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. AMEN.

Hymn 404. B.

"Lord, teach us to pray."

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

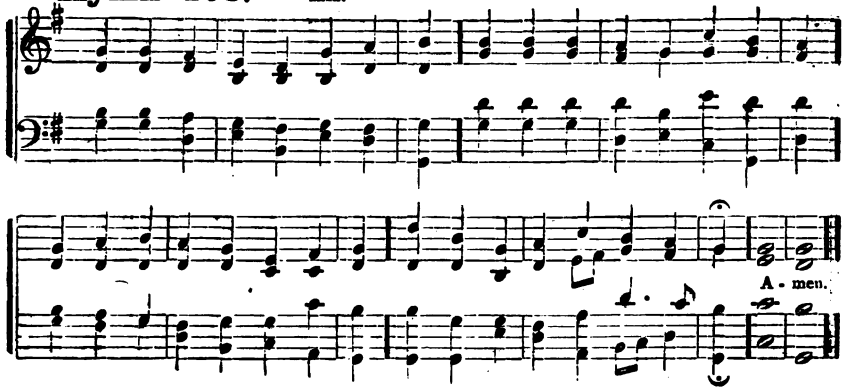
4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made by man alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.

8 O Thou, by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray. AMEN.

Hymn 405. AA. PRAISE.

"O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands."

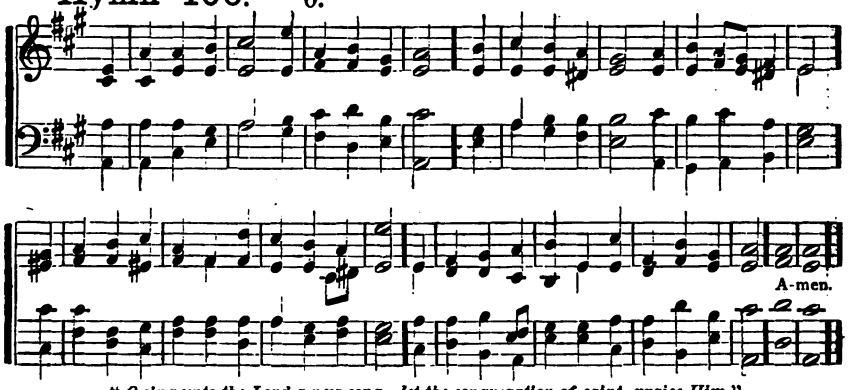
ALL people that on earth do well.
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure. AMEN.

Hymn 406. 0.

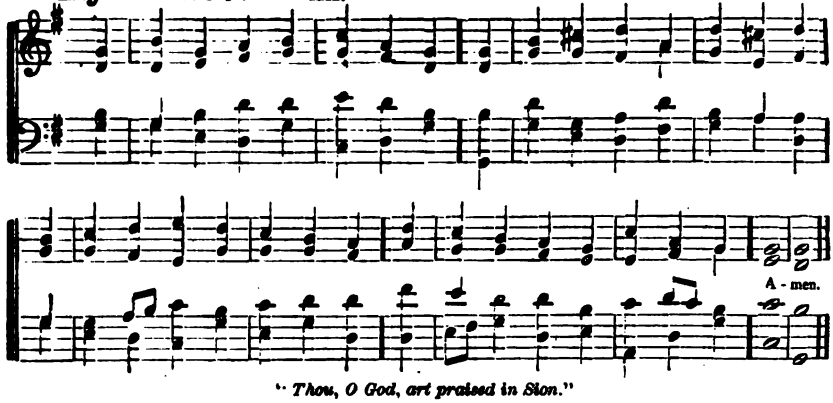


"O sing unto the Lord a new song: let the congregation of saints praise Him."

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing:
In their great Creator
Let Israel rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

2 Let them His great Name
Extol in their songs,
With hearts well attuned
His *praises express;*
Who always takes pleasure
To hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation
The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorned,
His people shall sing
To God, who their heads
With safety doth shield;
Such honour and triumph
His favour shall bring:
O therefore for ever
All praise to Him yield! AMEN.

Hymn 407. AA.

"*Thou, O God, art praised in Sion.*"

FOR Thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, Thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

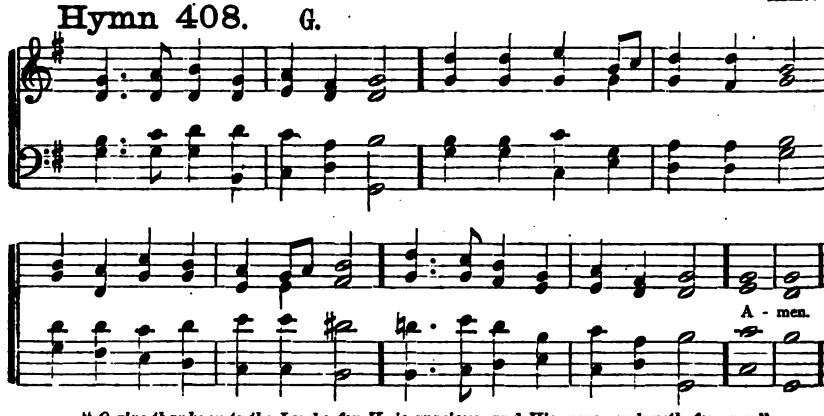
2 Thou, Who to every humble prayer
Dost always bend Thy listening ear,
To Thee shall all mankind repair,
And at Thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop Thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Bless'd is the man who, near Thee placed,
Within Thy sacred dwelling lives!
'Tis there abundantly we taste
The vast delights Thy temple gives.

AMEN.

Hymn 408. G.



"*O give thanks unto the Lord; for H is gracious, and His mercy endureth for ever.*"

MAGNIFY Jehovah's Name;
For His mercies ever sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

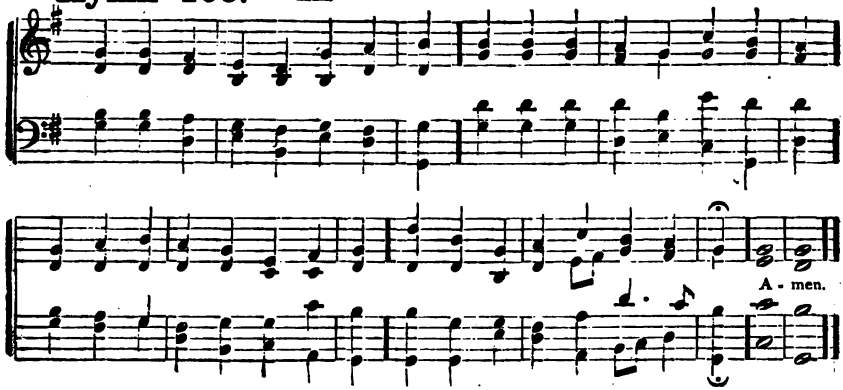
2 Let His ransom'd flock rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray.
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:

4 To the Lord their God they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 Them to pleasant lands he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O that men would praise the Lord,
For His goodness to their race;
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace! AMEN.

Hymn 409. AA.

"*Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His presence with a song.*"

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

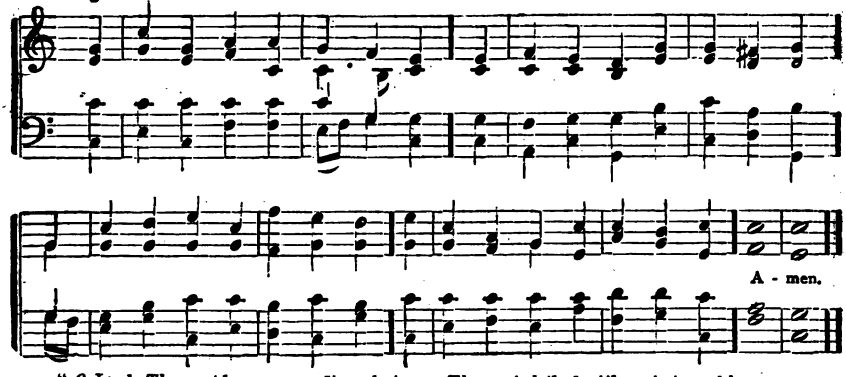
2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

AMEN.

Hymn 410. AA.

"*O Lord, Thou art become exceeding glorious; Thou art clothed with majesty and honour.*

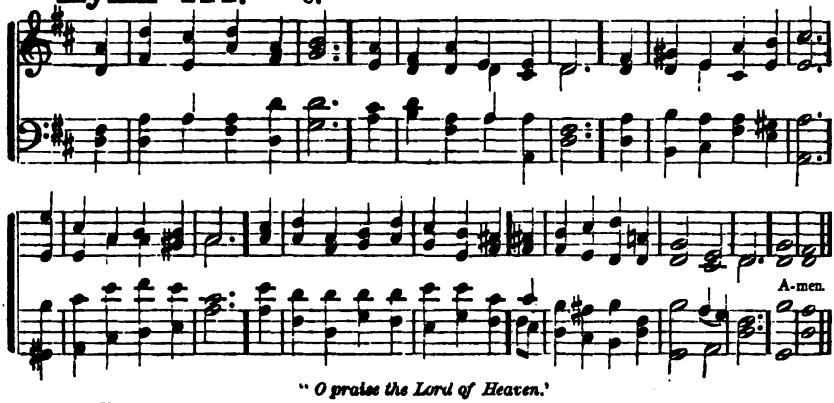
BLESS God, my soul; Thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds,
With honour Thou art crown'd, thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.

2 With light Thou dost Thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.

3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chambers *in the skies*;
The clouds His chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.

4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fill;
They have their sundry tasks assign'd,
All prompt to do their sovereign's will.

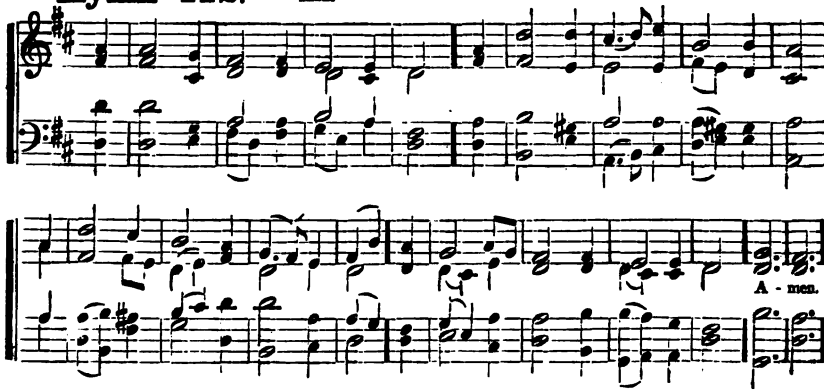
5 In praising God while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ;
And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere, as in Him is my joy. AMEN.

Hymn 411. U.

"*O praise the Lord of Heaven.*"

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise, | And seraphim,
Ye cherubim | To sing His praise.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay:
His praise declare, | And clouds that move
Ye heavens above, | In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy Name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last | His firm decree
From changes free; | Stands ever fast. AMEN.

Hymn 412. AA.

"*Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.*"

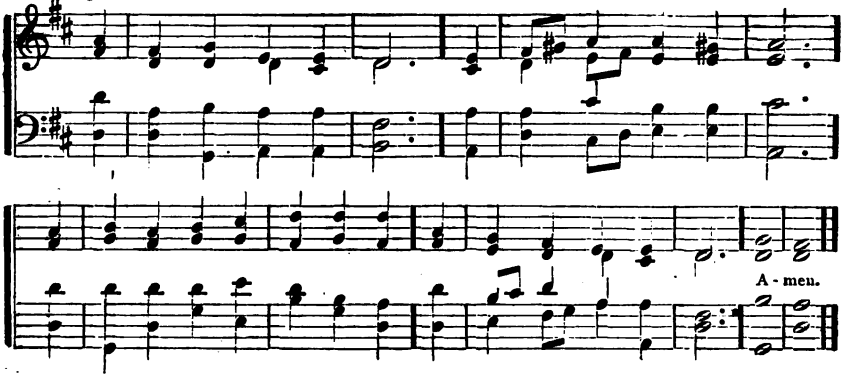
O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place
From whence His goodness largely flows;
Praise Him in heaven, where He His face,
Unveiled, in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise Him for all the mighty acts
Which He in our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills His praise rebound;
Praise Him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psaltery's silver sound.

4 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise—
To well-tuned cymbals, and to those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

5 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath He does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ:
Let every creature praise the Lord!
AMEN.

Hymn 413. C.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, praise His holy Name."

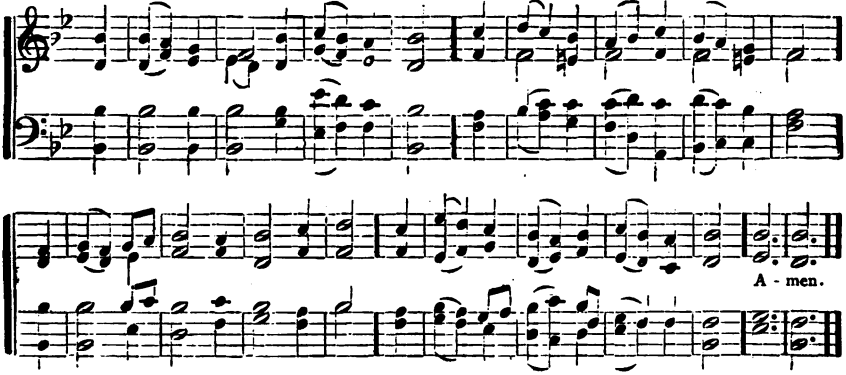
O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless His holy Name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all His benefits,
Who is to Thee so kind.

3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 He feeds thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth;
And, like the eagle's, he renews
The vigour of Thy youth.

5 Then bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace, His love proclaim;
Let all that is within me, join
To bless His holy Name. AMEN.

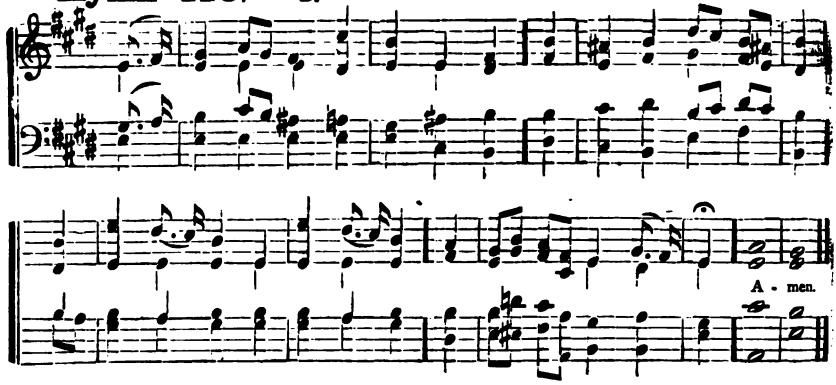
Hymn 414. A.

"My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise."

O GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

2 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute:
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed. AMEN.

Hymn 415. B.

"I will alway give thanks unto the Lord."

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

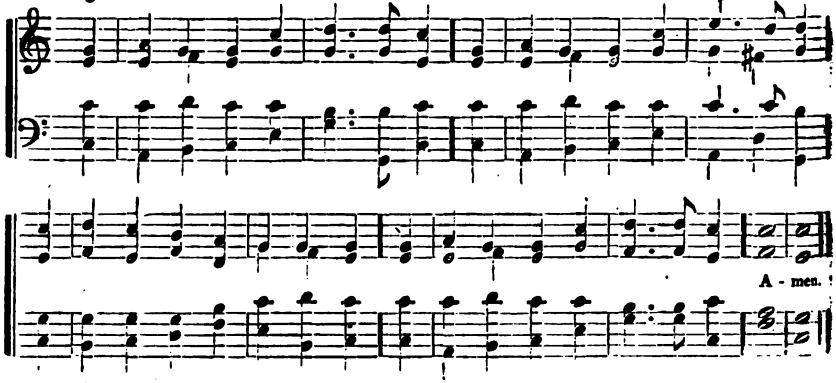
2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

4 The angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

5 O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

6 Fear Him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care. AMEN.

Hymn 416. A.

"O give thanks unto the Lord: for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth for ever."

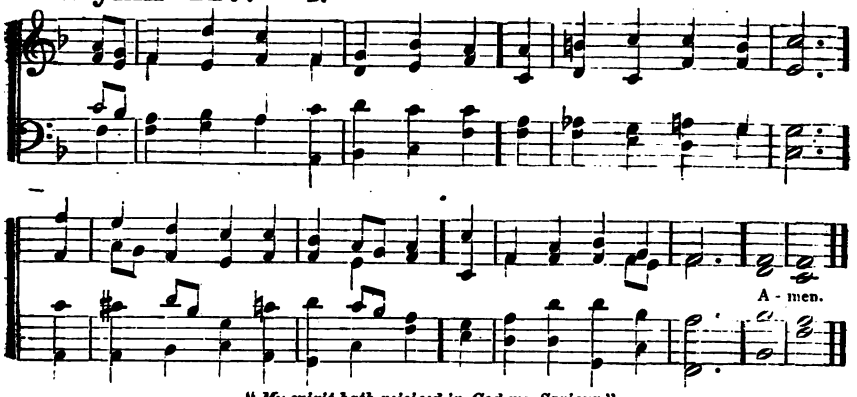
O RENDER thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

4 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His Name eternally confess'd;
Let all His saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens, Praise ye the Lord! AMEN.

Hymn 417. B.



"*My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.*"

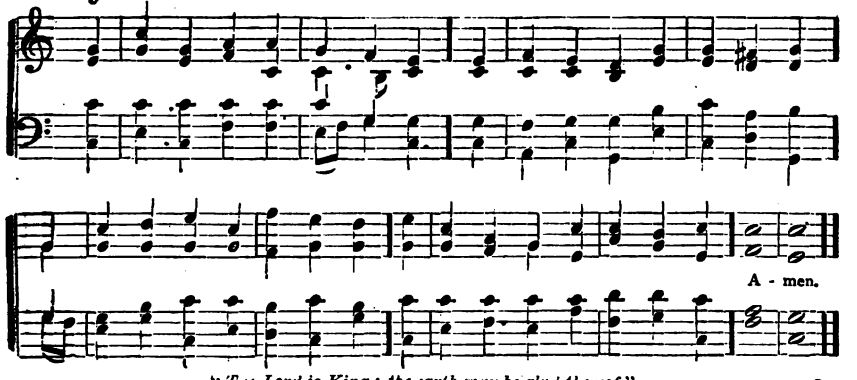
O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 Jesus—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
And sets the prisoner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

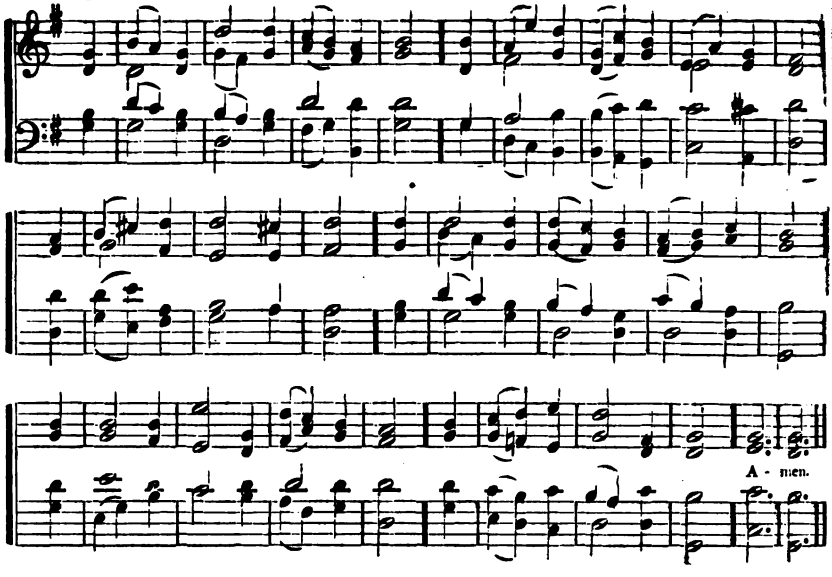
5 Hear Him, ye deaf! His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come!
And leap, ye lame, for joy! AMEN.

Hymn 418 AA.

"*The Lord is King; the earth may be glad thereof.*"

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In His just government rejoice;
Let all the lands, with sacred mirth,
In His applause unite their voice.

2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Judgment and righteousness are made
The habitation of His seat.

3 For Thou, O God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthroned;
Thou, Lord, unrivalled in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art owned. AMEN.

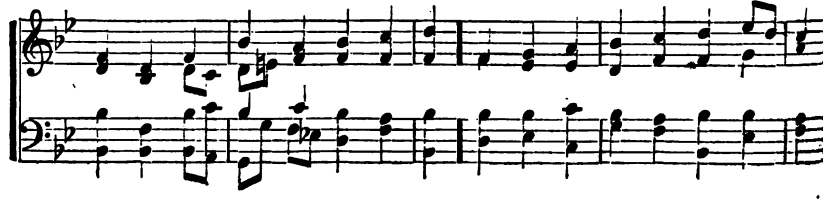
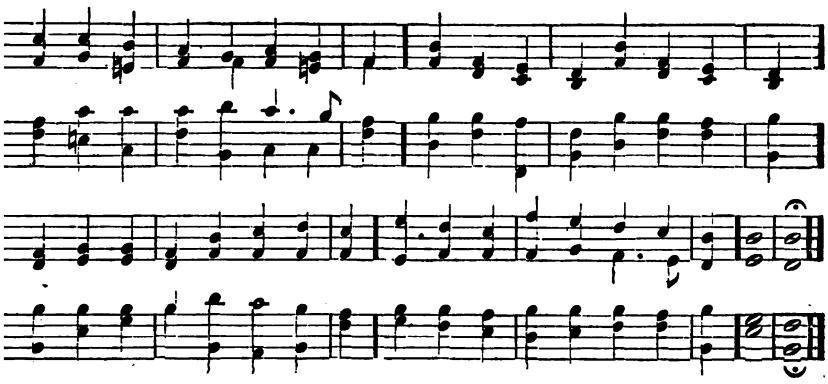
Hymn 419. D.

"*Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.*"

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's Name:
Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all the adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

3 Whate'er this living world contains,
That wings the air or treads the plains,
United praise bestow:
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,
Proclaim Him through the mighty tide,
And in the deeps below.

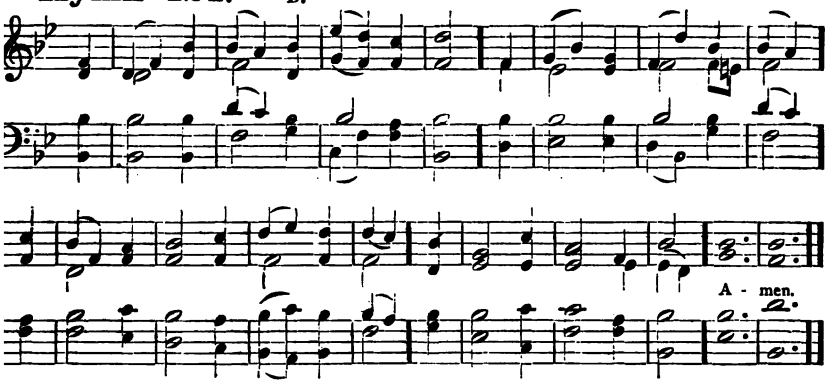
4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread His tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy. AMEN.

Hymn 420. F.

"*As long as I have any being, I will sing praises unto my God.*"

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
He saves th' oppress'd, He feeds the poor;
His truth for ever stands secure,
And none shall find His promise vain.
AMEN.

Hymn 421. B.



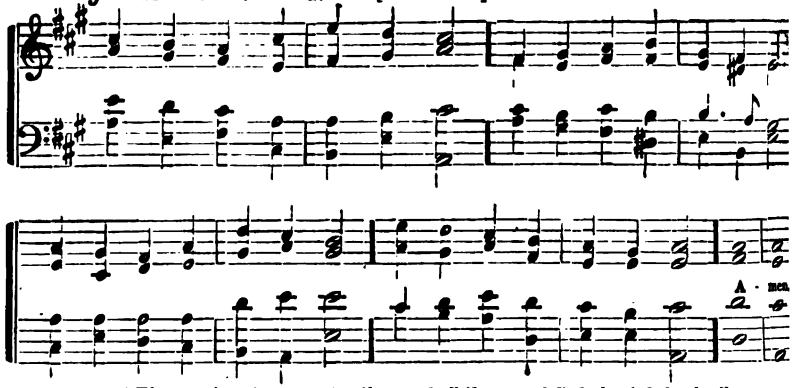
"*The Lord is my Strength, and my Shield.*"

ADORED for ever be the Lord;
His praise I will resound,
From Whom the cries of my distress
A gracious answer found.

He is my Strength and shield; my heart
Has trusted in His Name;
And now relieved, my heart, with joy,
His praises shall proclaim.

3 The Lord, the everlasting God,
Is my defence and rock,
The saving health, the saving strength,
Of His anointed flock.

4 O save and bless Thy people, Lord,
Thy heritage preserve;
Feed, strengthen, and support their hearts,
That they may never swerve. AMEN.

Hymn 422. G. [First Tune.]

"The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

SONGS of praise the angels sang;
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

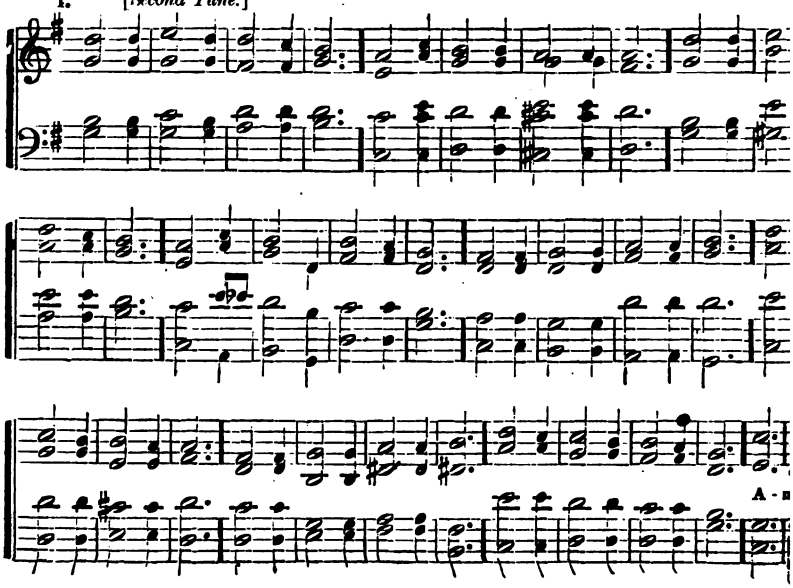
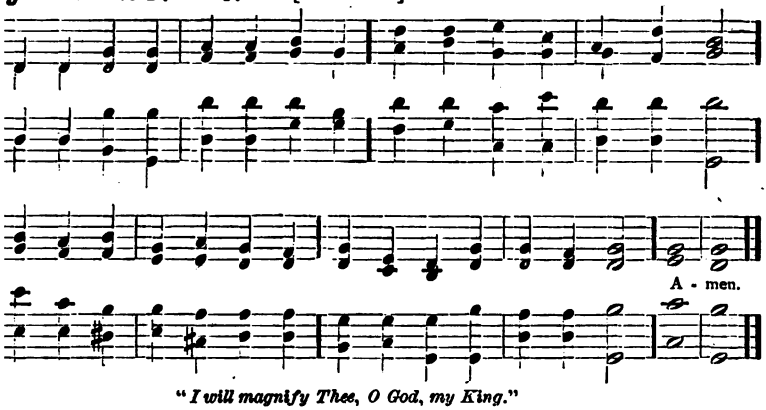
Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of pra

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

I. [Second Tune.]

ymn 423. J. [*First Tune.*]

"*I will magnify Thee, O God, my King.*"

), my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy Name;
day Thy throne addressing,
will I Thy praise proclaim.

r great our God befitteth;
His Majesty can reach?
age His works transmitteth,
to age His power shall teach.

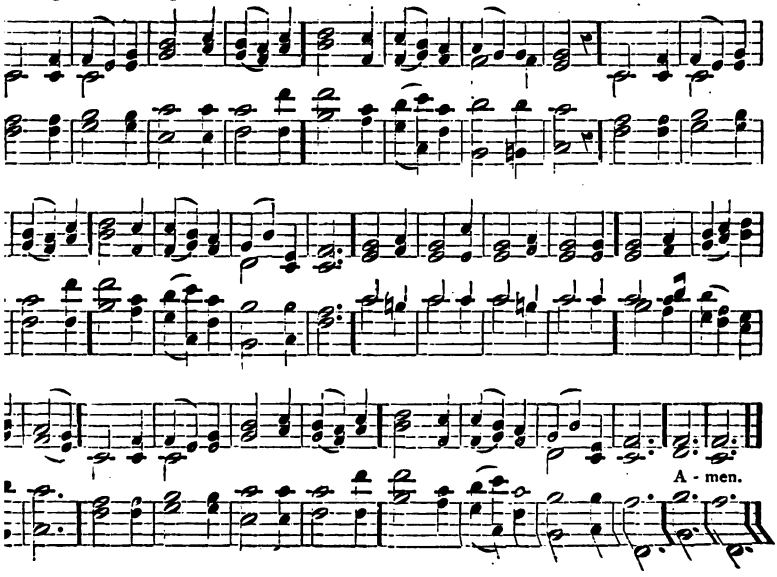
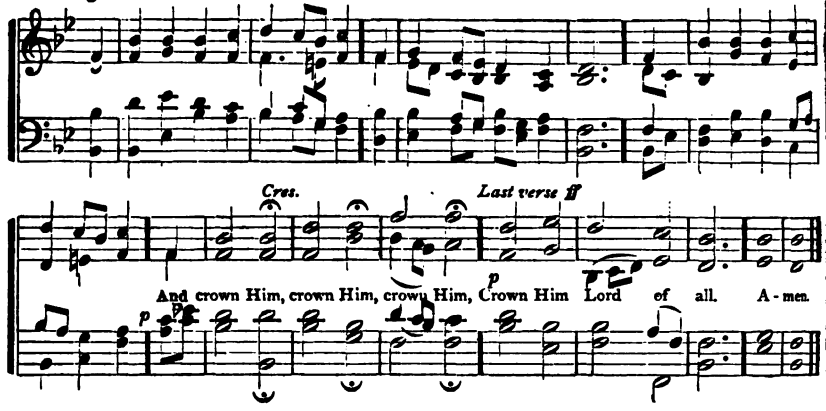
all talk of all Thy glory,
hy might and greatness dwell,
of Thy dread acts the story,
Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

AMEN.

[*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 424. B. [*First Tune.*]

"*He is Lord of lords and King of kings.*

ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

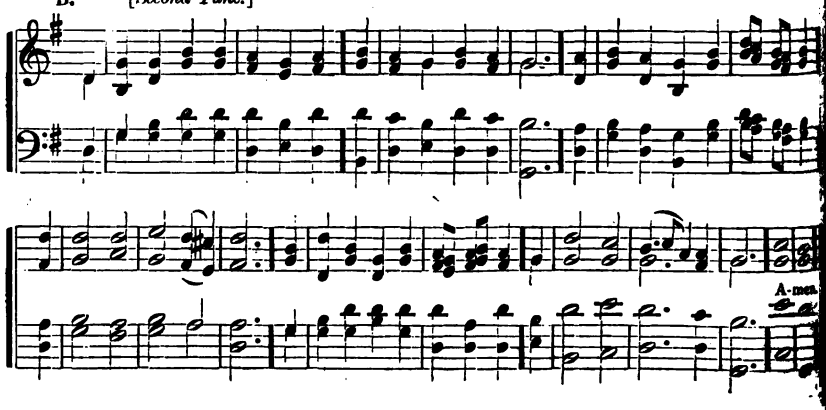
3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God Incarnate! Man Divine!
And crown Him Lord of all!

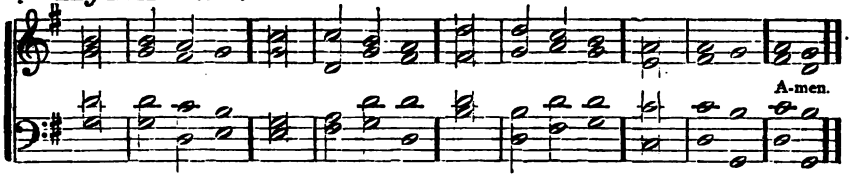
4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. AMEN.

B. [*Second Tune.*]



Hymn 425.

"*All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord.*"

THE strain upraise Of joy and praise, Alle- | lu- — | ia. | To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed | people | sing,
Alle- | lu- — | ia, | Alle- | lu- — | ia.

And the choirs that | dwell on | high | Shall re-echo | through the | sky,
Alle- | lu- — | ia, | Alle- | lu- — | ia.

They in the rest of | Paradise who | dwell, | The blessèd ones, with joy the | chorus | swell,
Alle- | lu- — | ia, | Alle- | lu- — | ia.

The planets beaming on their | heavenly | way, | The shining constellations | join, and | say,
Alle- | lu- — | ia, | Alle- | lu- — | ia.

Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on | pinions | light, | Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings | wildly | bright,
In sweet con- | sent u- | nite | Your Alle- | lu- — | ia.

Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and | winter | snow, | Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar-frost and | summer | glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious | forests | sing, | Alle- | lu- — | ia.

First let the birds with painted | plumage | gay, | Exalt their great Creator's | praise, and | say,
Alle- | lu- — | ia, | Alle- | lu- — | ia.

Then let the beasts of earth, with | varying | strain, | Join in creation's hymn, and | cry a- | gain,
Alle- | lu- — | ia, | Alle- | lu- — | ia.

Here let the mountains thunder forth so- | no- — | rous | Alle- | lu- — | ia.
There let the valleys sing in gentler | cho- — | rus, | Alle- | lu- — | ia.

Thou jubilant abyss of | ocean, | cry | Alle- | lu- — | ia.
Ye tracts of earth and conti- | nents re- | ply, | Alle- | lu- — | ia.

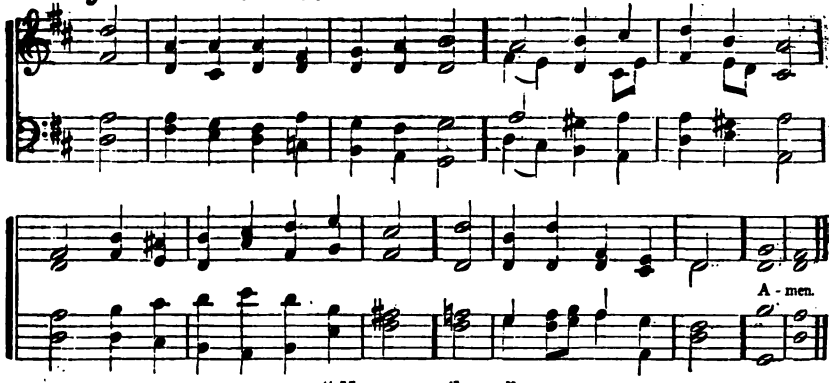
To God, Who all cre- | ation | made, | The frequent hymn be | duly | paid:
Alle- | lu- — | ia, | Alle- | lu- — | ia.

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Al- | mighty | loves: | Alle- | lu- — | ia.
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ the | King ap- | proves: | Alle- | lu- — | ia.

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a- | wak- — | ing, | Alle- | lu- —ia.
And children's voices echo, answer | mak- — | ing, | Alle- | lu- — | ia.

Now from all men | be out- | poured | Alleluia | to the | Lord;
With Alleluia | ever | more, | The Son and Spirit | we a- | dore.

Praise be done To the | Three in | One, | Alle- | lu- — | ia
Alle- | lu- — | ia, | Alle- | lu- — | ia. | A- | men.

Hymn 426. B.

"*My cup runneth over.*"

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

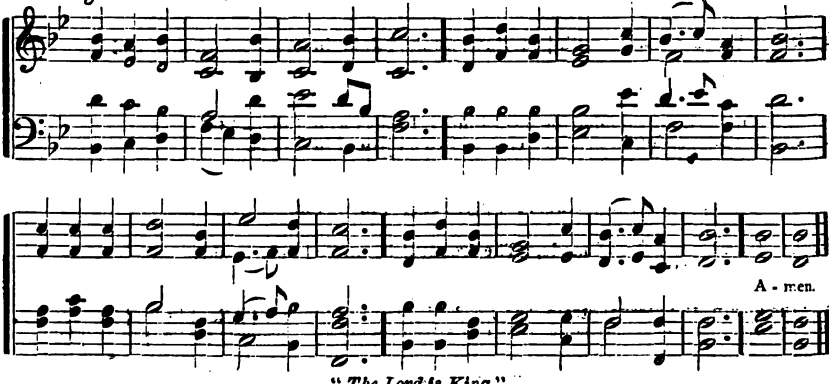
2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise. AMEN.

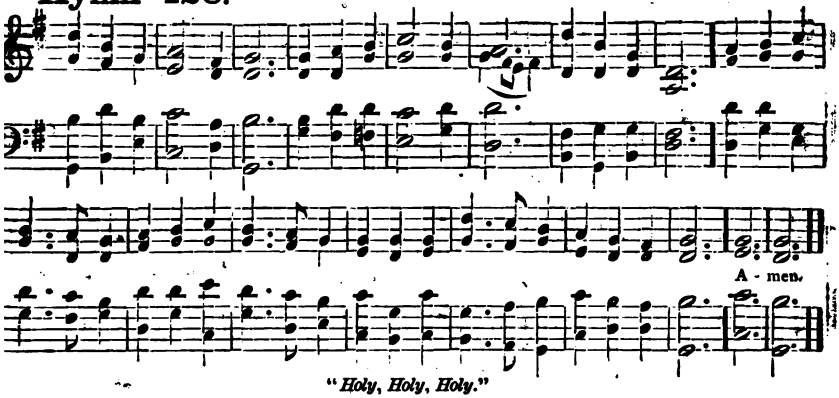
Hymn 427. AA.

"*The Lord is King.*"

WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely stablish'd is Thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel. AMEN.

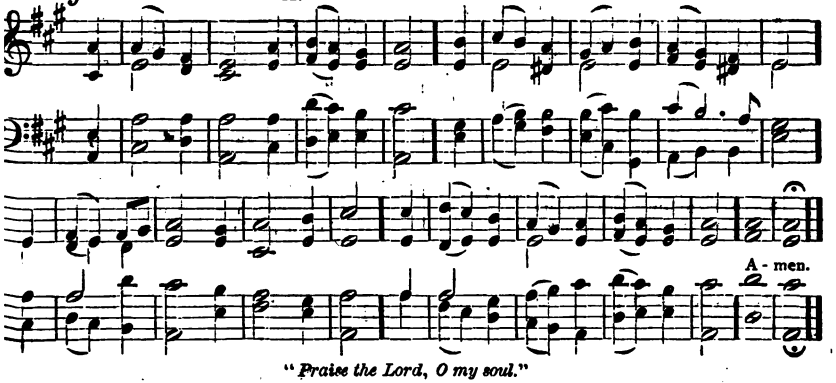
Hymn 428.

"*Holy, Holy, Holy.*"

COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless;
Come, give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, Who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To Thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. AMEN.

Hymn 429. A.

"*Praise the Lord, O my soul.*"

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing Thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving-kindness, O how free!

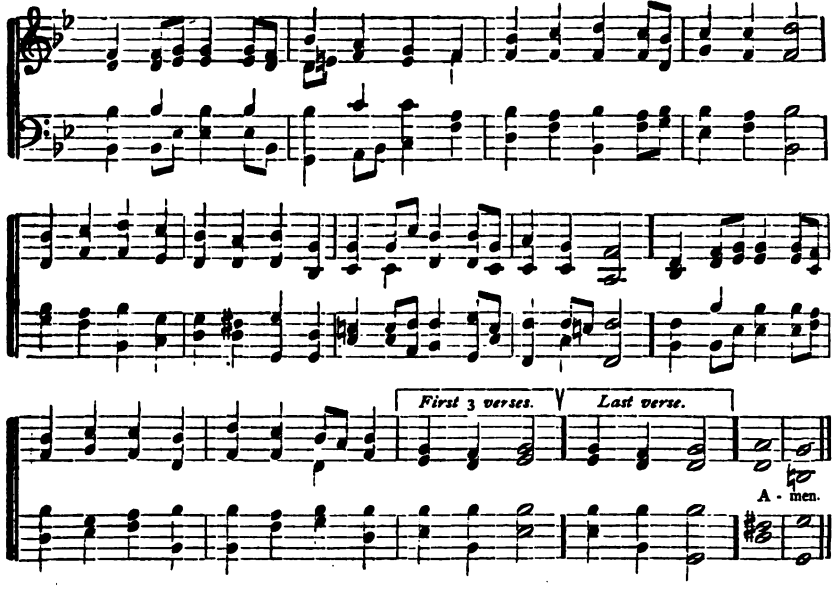
2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of *mighty foes*,
Though *earth and hell my way oppose*,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death! AMEN.

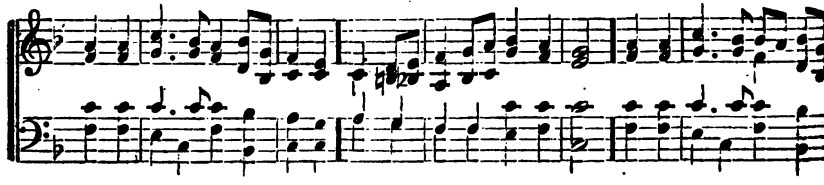
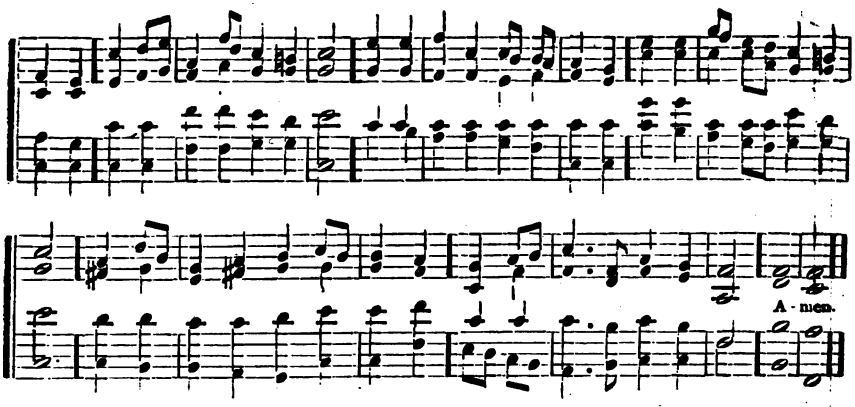
Hymn 430.

"*And again they said, Alleluia.*"

ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die;
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high;
In the house of God abiding,
Thus they sing eternally.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego:
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

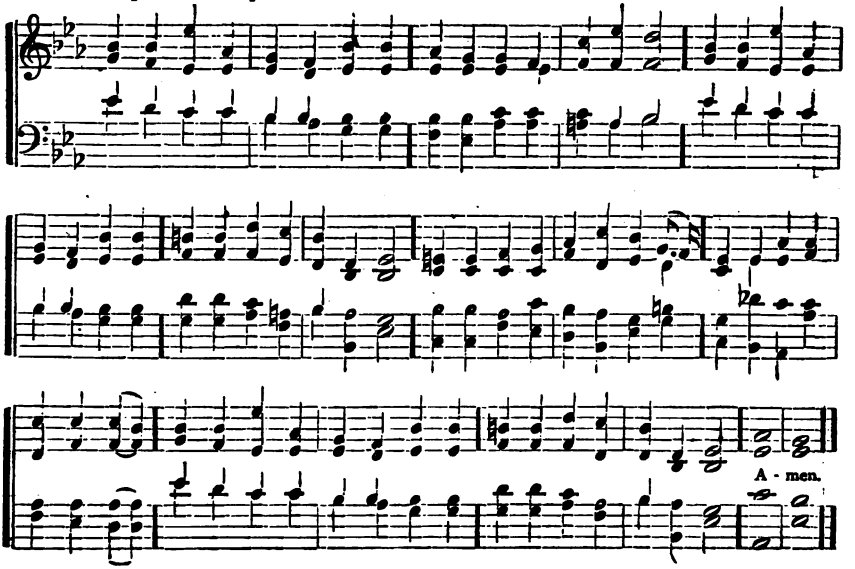
4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us, blessèd Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully. AMEN.

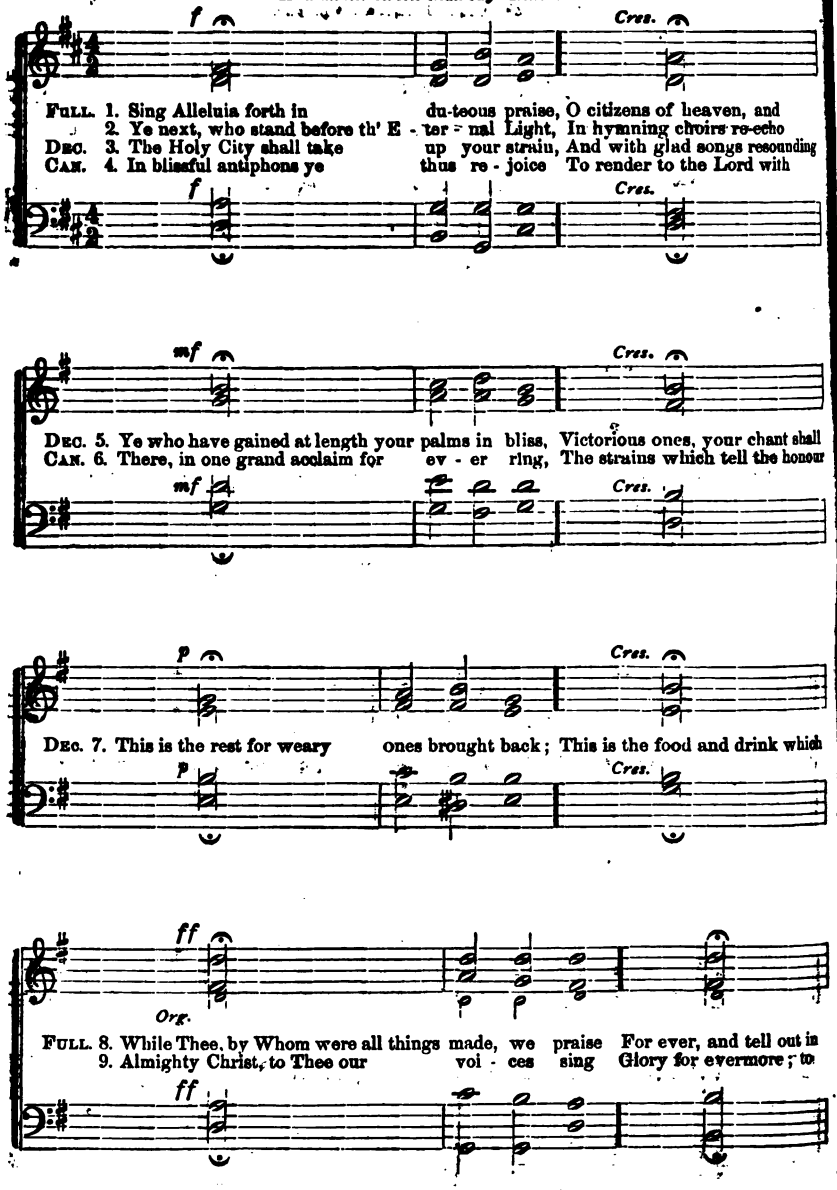
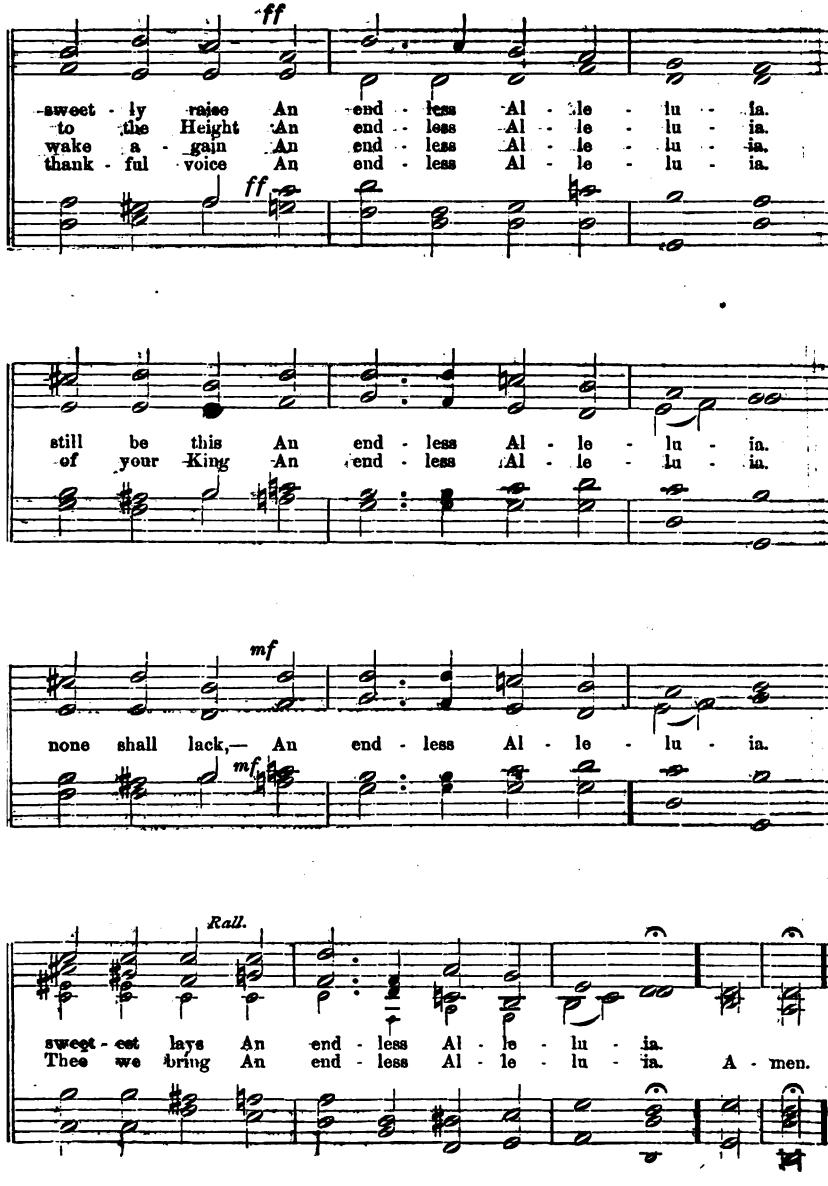
Hymn 431. K. [*First Tune.*]

"*One cried unto another, and said, Holy, Holy, Holy.*"

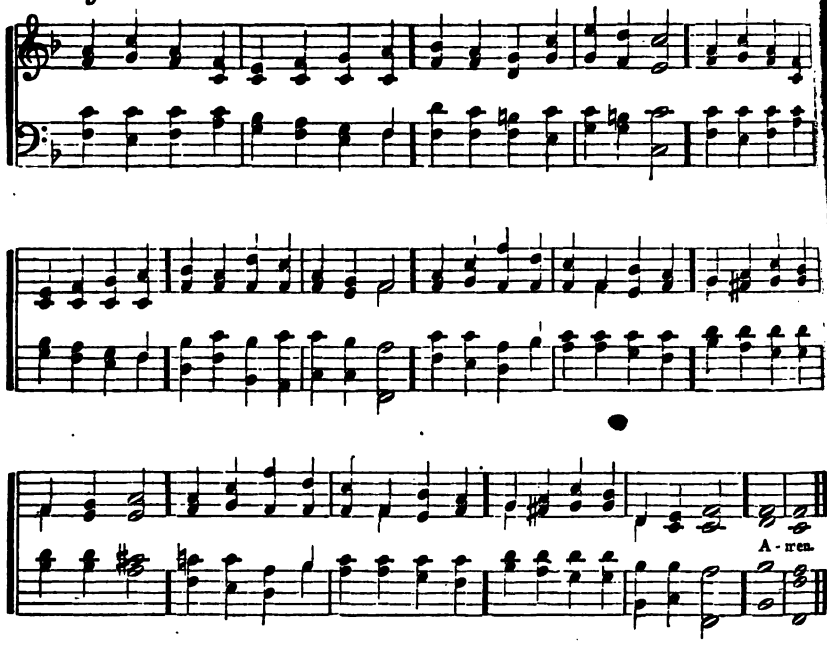
ROUND the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Fill'd His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn.
"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High."
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
We adopt Thy angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of hosts most High. AMEN.

K. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 432.

"And all her streets shall say 'Alleluia'"

f
Cres.
FULL. 1. Sing Alleluia forth in du-teous praise, O citizens of heaven, and
2. Ye next, who stand before th' E - ter - nal Light, In hymning choirs re-echo
DEC. 3. The Holy City shall take up your strain, And with glad songs resounding
CAN. 4. In blissful antiphons ye thus re - joice To render to the Lord with
mf
Cres.
DEC. 5. Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss, Victorious ones, your chant shall
CAN. 6. There, in one grand acclaim for ev - er ring, The strains which tell the honour
p
Cres.
DEC. 7. This is the rest for weary ones brought back; This is the food and drink which
ff
Org.
FULL. 8. While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise For ever, and tell out in
9. Almighty Christ, to Thee our voi - ces sing Glory for evermore; to

ff
sweet - ly raise An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
to the Height An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
wake a - gain An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
thank - ful voice An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
ff
still be this An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
of your King An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
mf
none shall lack,— An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
mf
Rall.
sweet - est lays An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
Thee we bring An end - less Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

Hymn 433.

"Of Him and through Him and to Him are all things: to Whom be glory for ever. Amen."

ANGEL bands, in strains sweet sounding,
Anthems to the Saviour raise:
Host of heaven, His throne surrounding,
Hymn the great Creator's praise.

2 Radiant orb of day, adore Him,
Praise Him, thou who rul'st the night;
Heaven of heavens, O bow before Him,
Laud Him, all ye worlds of light.

3 Praise Him, wild and restless ocean,
Praise Him, monsters of the deep;
Praise Him in your rude commotion,
Storms that at His mandate sweep.

4 Hills and mountains, heavenward towering,
Fires that in their bosom glow;
Clouds around their cliffs dark lowering,
Torrents down their steeps that flow;

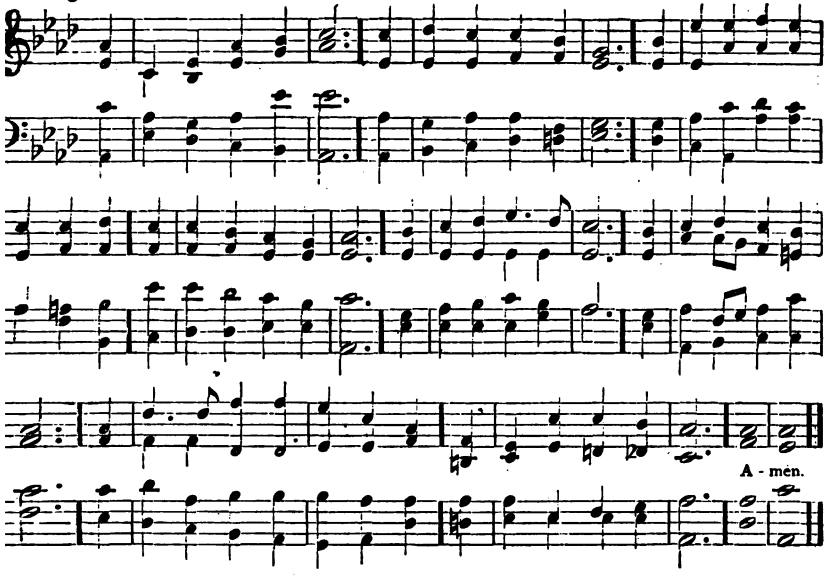
5 Verdant fields and valleys blooming,
Insect myriads, own His care;
Wild beasts through the forest roaming,
Warbling tenants of the air.

6 Kings and rulers, shout His glory,
People, join the loud acclaim,
Maidens, youth, and fathers hoary,
Infants, lisp His holy Name.

7 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
Him Who gave you life adore;
Earth and heaven, and all creation,
Praise His Name for evermore.

8 Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given,
Glory through eternal days. AMEN.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

Hymn 434. CC.

"Put on the whole armour of God."

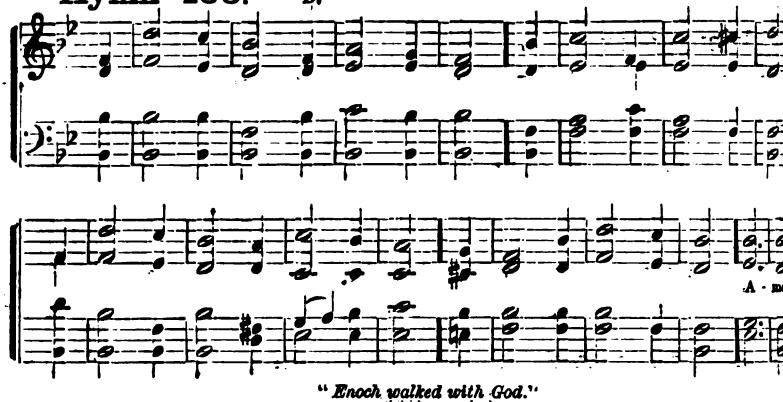
JESUS, my Strength, my Hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do—
On Thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 Give me a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated cross.

3 Give me a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name;
Give me a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

5 I rest upon Thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love. AMEN.

Hymn 435. B.

"*Enoch walked with God.*"

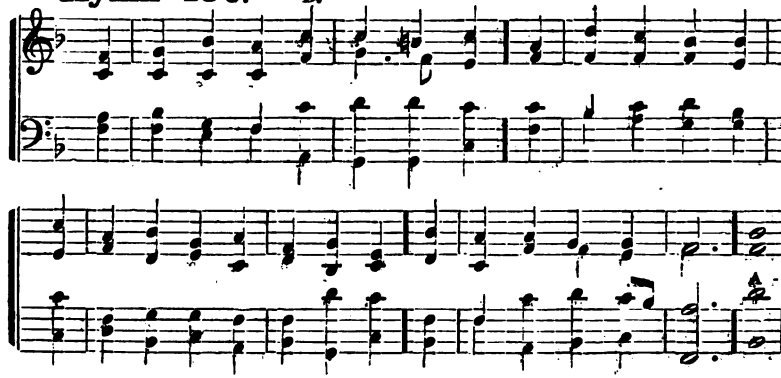
O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

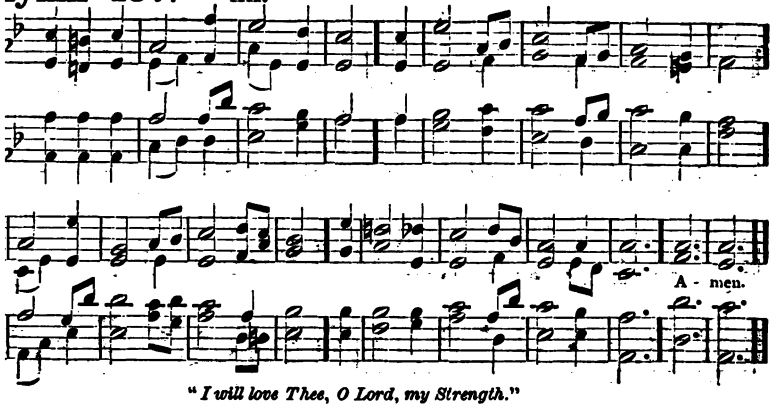
4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. AMEN.

TRUST.

Hymn 436. B.

"*They that put their trust in the Lord shall be even as the Mount Sion, which may not be removed, but standeth fast forever.*"

WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand;
Like her immovable be fix'd
By His Almighty Hand.

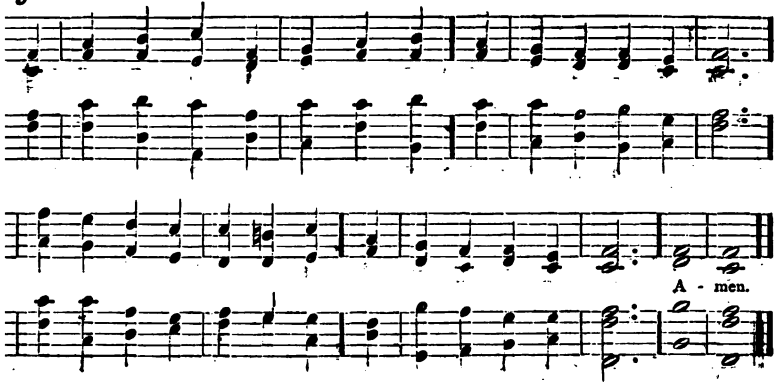
2 Look how the hills on every side
Jerusalem enclose;
So stands the Lord around His saints;
To guard them from their foes. AMEN.

Hymn 437. AA.

"*I will love Thee, O Lord, my Strength.*"

O change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee;
Thou hast always been my Rock,
Fortress and Defence to me.

2 Thou my Deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in Thy mighty power:
Thou art my Shield from foes abroad,
At home my Safeguard and my Tower.

3 To Thee I will address my prayer,
To Whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe. AMEN.

Hymn 438. B.

"*The Lord is my Shepherd; therefore can I lack nothing.*"

Lord Himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my Guide;
hepherd, by Whose constant care
wants are all supplied.

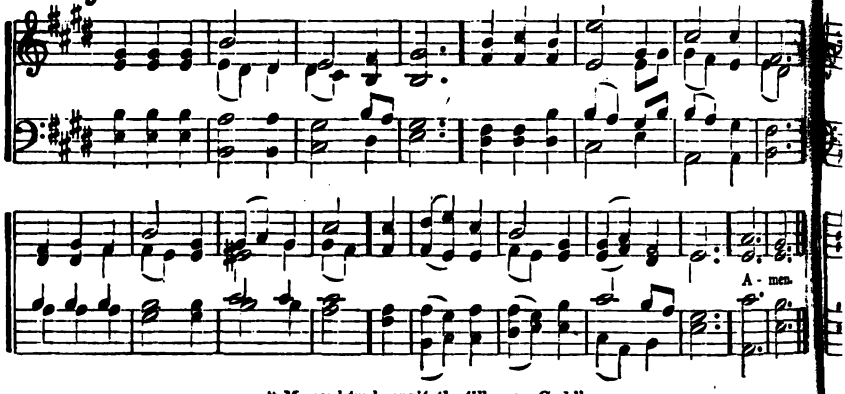
der grass He makes me feed,
gently there repose;
leads me to cool shades, and where
reshing water flows.

es my wandering soul reclaim,
, to His endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In His most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there His aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 Since God doth thus His wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to Him I will devote,
And in His temple spend. AMEN.

Hymn 439. AA.

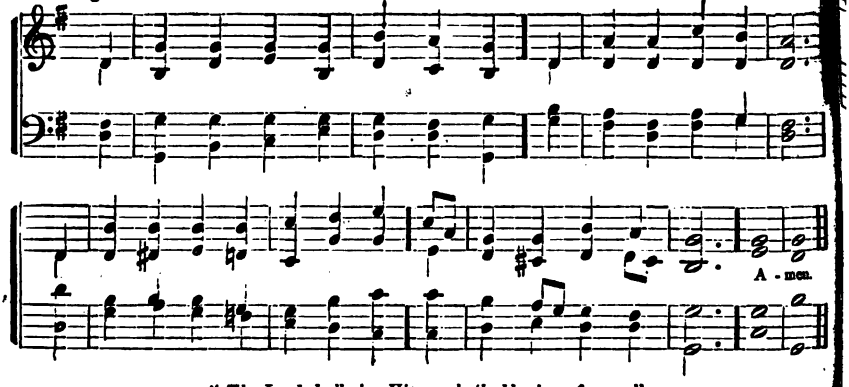


"*My soul truly waiteth still upon God.*"

MY soul, for help on God rely,
On Him alone thy trust repose;
My rock and health will strength supply
To bear the shock of all my foes.

2 God does His saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send;
He is my Fortress and Defence,
On Him my soul shall still depend.

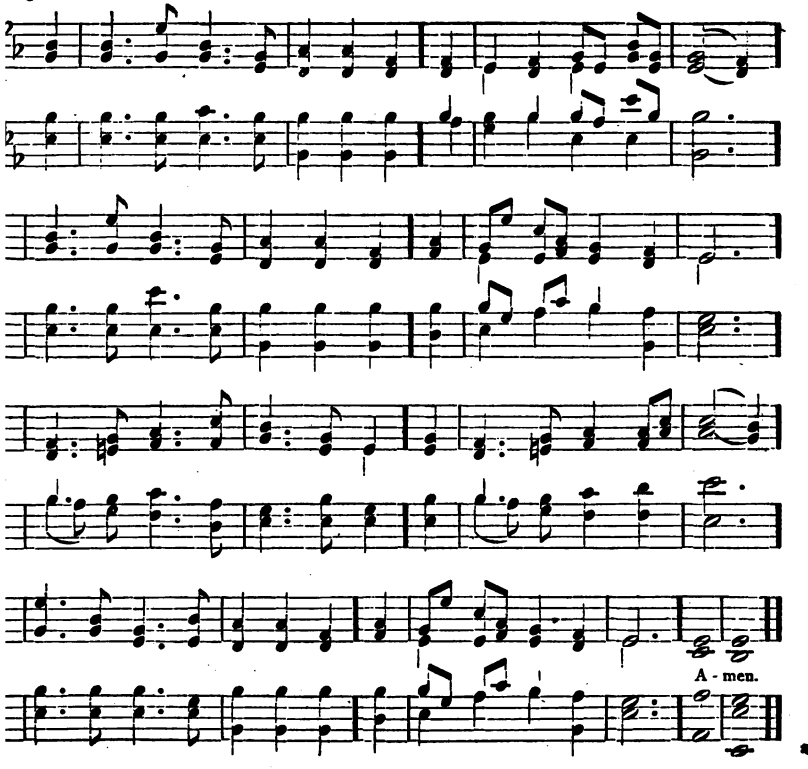
3 In Him, ye people, always trust;
Before His throne pour out your hearts:
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts. AMEN.

Hymn 440. B.

"*The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace.*"

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petiton rise.

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end. AMEN.

Hymn 441. BB.

"*My peace I give unto you.*"

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
d may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

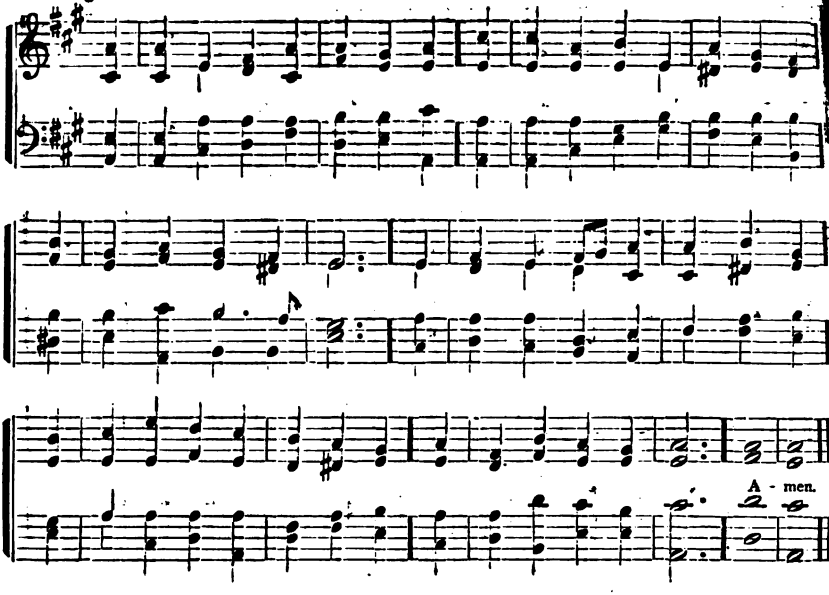
y love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
y mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see:
ch blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storms shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on Thee. AMEN.

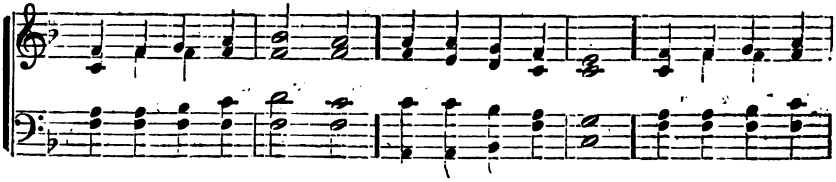
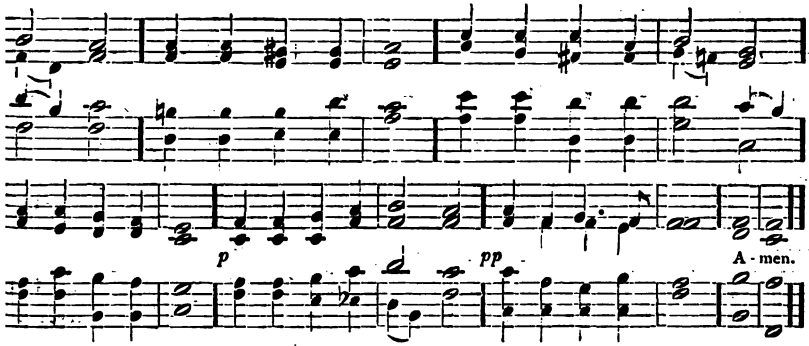
Hymn 442. D.

"*I will rejoice in the Lord.*"

ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig tree droop and die,
No oil the olive yield;
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to His rod,
And by His grace be heal'd.

2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for, though His frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.

3 Though from the folds the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies;
There God is all in all.

4 In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in His love:
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind He makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above. AMEN.

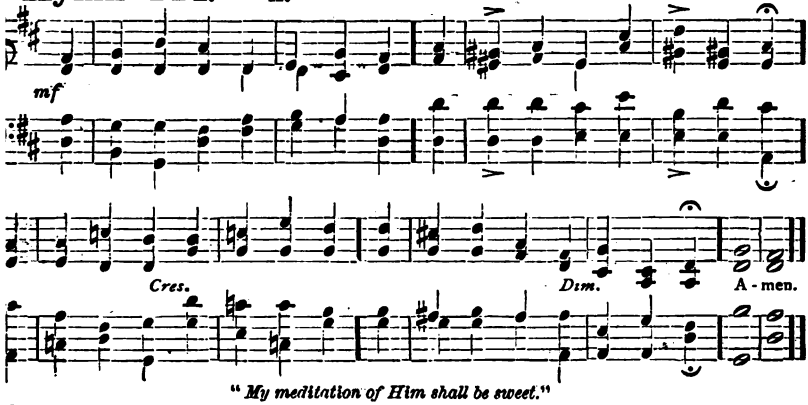
Hymn 443.

"*I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.*"

IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crown'd Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life. AMEN.

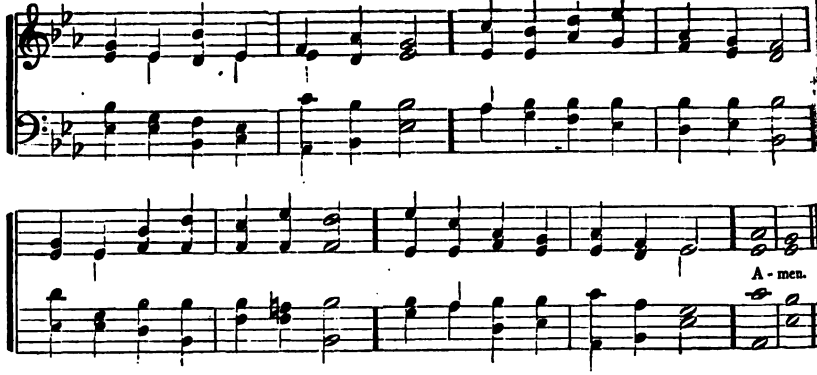
Hymn 444. A.

"*My meditation of Him shall be sweet.*"

S there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their
y Father! let me turn to Thee, [power?
nd set each thought of darkness free.

there an hour of peace and joy,
hen hope is all my soul's employ?
y Saviour! still my hopes will roam,
ntil they rest with Thee, *their home.*

3 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief?
O Spirit! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own, O God! Thy grace and power.
AMEN.

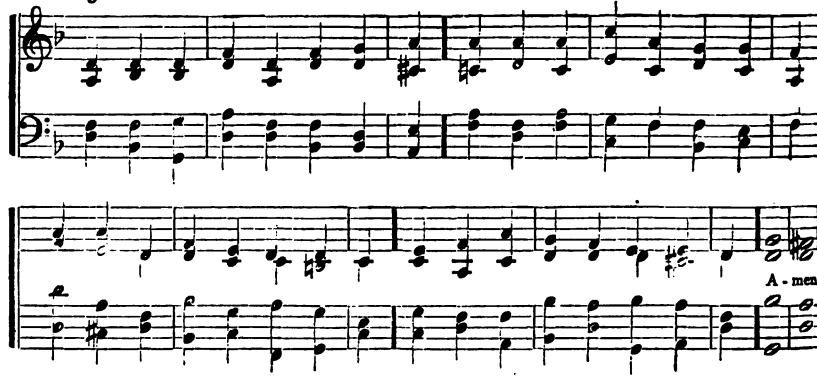
Hymn 445. G.

"*The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.*"

'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the Cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a castaway?

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low and keep me there. AMEN.

Hymn 446. A.

"*I cried unto God with my voice, and He gave ear unto me.*"

GOD of my life, to Thee I call;
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall:
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

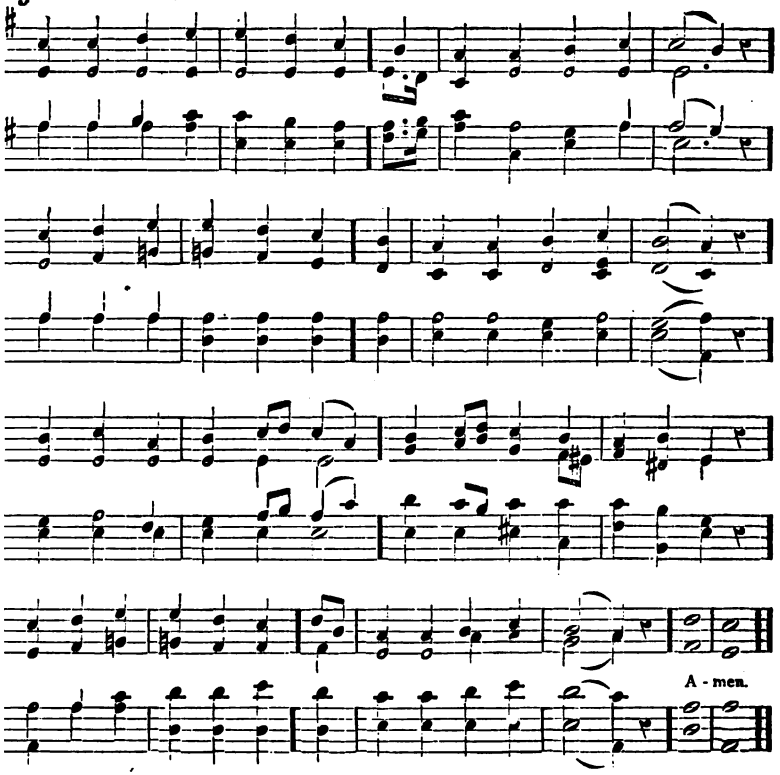
2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?—
Where but with Thee, Whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain?
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer:
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

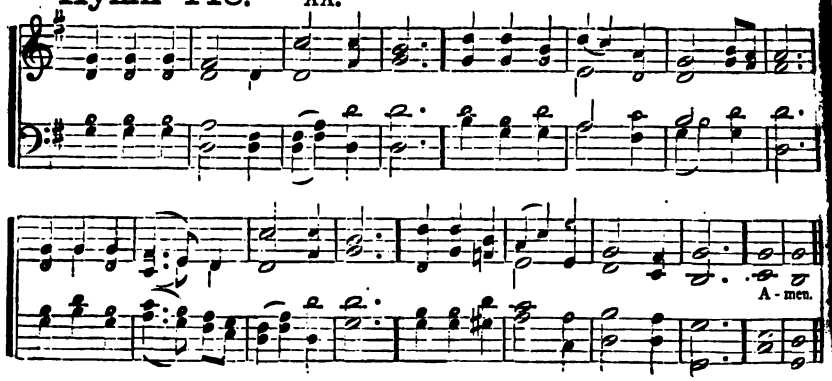
5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not:
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.
AMEN.

HOPE.

Hymn 447.

"*Our conversation is in Heaven.*"

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

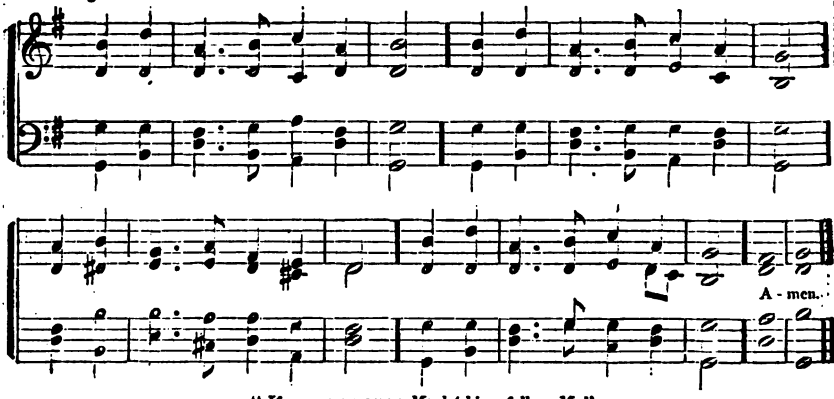
2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given. AMEN.

Hymn 448. AA.

"*It is good for me to put my trust in the Lord God.*"

THY presence, Lord, hath me supplied,
Thou my right hand support dost give;
Thou first shalt with Thy counsel guide,
And then to glory me receive.

2 Whom then in heaven, but Thee alone,
Have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none,
Compared with Thee, that I desire.

3 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be. AMEN.

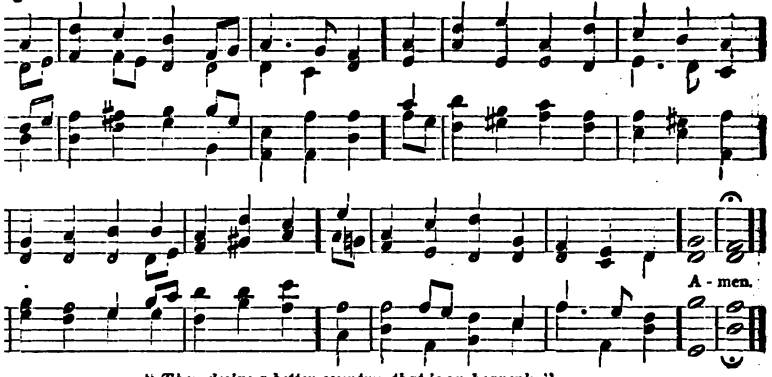
Hymn 449. G.

"*If any man serve Me, let him follow Me.*"

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
Christ our Advocate was made;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
Christ conducts us to our home.

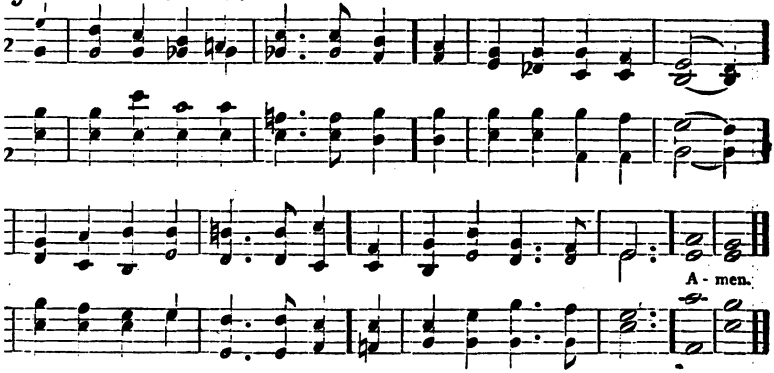
4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. AMEN.

[ymn 450. AA.

"They desire a better country, that is an heavenly."

when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
art revives, if o'er the plains
ees his home, though distant still;
when the Christian pilgrim views
aith his mansion in the skies,
ght his fainting strength renews,
wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 Jesus, on Thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road. AMEN.

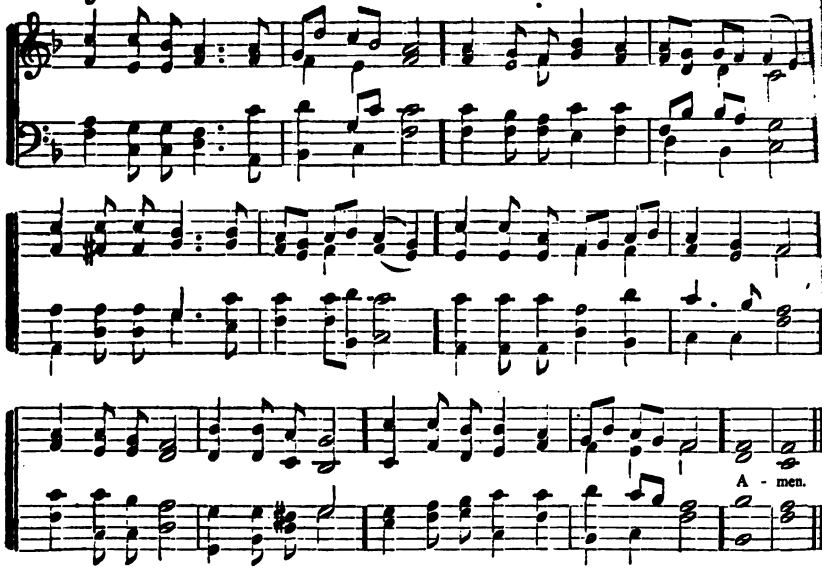
[ymn 451. B.

"Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God."

pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
gs my soul, O God, for Thee,
Thy refreshing grace.
ıee, my God, the living God,
thirsty soul doth pine;
n shall I behold Thy face,
u Majesty divine?
estless, why cast down, my soul?
it God; Who will employ
l for thee, and change these sighs
hankful hymns of joy.

4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

5 My heart is pierced, as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid:
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
And where His promised aid?"

6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring. AMEN.

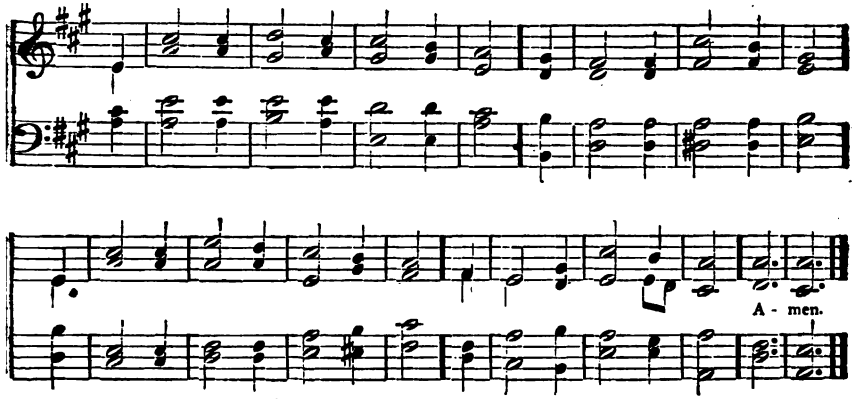
Hymn 452. E.

"My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God."

AS, panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream,
So to Thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee;
Athirst to taste Thy living grace,
And see Thy glory, face to face.

2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll;
For many an evil voice is near
To chide my woe and mock my fear;
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

3 For I have walked the happy round
That 'circles Sion's holy ground,
And gladly swell'd the choral lays
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallow'd arches rung
Responsive to the solemn song.

4 Ah, why, by passing clouds oppress,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain,
Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away. AMEN.

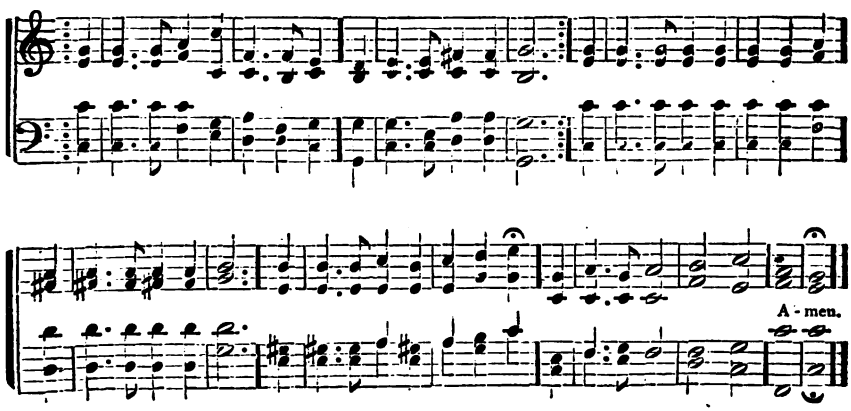
Hymn 453. B. [*First Tune.*]

"*Let not your heart be troubled: in My Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you.*"

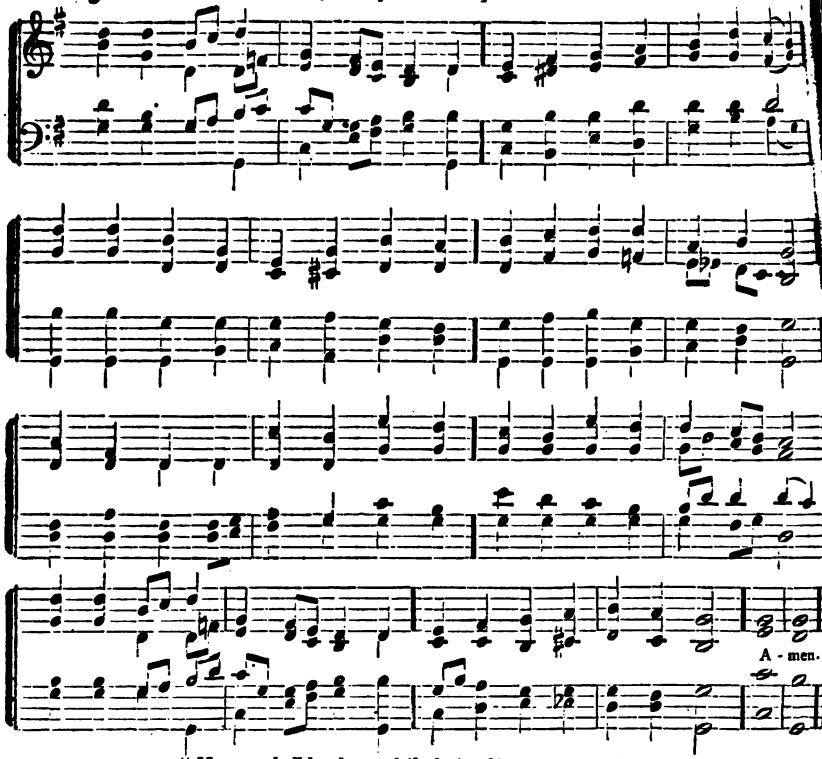
WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All;—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast. AMEN.

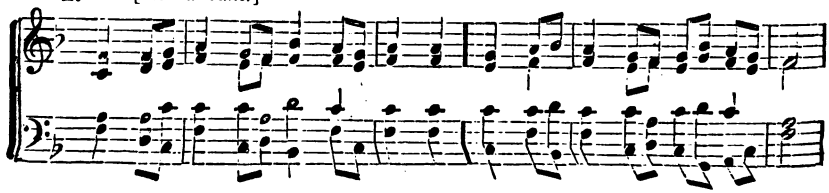
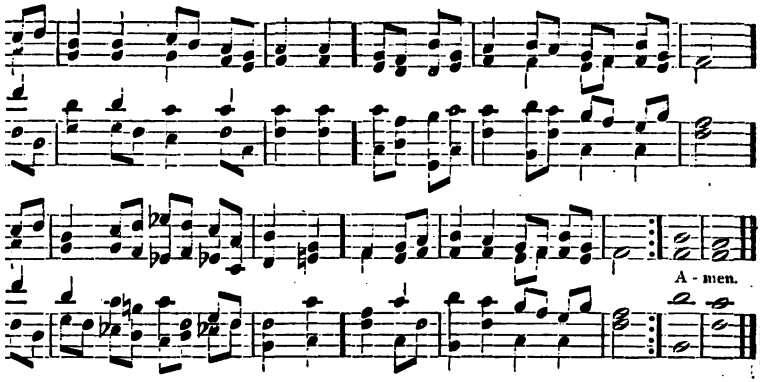
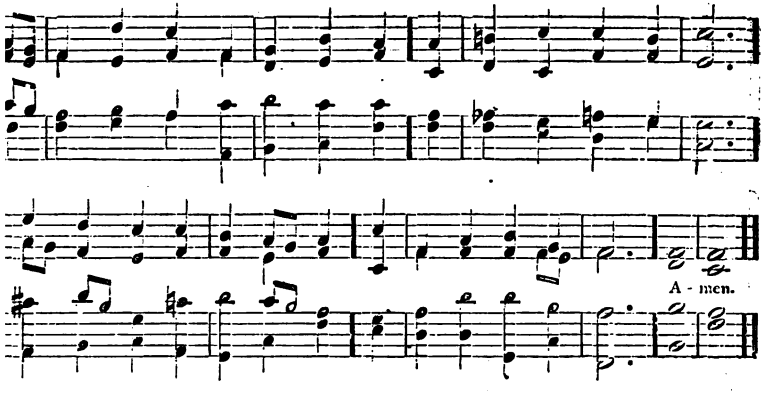
BB. [*Second Tune.*]

LOVE.

Hymn 454. K. [*First Tune.*]

"*My song shall be alway of the loving kindness of the Lord.*"

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavour;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found the lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd Cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise. AMEN.

K. [*Second Tune.*]

ymn 455. B.

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."

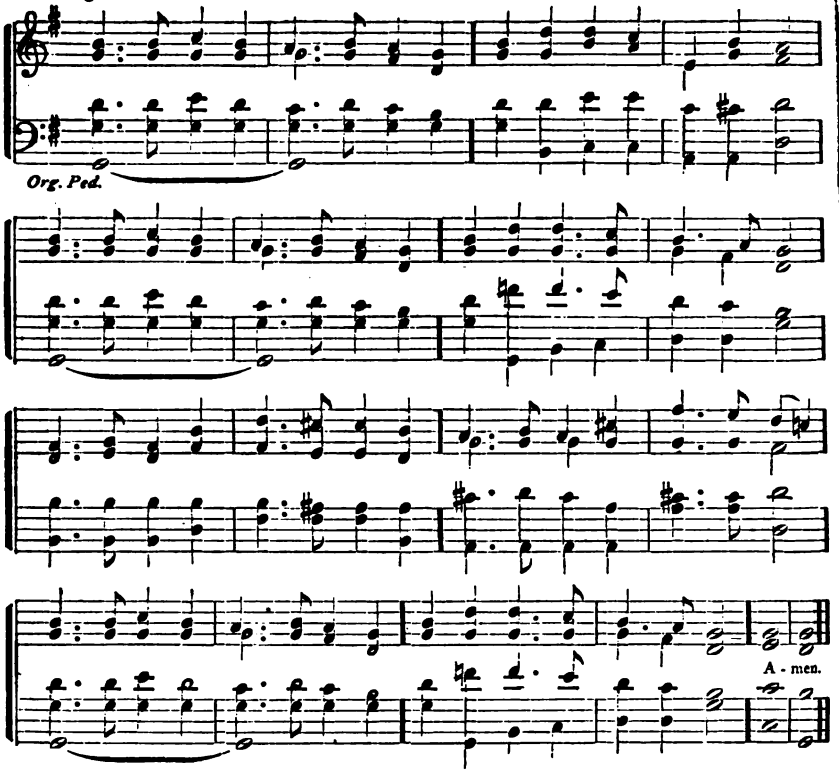
S! the very thought of Thee
ith sweetness fills my breast;
eeter far Thy face to see,
n Thy presence rest.

e can sing, no heart can frame,
an the memory find,
ter sound than Jesus' Name,
aviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity. AMEN.

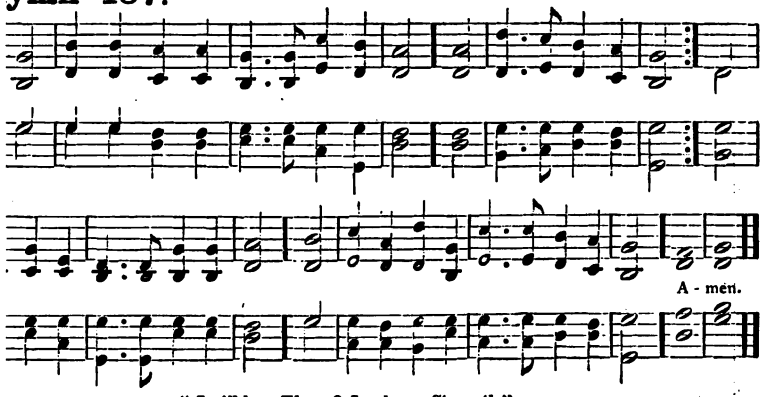
Hymn 456. K.

"*The love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.*"

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation.
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,—
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

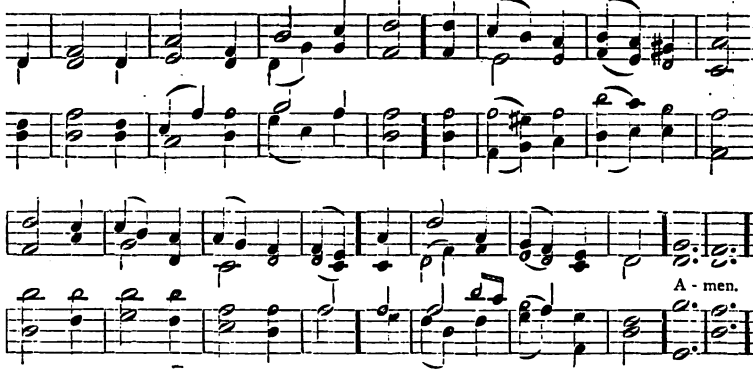
3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. AMEN.

ymn 457.

"*I will love Thee, O Lord, my Strength.*"

'E my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give;
Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy life I live;
nothing, and rejoice to be
d, and lost, and swallow'd up in Thee.

2 Thou, Lord, alone art all Thy children need,
And there is none beside:
From Thee the streams of blessedness pro-
In Thee the blest abide: [ceed,
Fountain of life and all-abounding grace,
Our Source, our Centre, and our Dwelling-
place. AMEN.

ymn 458. B.

"*Lovest thou Me?*"

Y God, I love Thee—not because
I hope for heaven, thereby:
yet because, if I love not,
nust for ever die

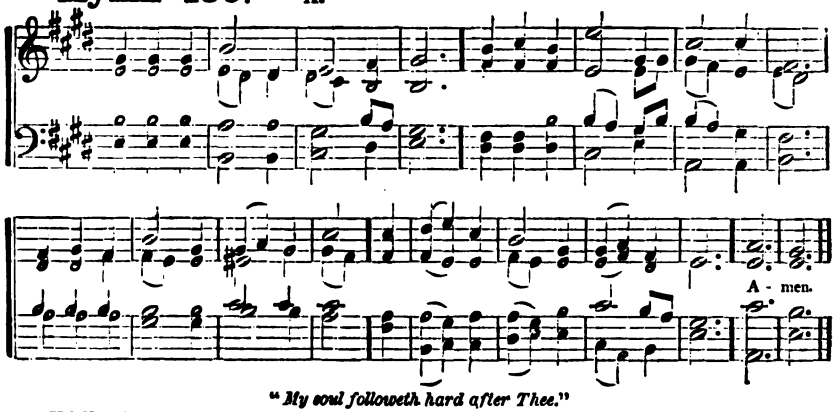
ı, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
)on the Cross embrace;
me didst bear the nails and spear,
ıd manifold disgrace,

griefs and torments numbérless,
ıd sweat of agony,
death itself; and all for me
ho was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesu Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

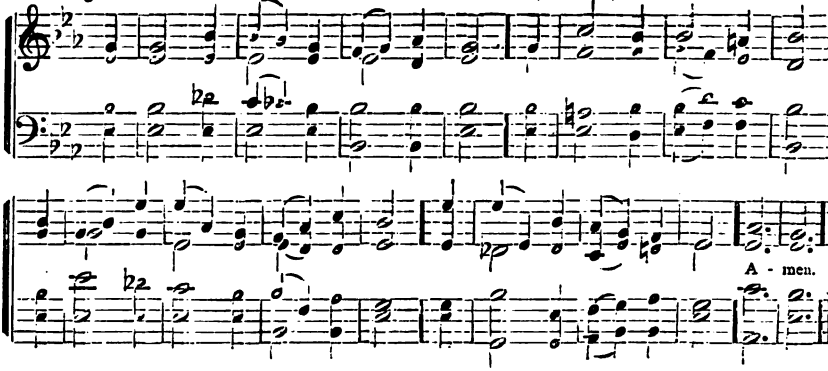
6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King. AMEN.

Hymn 459. A.

"My soul followeth hard after Thee."

THOU, Whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where do Thy sweetest pastures grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends Thy flock?
Fain would I feed among Thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should Thy Bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love. AMEN.

Hymn 460 B.

"Thus saith the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, Whose Name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."

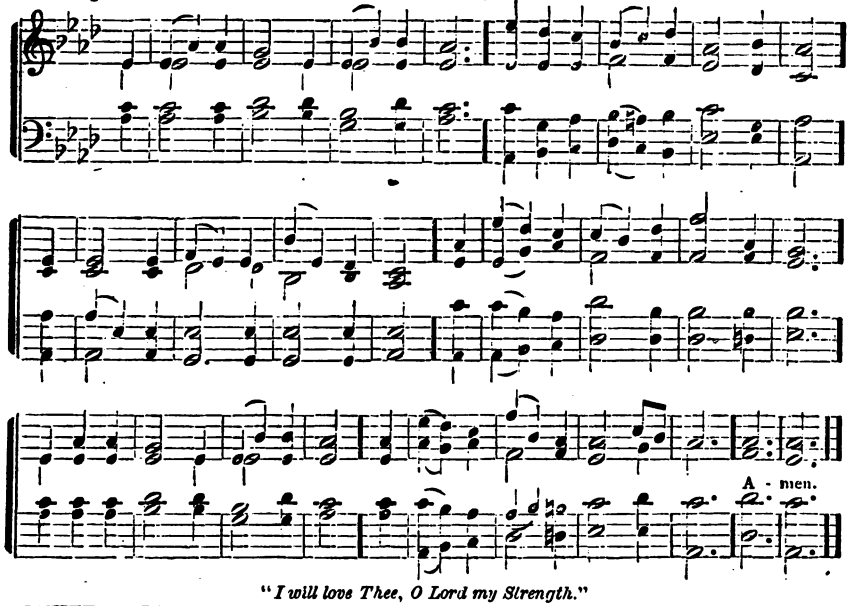
MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart. AMEN.

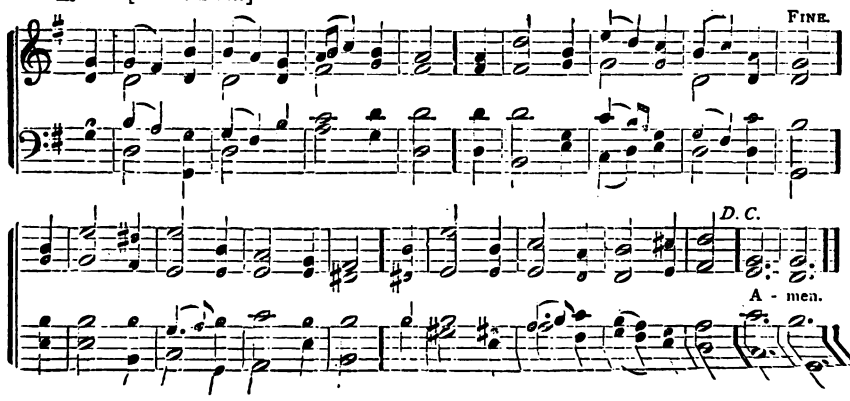
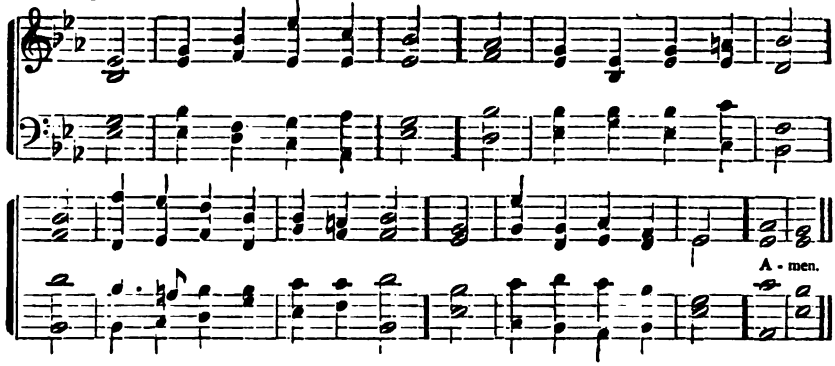
Hymn 461. E. [*First Tune.*]

"*I will love Thee, O Lord my Strength.*"

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower,
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and Thee alone:
Thee will I love, till sacred fire
Fill my whole soul with pure desire.

2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined:
I thank Thee, Who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, Whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day. AMEN.

E. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 462. C. JOY.

"*Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with thanksgiving.*"

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
ut children of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God of heaven is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.

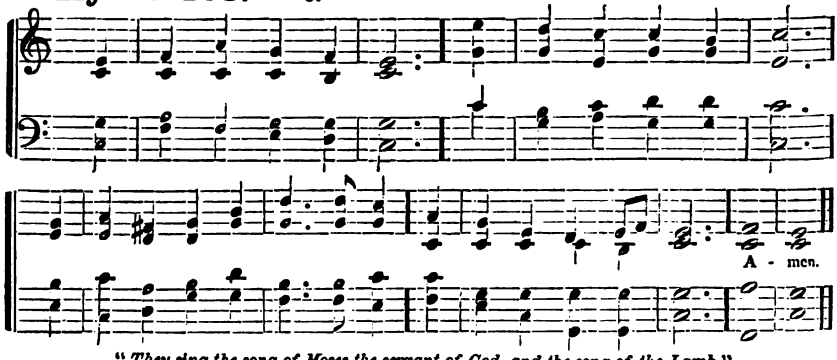
4 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5 Children of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

6 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

7 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground
We're marching through Emmanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. AMEN.

Hymn 463. C.



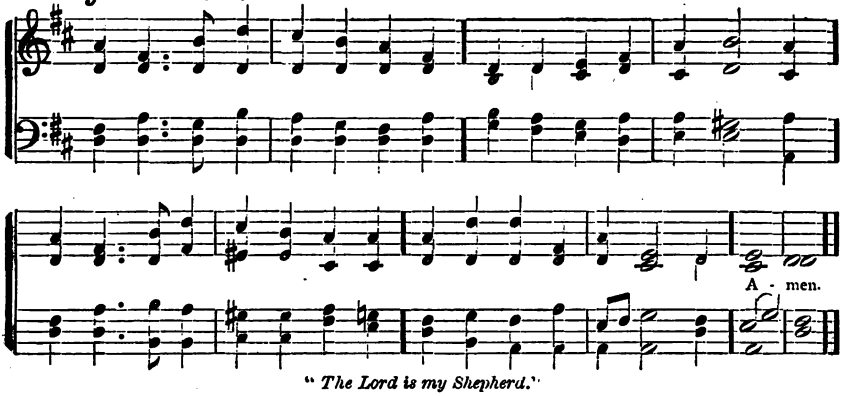
"*They sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.*"

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's Name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come!"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home. AMEN.

Hymn 464.

"*The Lord is my Shepherd.*"

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine for ever.

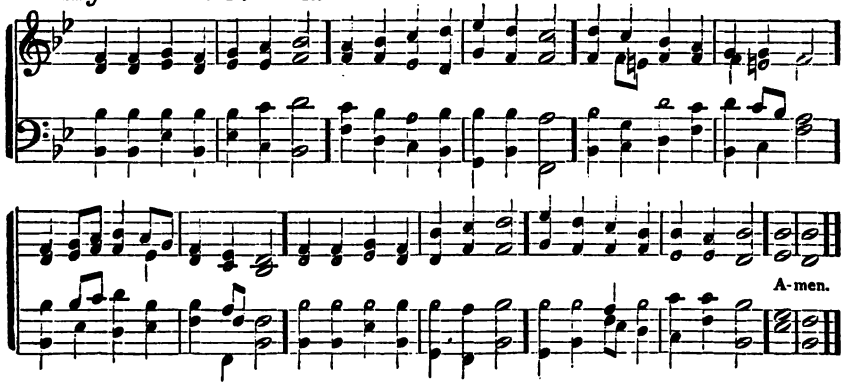
2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransom'd soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I stray'd,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O the transport of delight
With which my cup o'erfloweth!

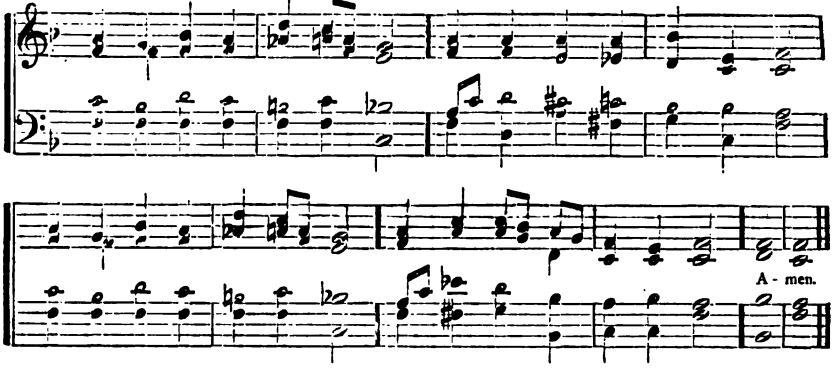
6 And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever! AMEN.

Hymn 465. H. HUMILITY.

"*My peace I give unto you.*"

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a little child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as *a child receive*;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir or step alone,
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide. AMEN

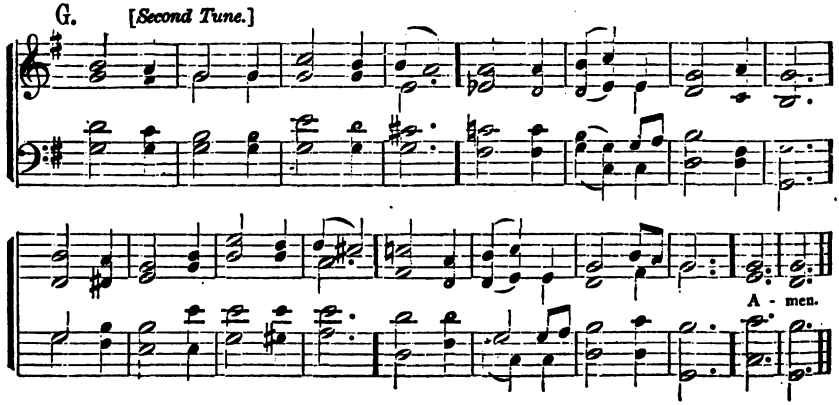
Hymn 466. G. [*First Tune.*]

"*Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am.*"

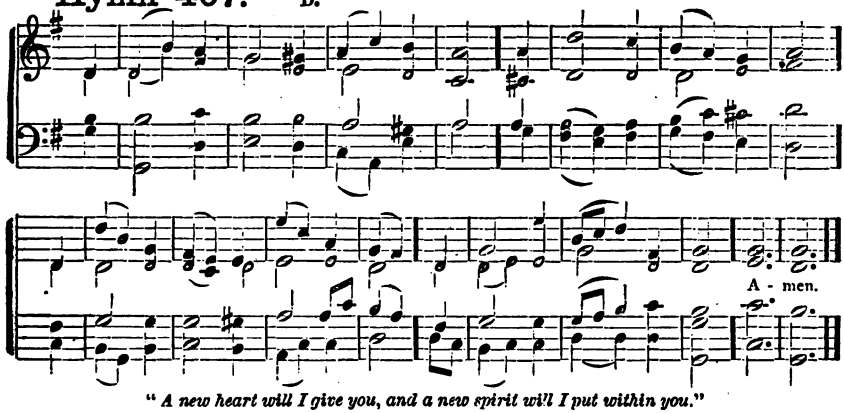
LORD, for ever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be:
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be seal'd.

3 Humble as a little child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel! now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all His ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just. AMEN.

G. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 467. B.

PEACE.

"*A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.*"

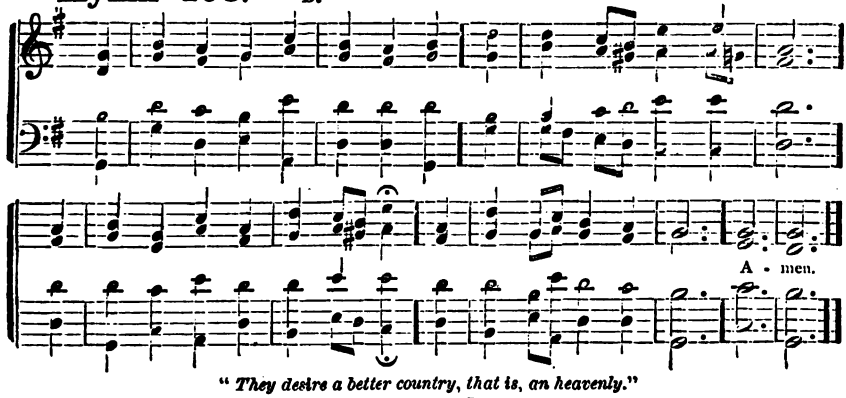
O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me;

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love. AMEN.

Hymn 468. B.

"*They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.*"

THERE is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night, is never seen.

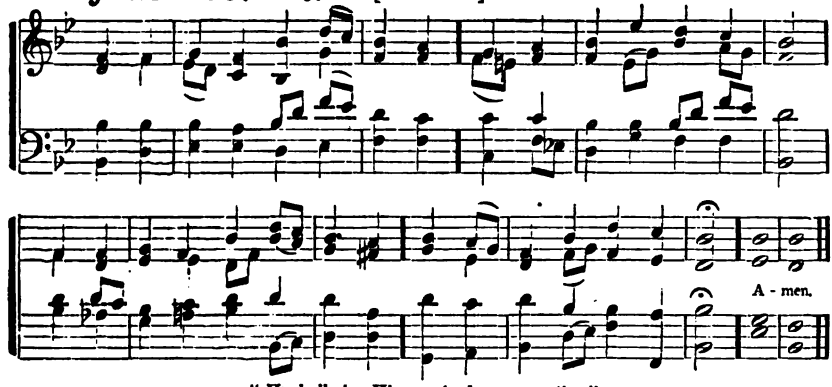
2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light, it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this;
I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss.

4 Soon at his feet my soul will lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world, to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with thee,—
My Saviour, this is life! AMEN.

COURAGE.

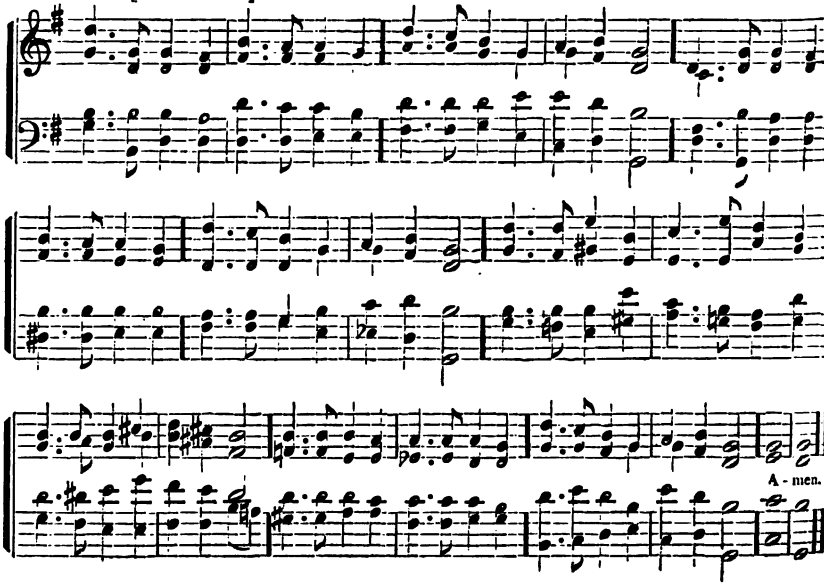
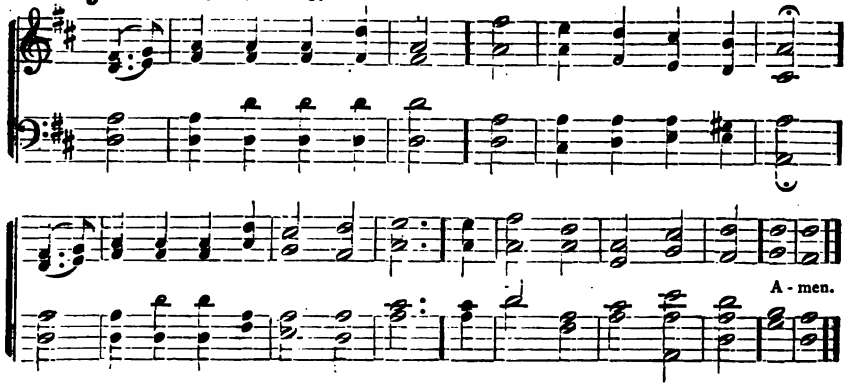
Hymn 469. J. [*First Tune.*]

"*He shall give His angels charge over thee.*"

GOD shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

2 On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.

4 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave. AMEN.

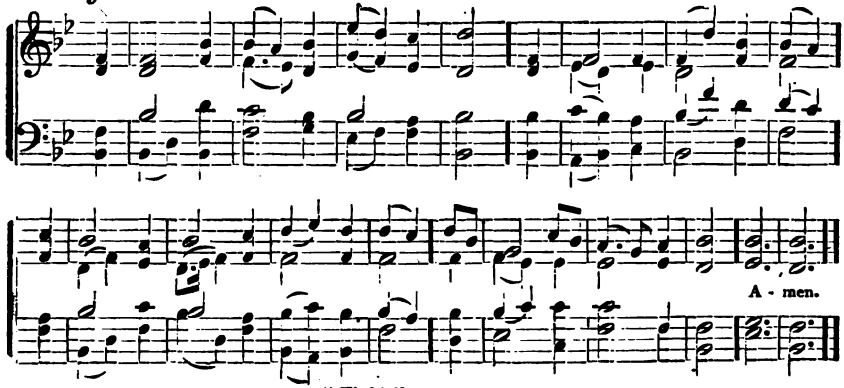
K. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 470. C.

"*Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.*"

MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode. AMEN.

Hymn 471. B.

"*Fight the good fight.*"

AM I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name?

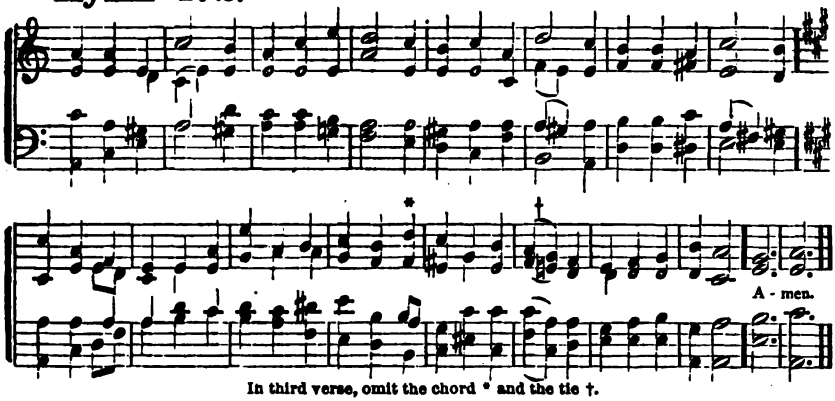
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine. AMEN.

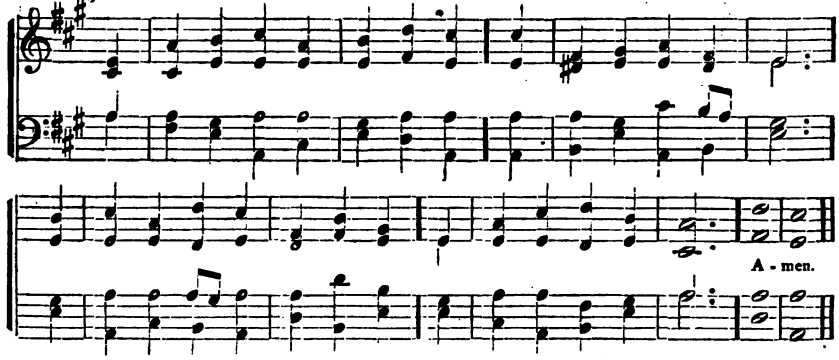
Hymn 472.

In third verse, omit the chord * and the tie †.

"*Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.*"

BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest;
Onward and onward still
Be Thine endeavour;
The rest that remaineth
Will be for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee:
He Who hath promisèd
Faltereth never;
He Who hath loved so well,
Loveth for ever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever. AMEN.

Hymn 473 B.

"*God be with us as He was with our fathers.*"

O GOD of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

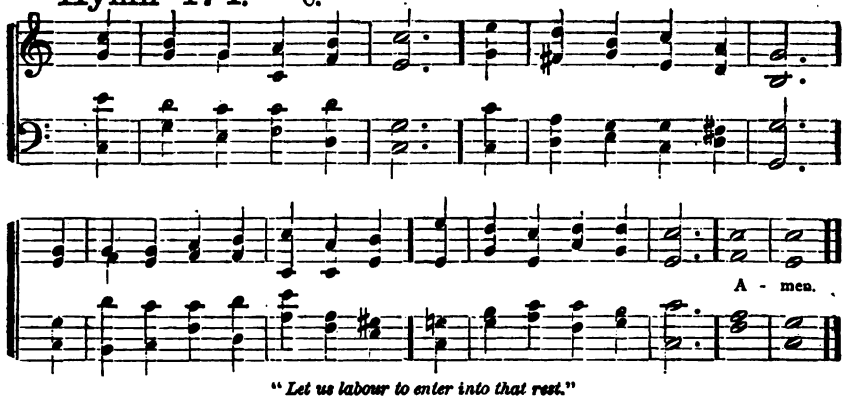
2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 *Through each* perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our Portion evermore. AMEN.

Hymn 474. C.

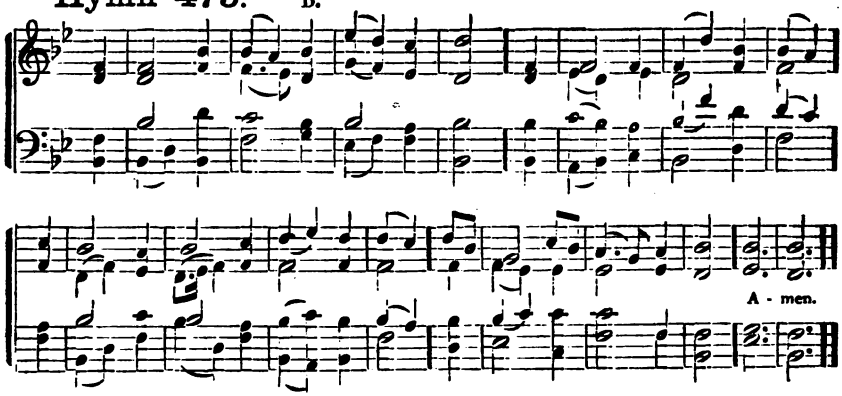
ACTION.

"*Let us labour to enter into that rest.*"

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:

2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And, O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely:
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die. AMEN.

Hymn 475. B.

"*They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.*"

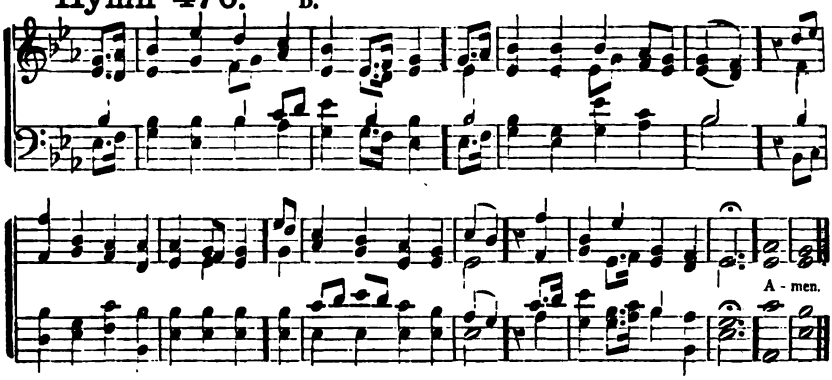
SUPREME in wisdom as in power,
The Rock of Ages stands;
Thou canst not search His mind, nor trace
The working of His hands.

2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

3 Mere human energy shall faint,
And youthful vigour cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

4 They, with unwearied step, shall tread
The path of life divine:
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar
On wings of faith and love;
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heaven above. AMEN.

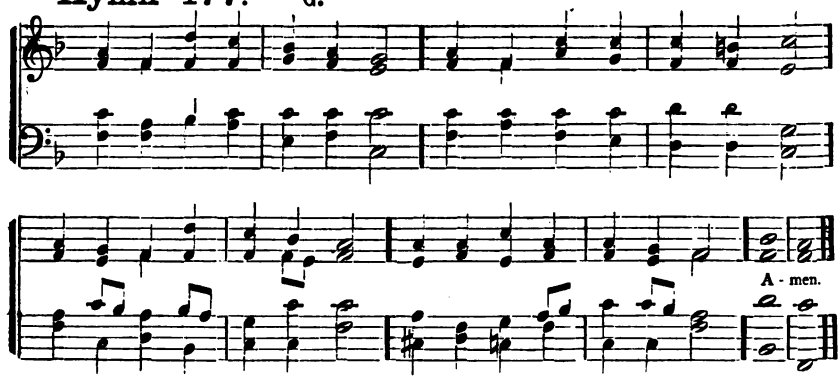
Hymn 476. B.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God."

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown. AMEN.

Hymn 477. G.

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

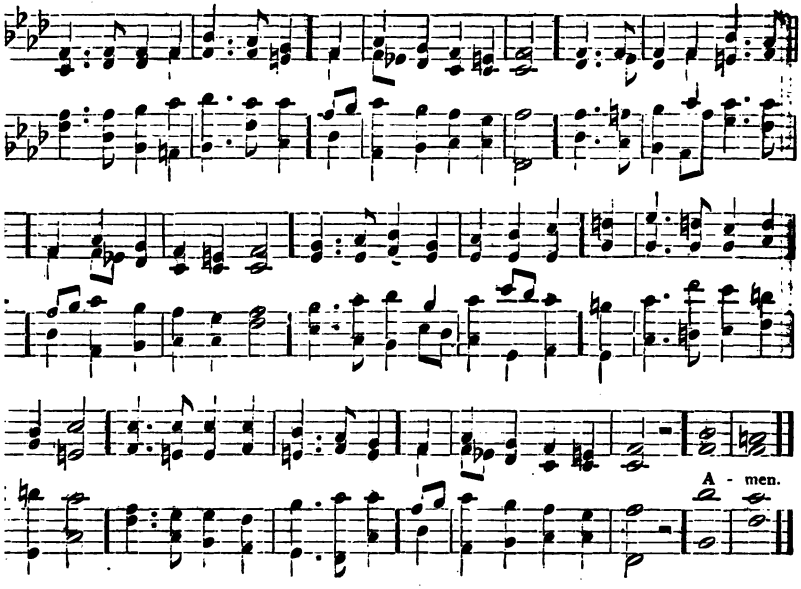
OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your captain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armour clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

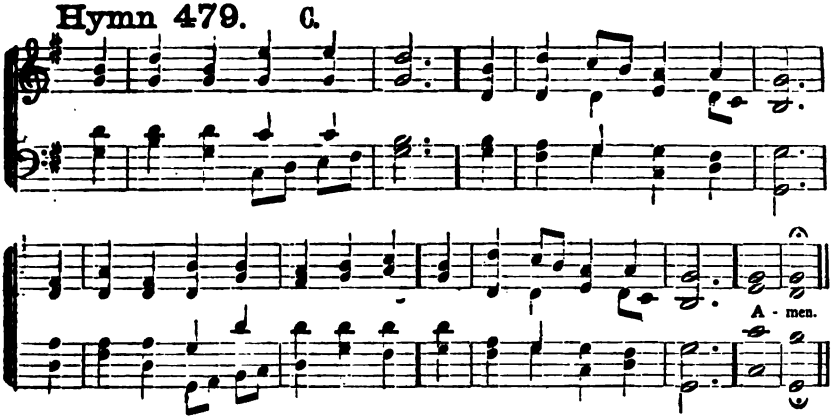
5 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go. AMEN.

Hymn 478.

These confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

SINCE I've known a Saviour's Name,
And sin's strong fetters broke,
Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my easy yoke:
Joyful now my faith to show,
I find His service my reward,
All the work I do below
Is light, for such a Lord.

2 To the desert or the cell
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Nor fear its enmity;
Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcerned in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

3 O that all the world might know
Of living, Lord, to Thee,
Find their heaven begun below,
And here Thy goodness see;
Walk in all the works prepared
By Thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see Thee face to face! AMEN.

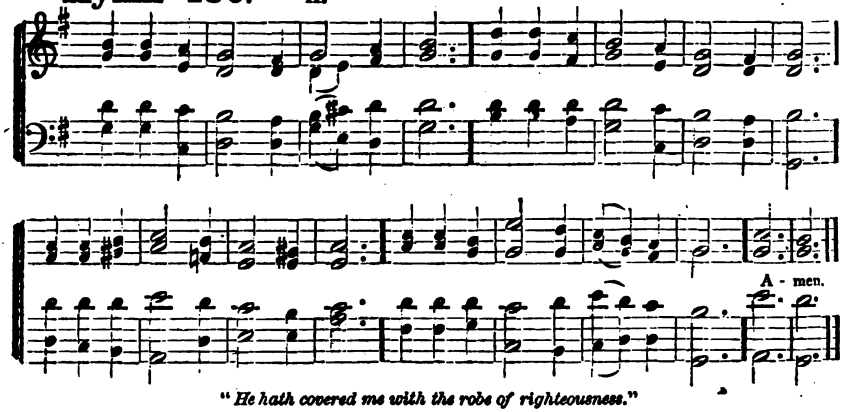
Hymn 479. C.

"*Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.*"

HEIRS of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
O let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear.

2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all His own.

3 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too! AMEN.

THE JUDGMENT.

Hymn 480. A.

"*He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.*"

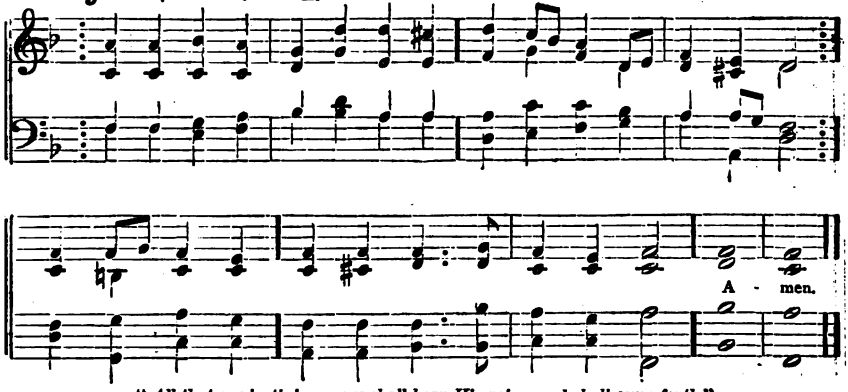
JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress,
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then this shall be all my plea—
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove;
Now let Thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell. AMEN.

Hymn. 481. L.



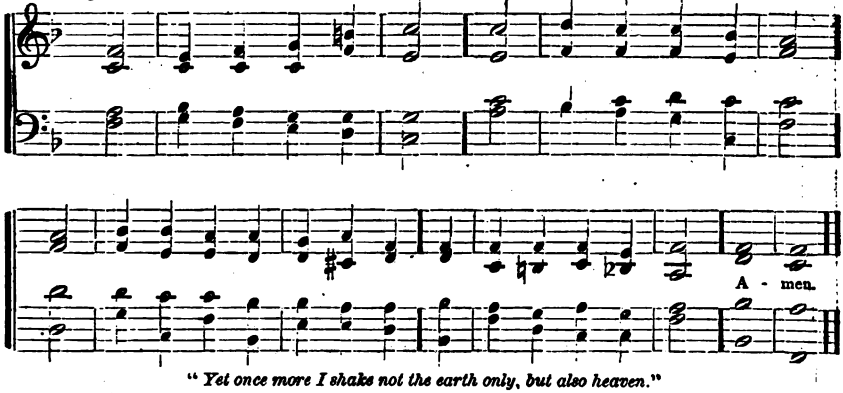
"All that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth."

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine:
Gracious saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine!

3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessèd,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, Come near, ye blessèd,
Take the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall My love and glory know. AMEN.

Hymn 482. C.

"Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven."

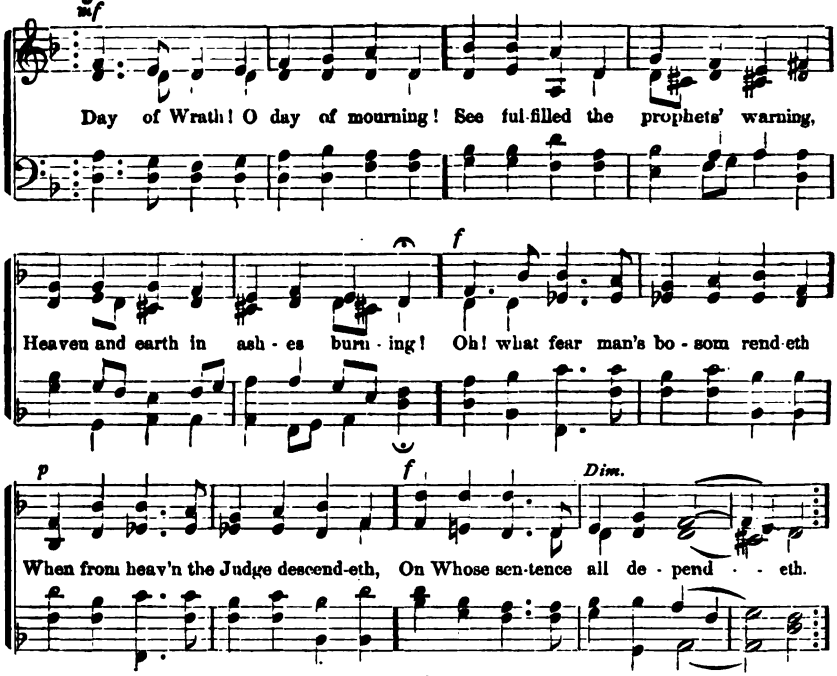
HOW will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before His face
Astonish'd shrink away?

2 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread.

3 Ye sinners, seek His grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of His Cross,
And find salvation there.

4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head. AMEN.

Hymn 483.


mf
Day of Wrath! O day of mourning! See fulfilled the prophets' warning,
f
Heaven and earth in ash-es burn-ing! Oh! what fear man's bo-som rend-eth
p
f
Dim.
When from heav'n the Judge descend-eth, On Whose sen-tence all de-pend - - eth.

"*The Lord grant him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day.*"

8 WONDROUS sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo! the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!

9 Think, good Jesu, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me.
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

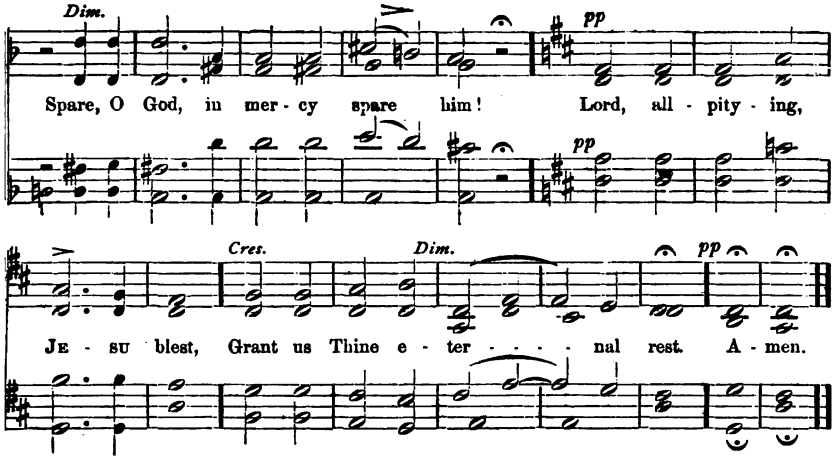
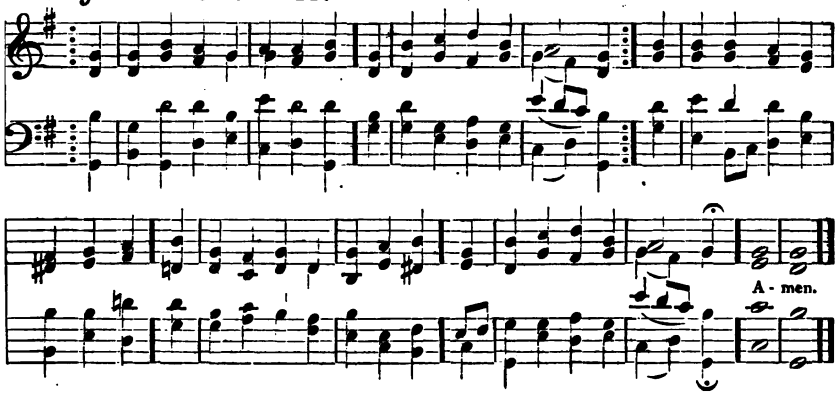
13 Thou the sinful woman saved'st;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

15 With Thy favoured sheep O place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.

17 Low I kneel with heart submission,
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

18 Ah, that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him.

Hymn 484. FF.

"The time of the dead is come, that they should be judged."

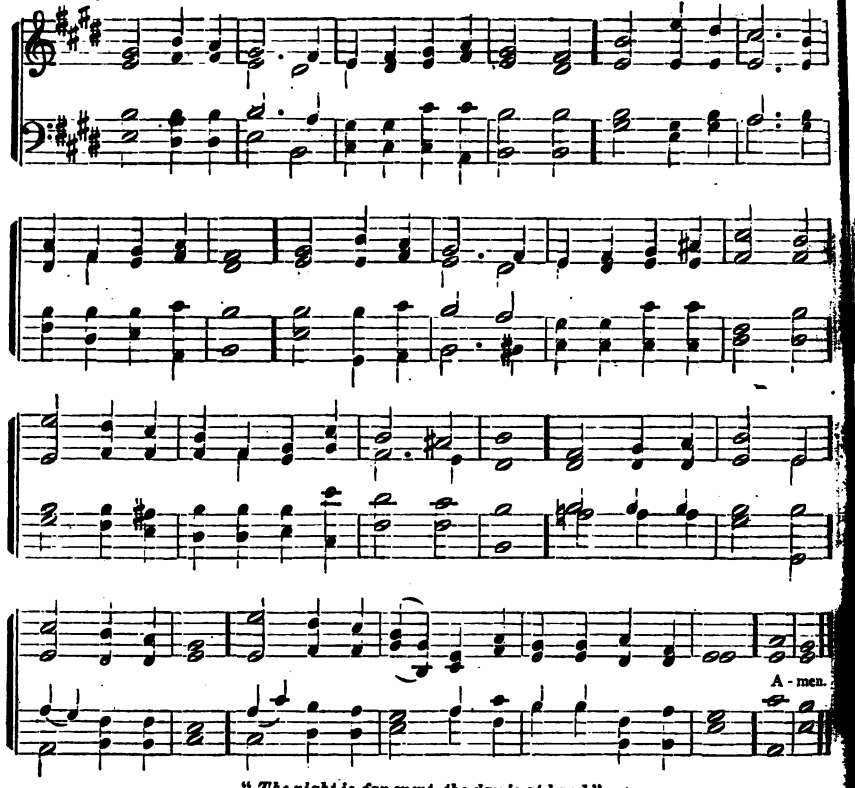
GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling, they stand before the throne
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
Low at His Cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him. Amen.

HEAVEN.

Hymn 485. [*First Tune.*]

"*The night is far spent, the day is at hand.*"

HARK! hark, my soul; Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

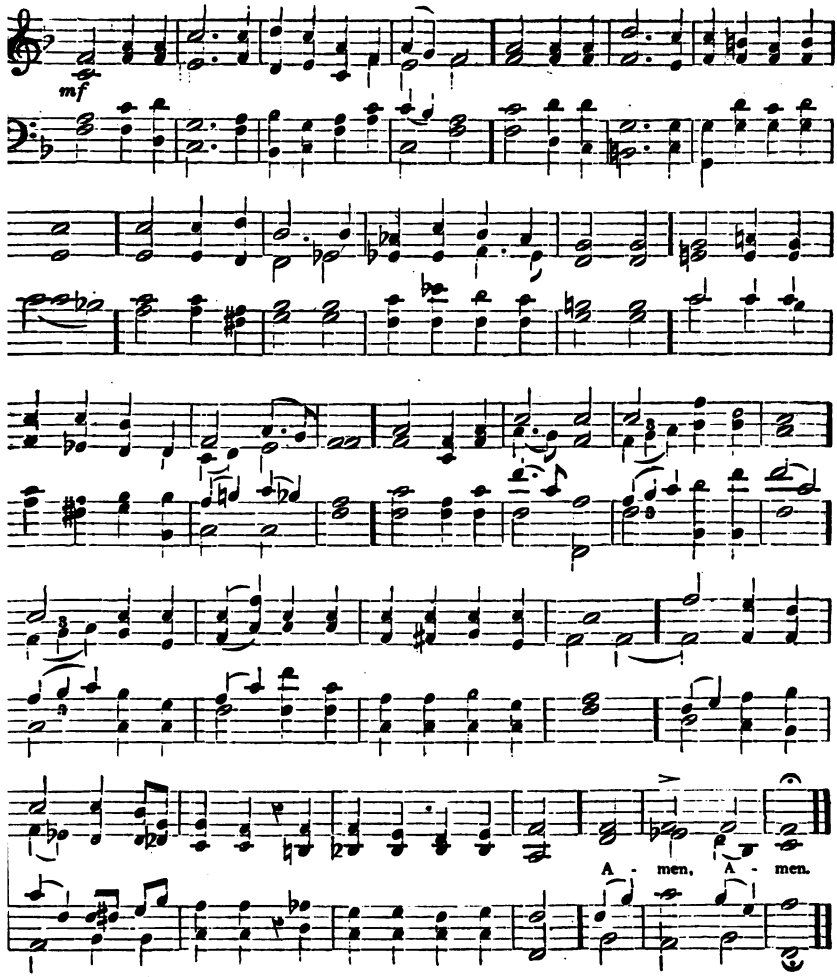
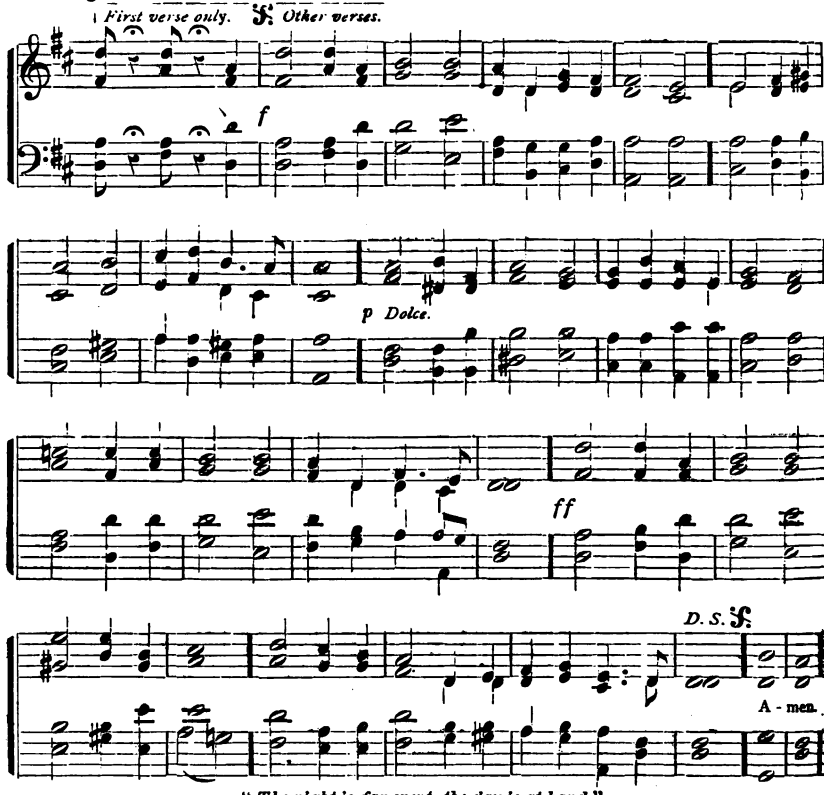
2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. AMEN.

[WORDS ON OPPOSITE PAGE.]

[*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 485. [*Third Tune.*]

"*The night is far spent, the day is at hand.*"

HARK! hark, my soul: Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"
And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
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3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
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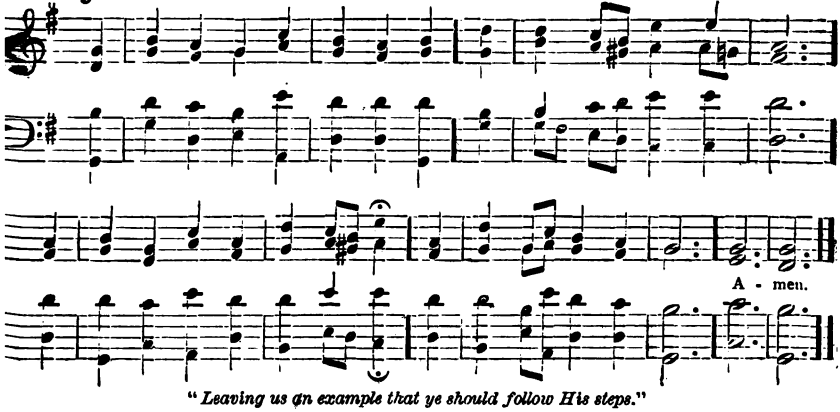
ing; [abov
Sing us sweet fragments of the so
Till morning's joy shall end the night
weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloud
love.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims o
night. AMEN.

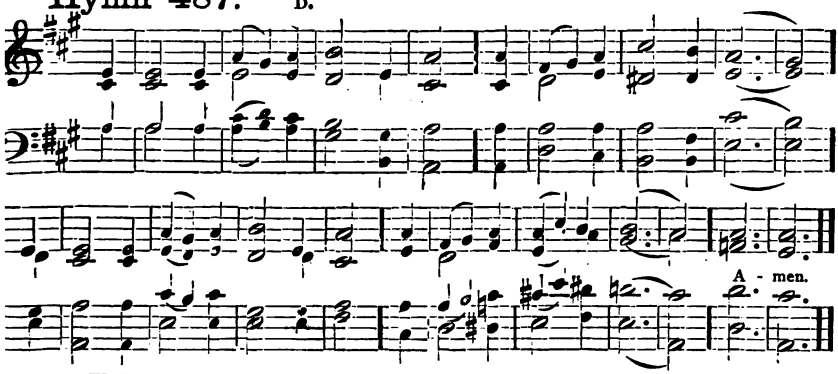
Hymn 486. B.

"*Leaving us an example that ye should follow His steps.*"

CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
And he that in God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be!

3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with those triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

4 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him! AMEN.

Hymn 487. B.

"*While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.*"

HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?

These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

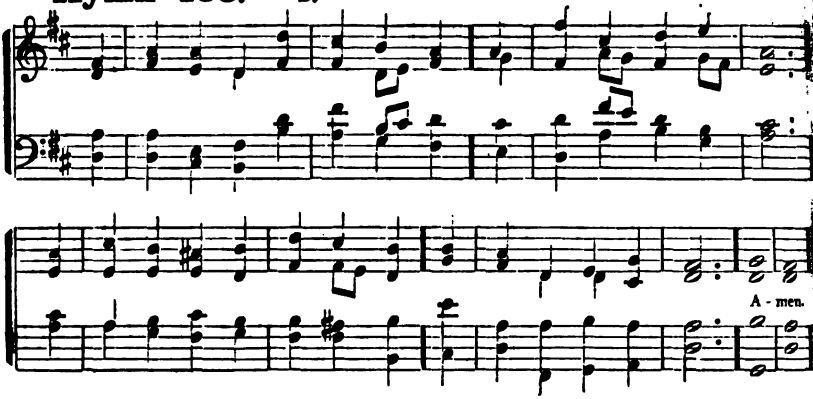
Their brightest day, alas! how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain
O'ershade the smiling noon.

O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades,—

5 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim:
With one reviving touch of Thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise, [spring
To those bright scenes where pleasures
Immortal in the skies. AMEN.

Hymn 488. B.

"*They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.*"

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

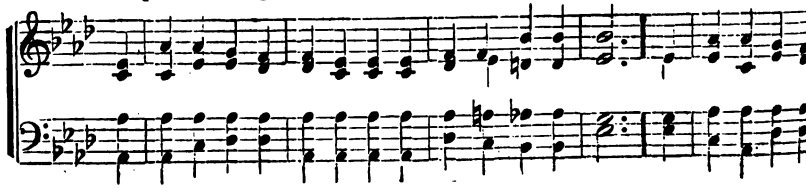
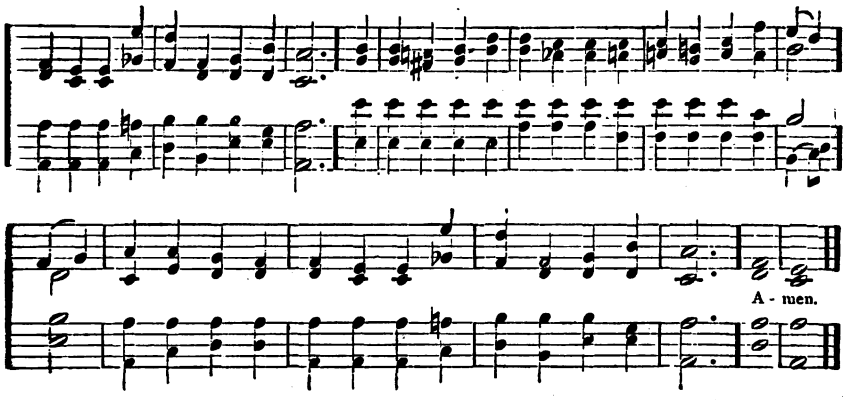
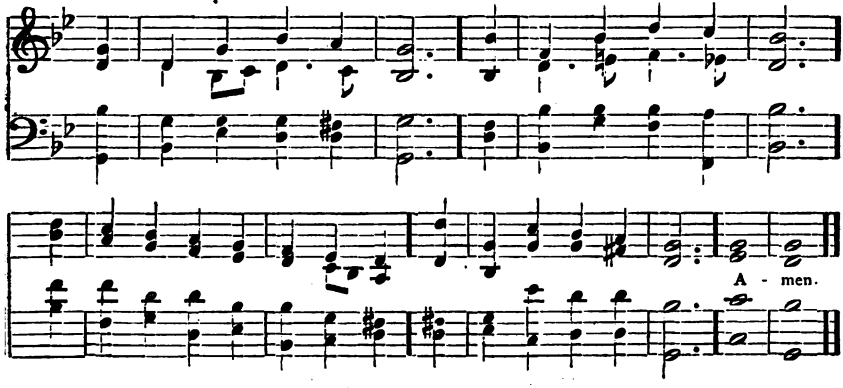
2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So, to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. AMEN.

BB. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 489. C.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."

FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.

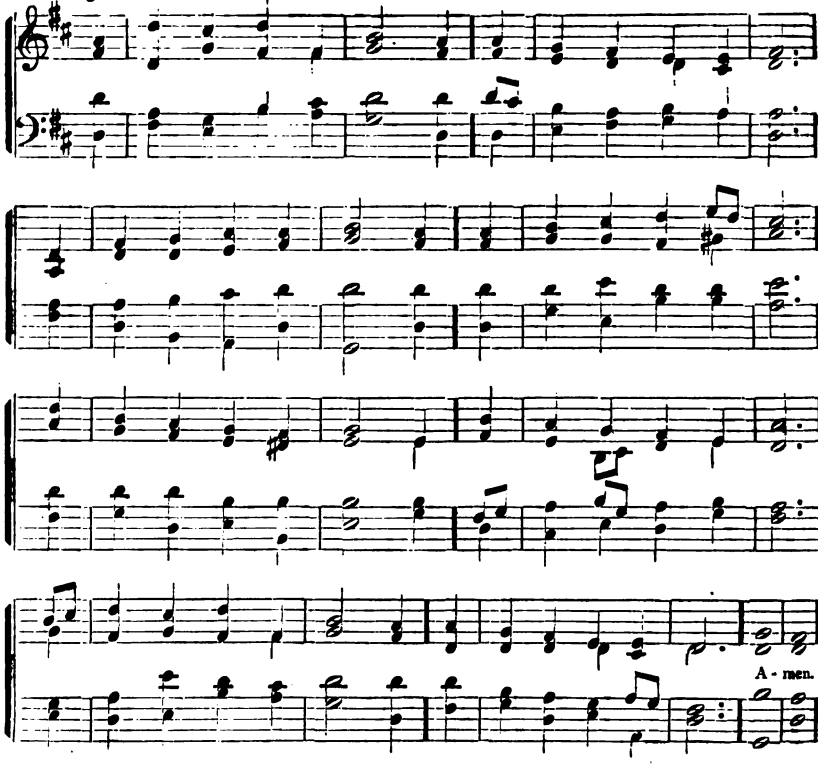
2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
The golden gates appear!

4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace. AMEN.

Hymn 490.

"*Work your work betimes, and in His time He will give you your reward.*"

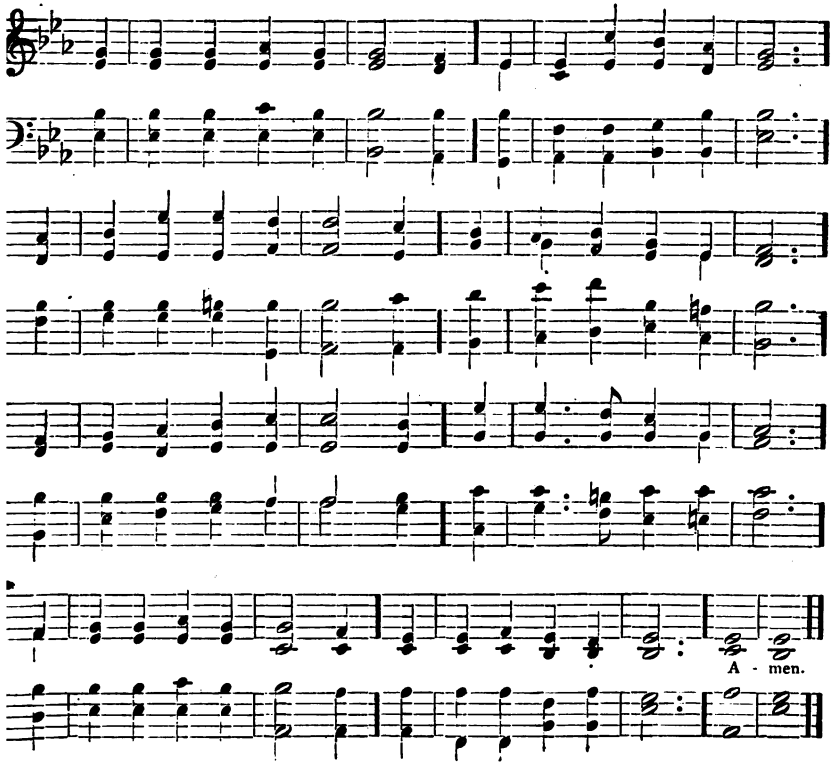
THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge Who comes in mercy,
The Judge Who comes with might,
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
To light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 O Home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the saints around.

4 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distrest;
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The Home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. AMEN.

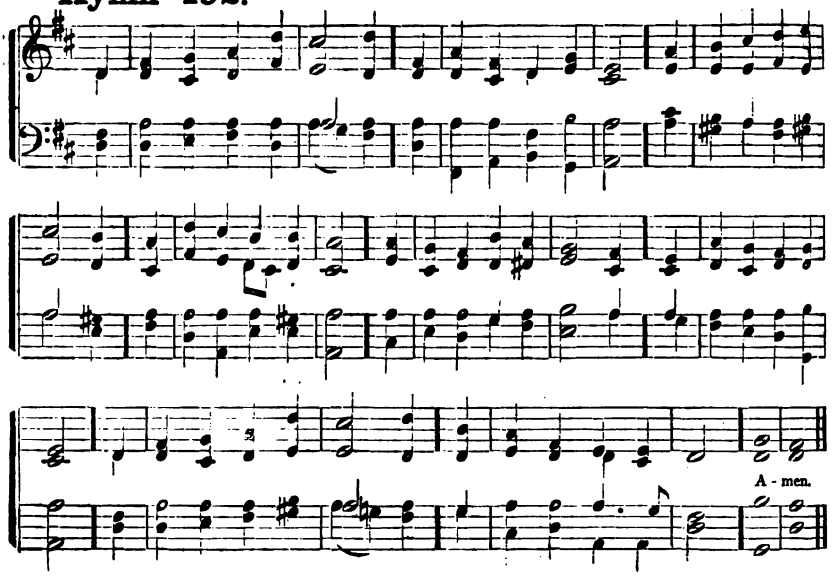
Hymn 491.

"*Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.*"

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full, and everlasting,
And passionless renown.
But He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadow shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
There God, our King and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

4 O sweet and blessèd country
The Home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. AMEN.

Hymn 492.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

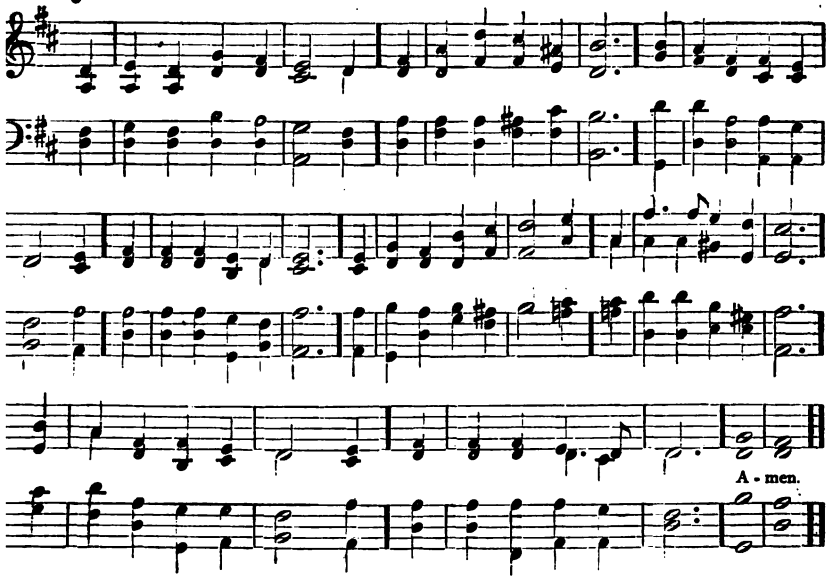
FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy Name, they weep.
The mention of Thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion;
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banish'd,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow Thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in Thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise Thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And Thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. AMEN.

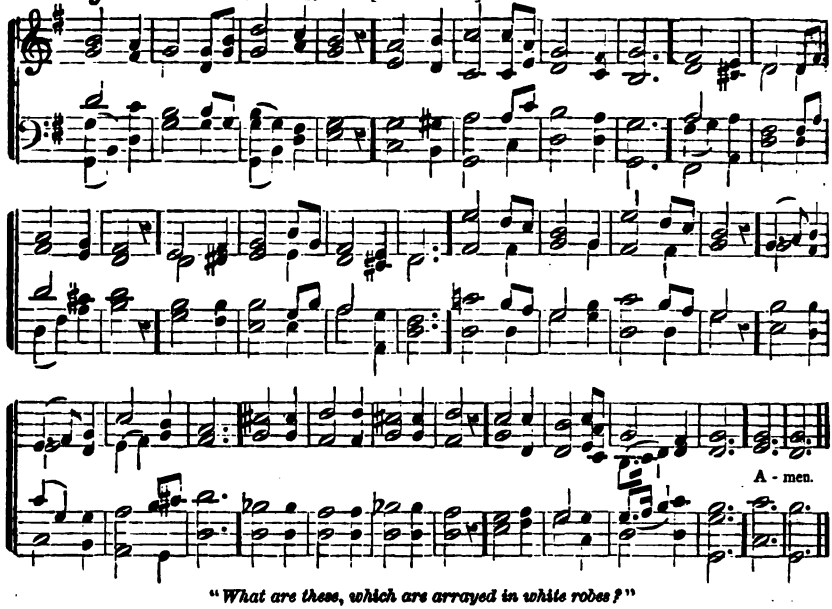
Hymn 493.

"*And he shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of Heaven from God, having the glory of God.*"

JERUSALEM, the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppresst.
I know not, O I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

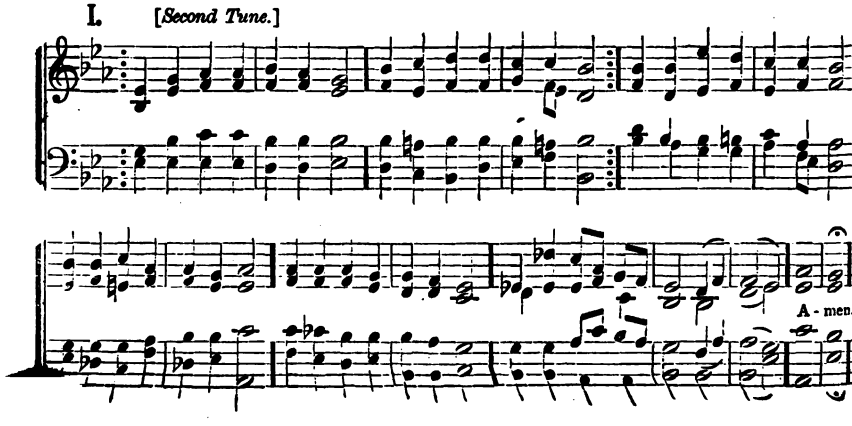
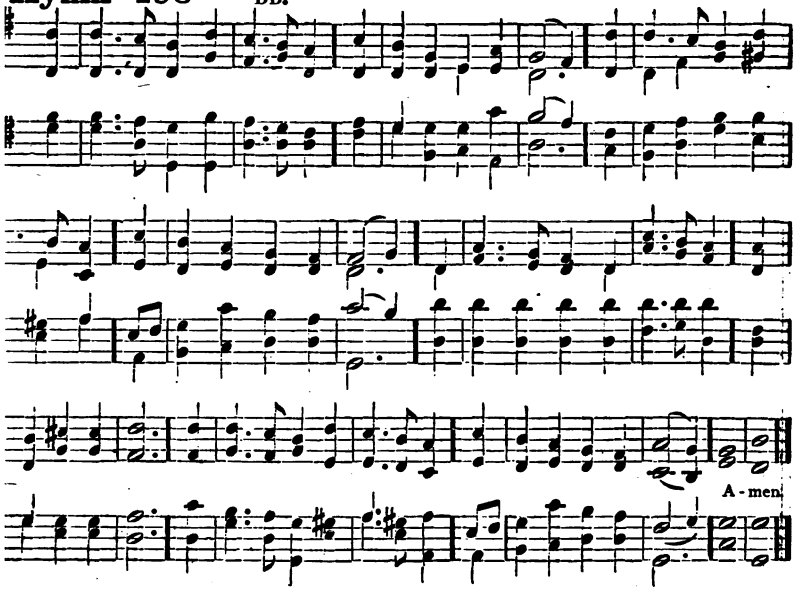
4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. AMEN.

Hymn 494. I. [*First Tune.*]

"What are these, which are arrayed in white robes?"

WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with His Almighty Name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away the tears. AMEN.

I. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 495 BB.

d the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of the Lord did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light.

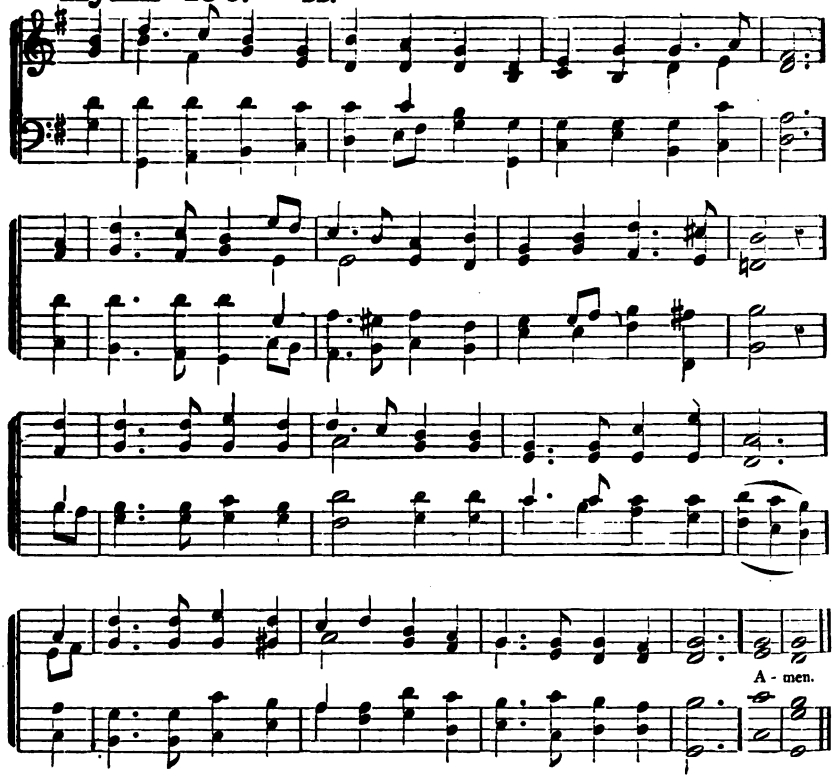
4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

6 Right through thy streets, with pleasing sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

7 Those trees each month yield ripen'd fruit;
For ever more they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honours bring.

8 O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see? AMEN.

Hymn 496. BB.

"*That great city, the holy Jerusalem.*"

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

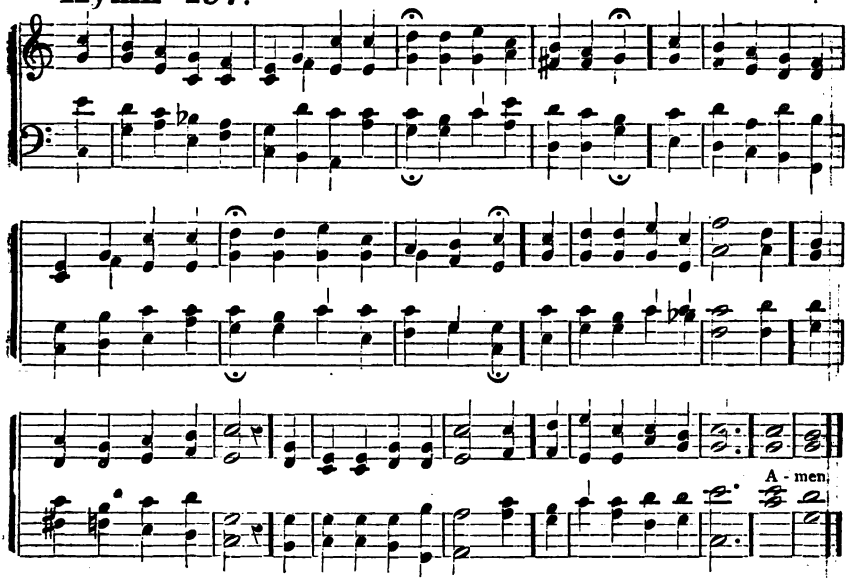
2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand:
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. AMEN.

Hymn 497.

"*Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.*"

JERUSALEM! high tower thy glorious walls!
Would God I were in thee!
Desire of thee my longing heart enthrals,
Desire at home to be:
Wide from the world outleaping,
O'er hill and vale and plain,
My soul's strong wing is sweeping,
Thy portals to attain.

2 O gladsome day, and yet more gladsome hour!
When shall that hour have come,
When my rejoicing soul its own free power
May use in going home?
Itself to Jesus giving,
In trust to His own hand,
To dwell among the living,
In that blest Fatherland.

3 A moment's time, the twinkling of an eye,
Shall be enough to soar,
In buoyant exultation, through the sky,
And reach the heavenly shore.
Elijah's chariot bringing
The homeward traveller there;
Glad troops of angels winging
It onward through the air.

4 Great fastness thou of honour! thee I greet!
Throw wide thy gracious gate,
An entrance free to give these longing feet;
At last released, though late,
From wretchedness and sinning,
And life's long, weary way;
And now, of God's gift, winning
Eternity's bright day.

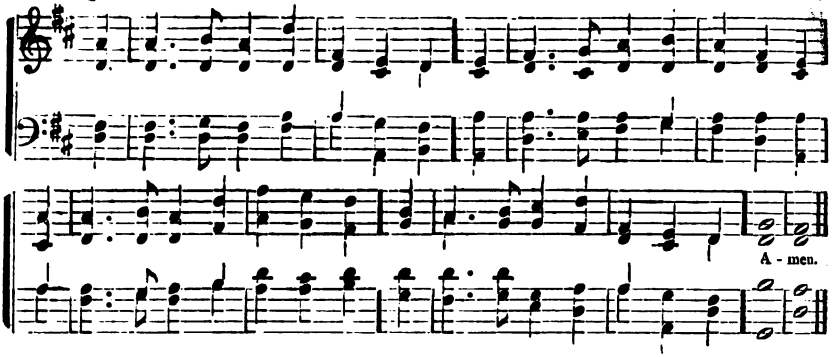
5 What throng is this, what noble troop, that pours,
Arrayed in beauteous guise,
Out through the glorious city's open doors,
To greet my wondering eyes?
The hosts of Christ's elected,
The jewels that He bears
In His own crown, selected
To wipe away my tears.

6 Of prophets great, and patriarchs high, a band
That once has borne the cross,
With all the company that won that land,
By counting gain for loss,
Now float in freedom's lightness,
From tyrants' chains set free;
And shine like suns in brightness,
Arrayed to welcome me.

7 One more at last arrived they welcome there,
To beauteous Paradise,
Where sense can scarce its full fruition bear,
Or tongue for praise suffice;
Glad hallelujahs ringing
With rapturous rebound,
And rich hosannas singing
Eternity's long round.

8 Unnumbered choirs before the Lamb's high throne
There shout the jubilee,
With loud resounding peal and sweetest tone,
In blissful ecstasy:
A hundred thousand voices
Take up the wondrous song;
Eternity rejoices
God's praises to prolong. AMEN.

GENERAL HYMNS.

Hymn 498. AA.

"Thy mercy, O Lord, reacheth unto the heavens, and Thy faithfulness unto the clouds."

O LORD, Thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

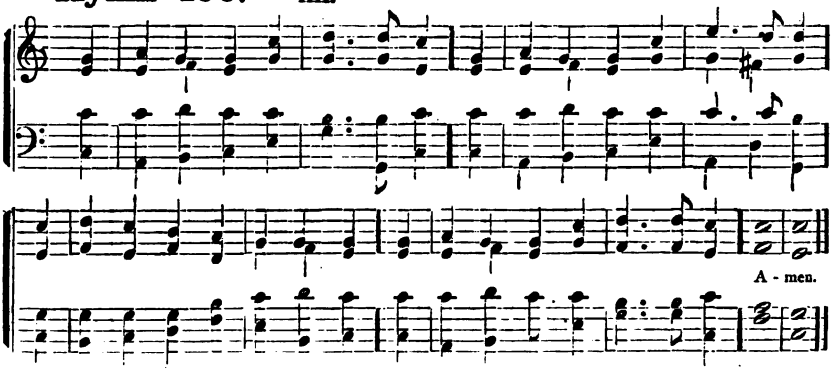
2 Thy justice like the hills remains,
Unfathomed depths Thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is Thy care.

3 Since of Thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to Thy protection trust!

4 Such guests shall to Thy courts be led,
To banquet on Thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 With Thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day;
O let Thy saints Thy favour gain,
To upright hearts Thy truth display.

AMEN.

Hymn 499. AA.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, praise His holy Name."

MY soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy Name for ever bless;
Of all His favours mindful prove,
And still Thy grateful thanks express

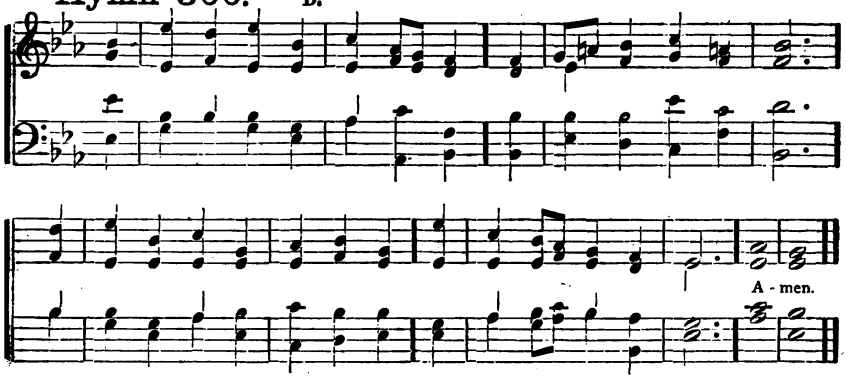
2 'Tis He that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger He Thy life retrieves,
By Him with grace and mercy crown'd.

3 The Lord abounds with tender love
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

4 God will not always harshly chide,
But with His anger quickly part;
And loves His punishment to guide
More by His love than our desert

5 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far as He our sins removed;
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear Him always loved.

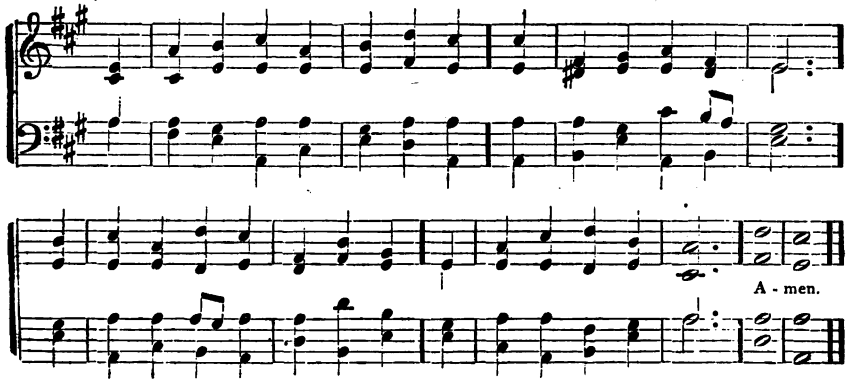
AMEN.

Hymn 500. B.

"*He bowed the heavens, and came down, and it was dark under His feet.*"

THE Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens most high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim,
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And He, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign. AMEN.

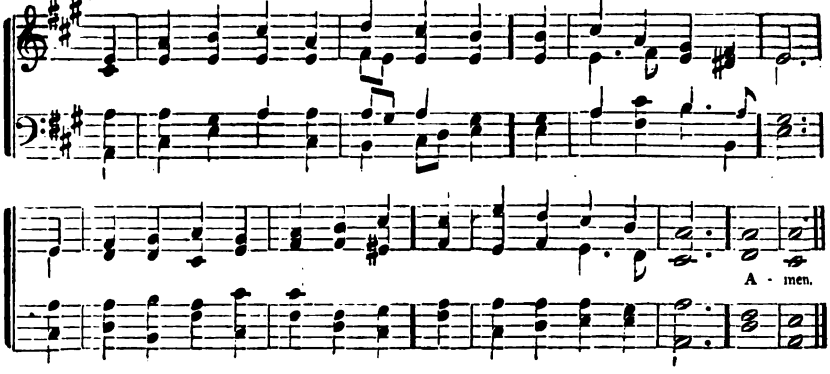
Hymn 501. B.

"*Jesus said unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life.*"

THOU art the Way, to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow. AMEN.

Hymn 502. B.

"*Thy footsteps are not known.*"

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

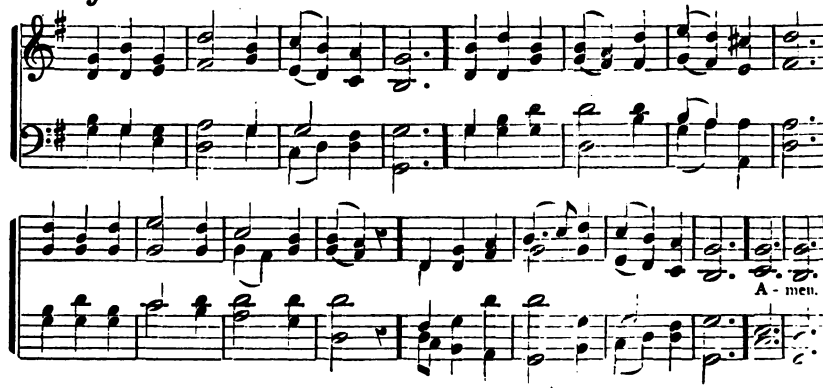
2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His gracious will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

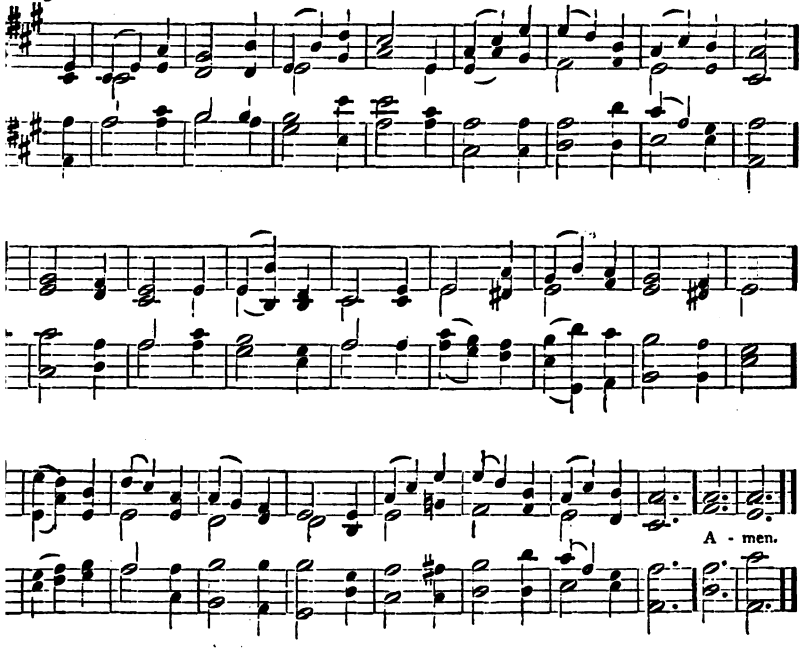
5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. AMEN.

Hymn 503. AA.

"*Blessed is the people, O Lord, that can rejoice in Thee.*"

HAPPY, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound;
Who may at festivals appear,
With Thy most glorious presence crown'd;

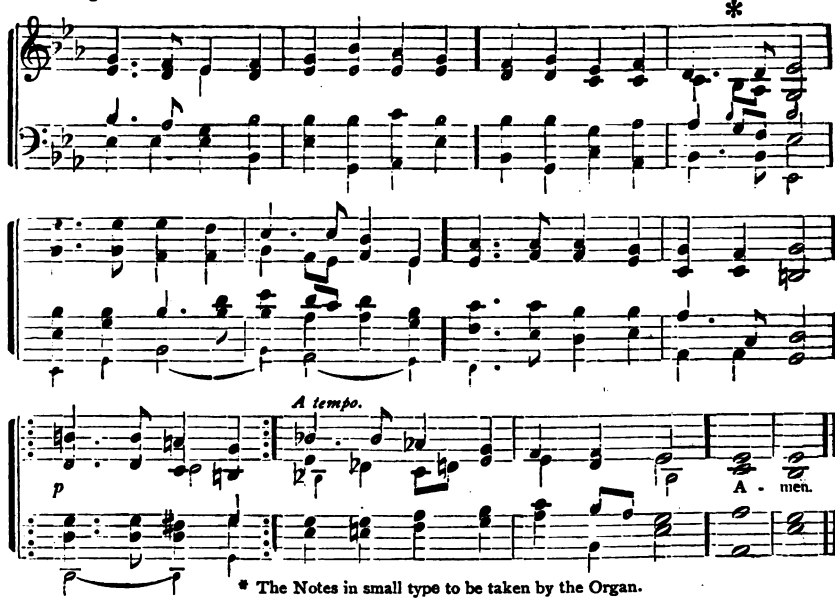
2 For in Thy strength they shall advance,
Whose conquests from Thy favour spring:
The Lord of hosts is our defence,
And Israel's God our Israel's King. AMEN

Hymn 504. E.

"The Lord is my Shepherd; therefore can I lack nothing."

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade. AMEN.

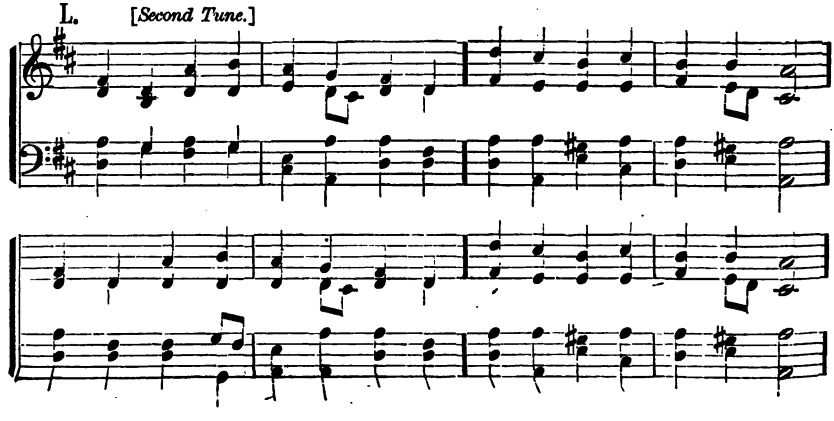
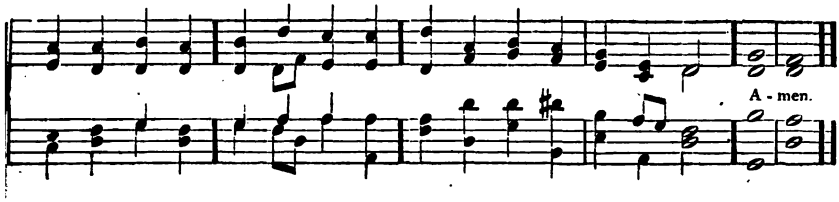
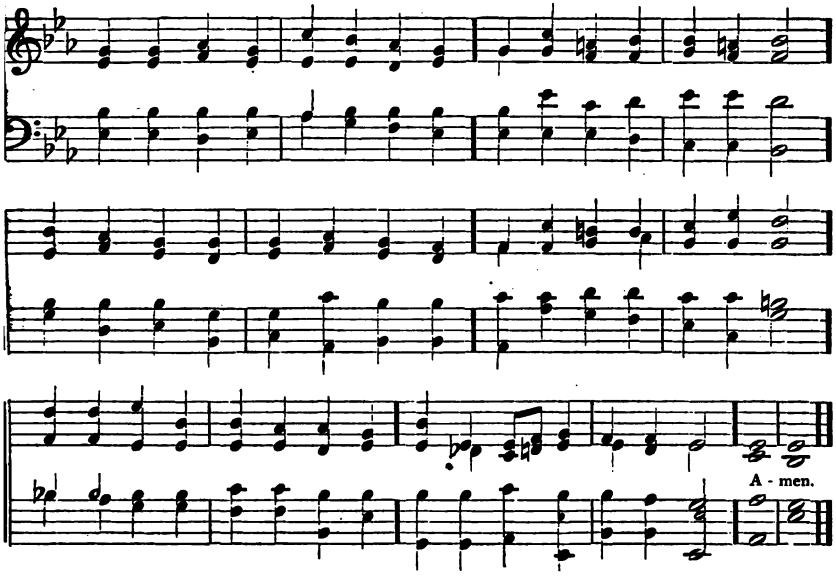
Hymn 505. L. [*First Tune.*]

* The Notes in small type to be taken by the Organ.

"*These confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.*"

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

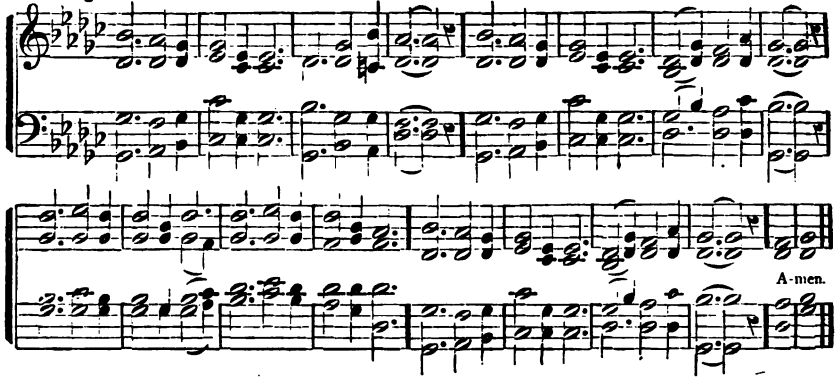
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Death of death and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. AMEN.

L. [*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 506. L.

"The ark of the covenant went before them."

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee:
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. AMEN.

Hymn 507. [*First Tune.*]

"*A people near unto Him.*"

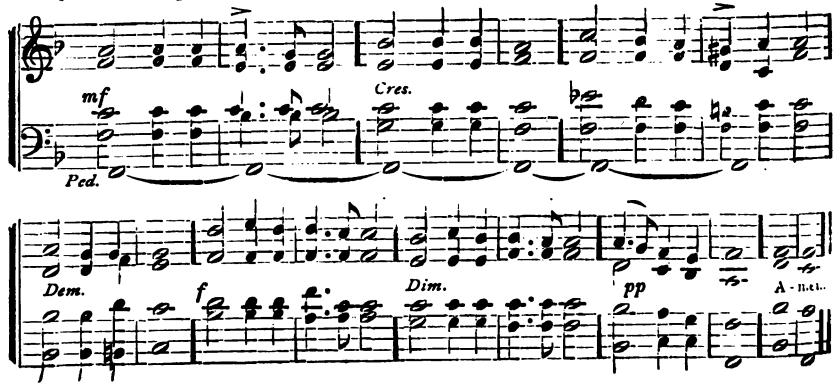
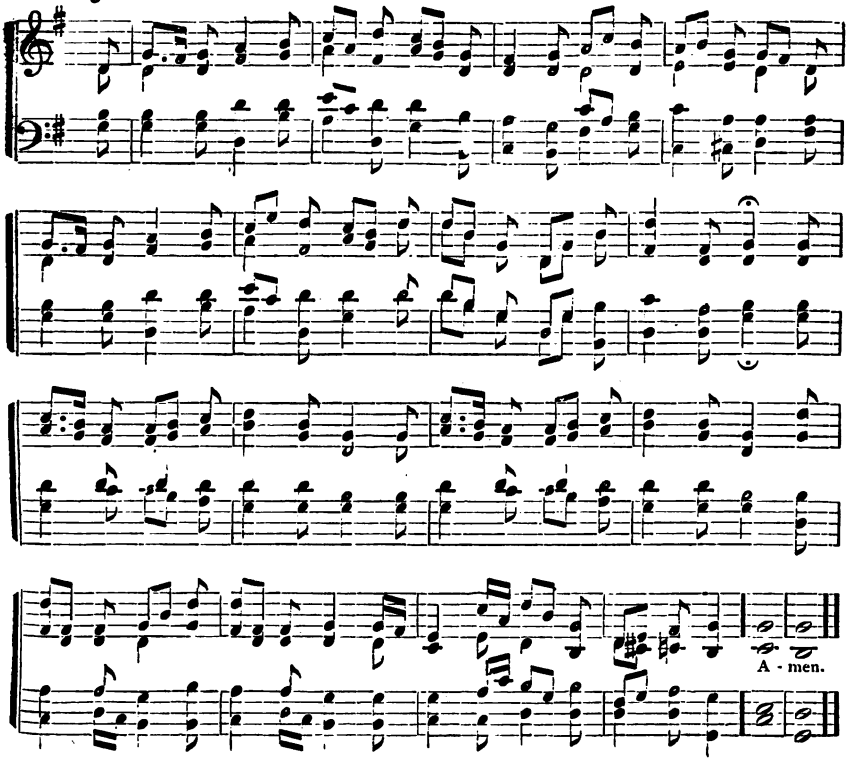
NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, My God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. AMEN.

[*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 508.

"*The heavens declare the glory of God.*"

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

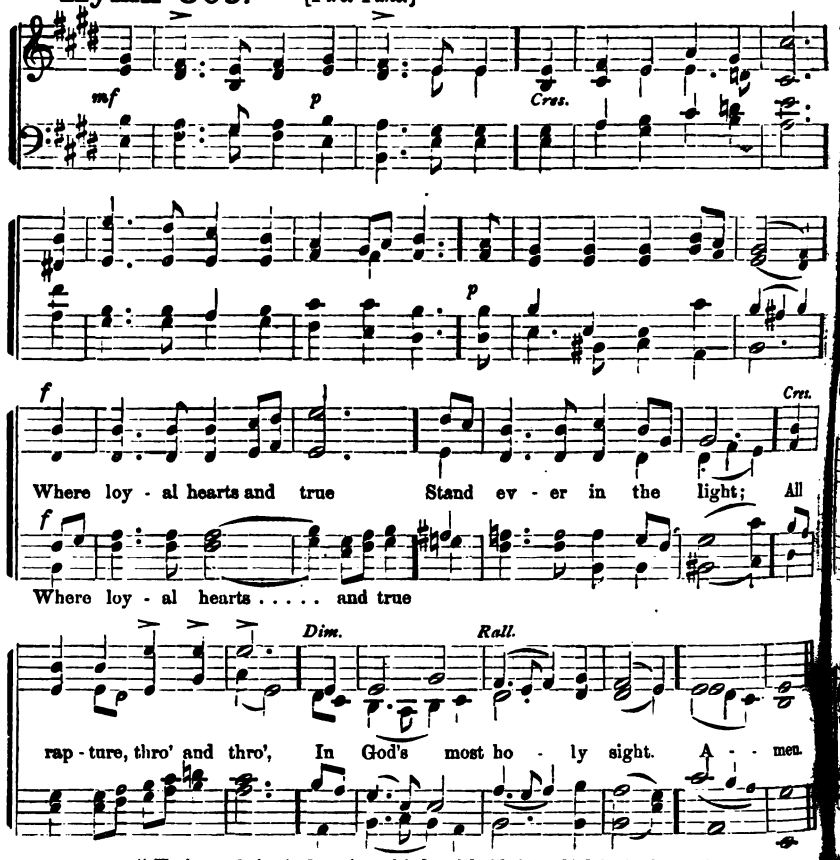
2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine." AMEN.

Hymn 509. [First Tune.]

mf
p
Cres.
p
f
Cres.
Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light; All
f
Where loy - al hearts . . . . . and true
Dim.
Rall.
rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight. A - - men.

"*Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.*"

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest,
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

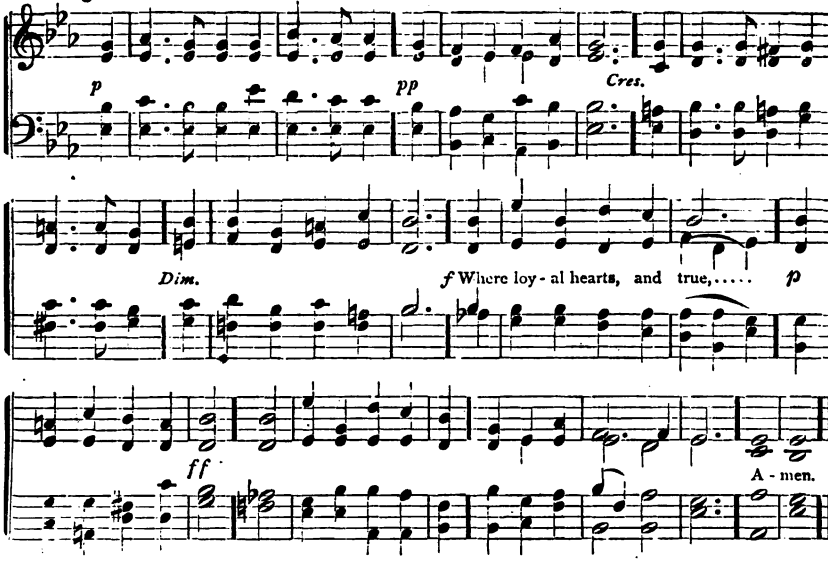
4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

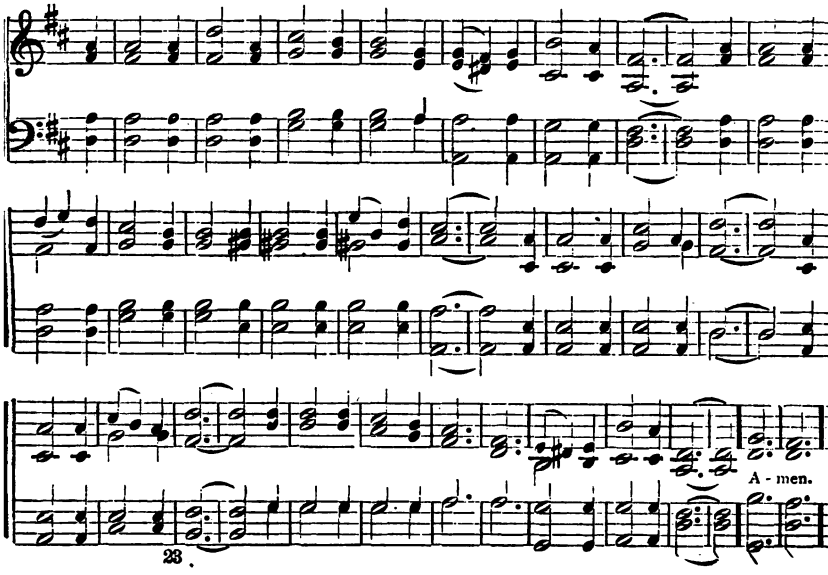
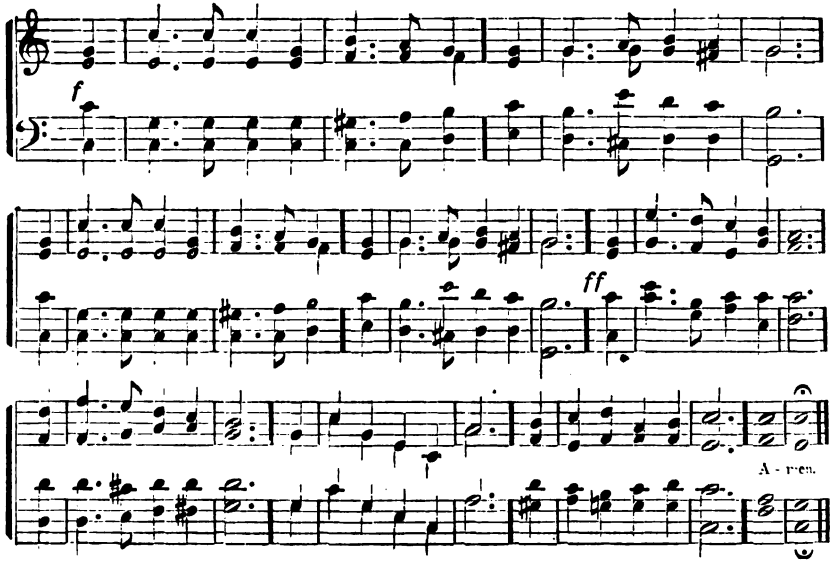
5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight. AMEN.

[WORDS ON OPPOSITE PAGE.]

Hymn 509.

[Second Tune]

[Third Tune]

[WORDS ON OPPOSITE PAGE.]

Hymn 509. [*Fourth Tune.*]

"*Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.*"

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest,
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

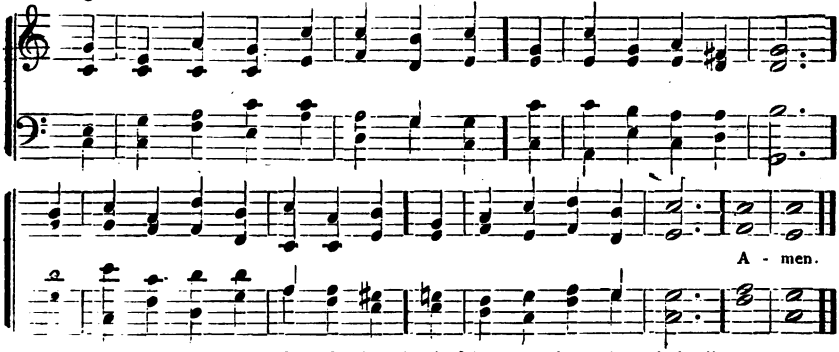
2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight. AMEN.

Hymn 510. B.

"In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion."

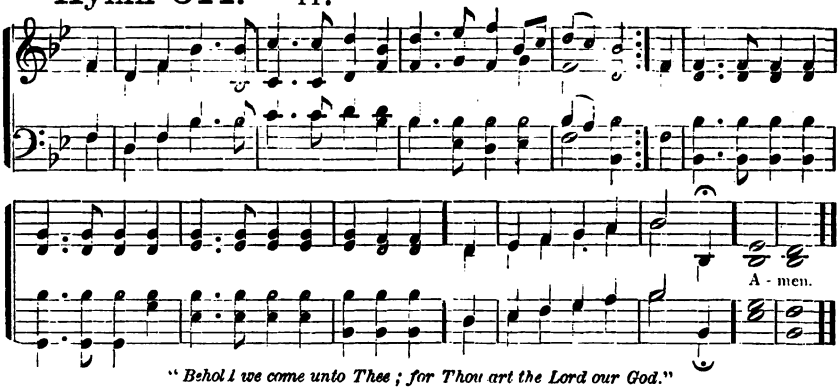
IN Thee I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame:
Incline Thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is Thy Name.

2 Be Thou my strong abiding-place,
To which I may resort:
Thy promise, Lord, is my defence,
Thou art my Rock and Fort.

3 My steadfast and unchanging hope
Shall on Thy power depend;
And I in grateful songs of praise
My time to come will spend.

4 While God vouchsafes me His support,
I'll in His strength go on;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention His alone.

5 Therefore, with psaltery and harp,
Thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise;
To Thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raise. AMEN.

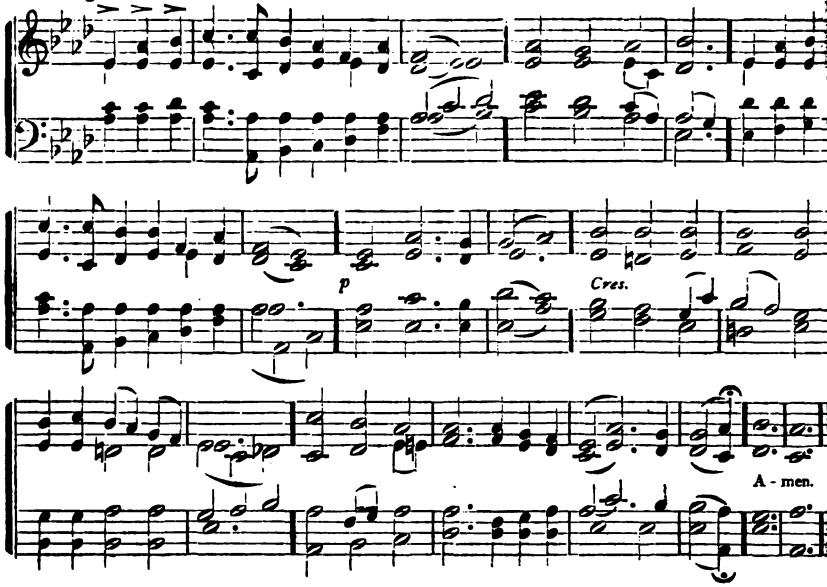
Hymn 511. FF.

"Behold I we come unto Thee; for Thou art the Lord our God."

ALMIGHTY God! I call to Thee,
By sore temptation shaken;
Incline Thy gracious ear to me,
And leave me not forsaken;
For who that feels the power within
Of past remorse and present sin,
Can stand, O Lord, before Thee.

2 On Thee alone my stay I place,
All human help rejecting;
Relying on Thy sovereign grace,
Thy sovereign aid expecting,
I rest upon Thy sacred word,
That *Thou'lt repel him not, O Lord,*
Who to Thy mercy fleeth.

3 And though I travail all the night,
And travail all the morrow,
My trust is in Jehovah's might,
My triumph in my sorrow;
Forgetting not that Thou of old
Didst Israel, though weak, uphold;
When weakest then most loving!

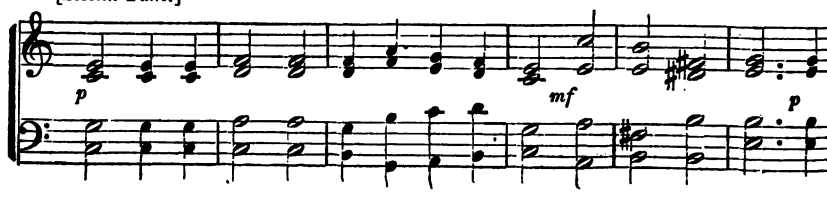
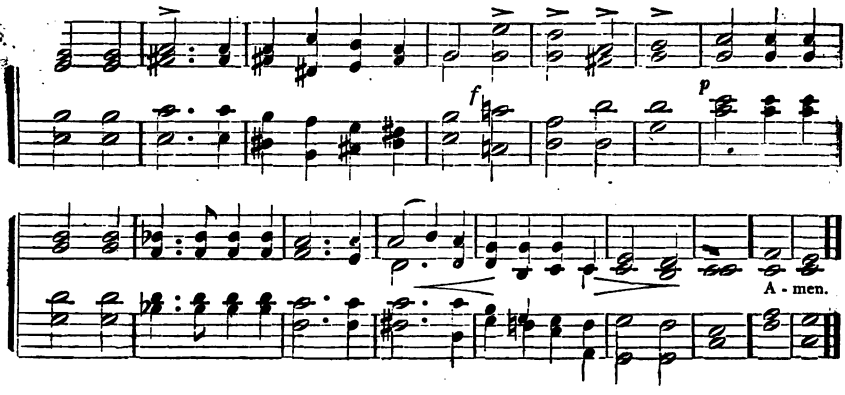
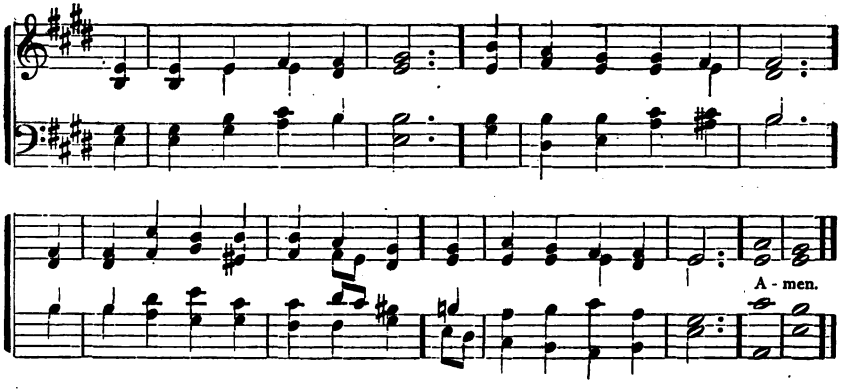
4 What though my sinfulness be great,
Redeeming love is greater;
What though all hell should lie in wait,
Supreme is my Creator;
And He my Rock and Fortress is,
And when most helpless, most I'm His,
My strength and my Redeemer. AMEN.

Hymn 512. [*First Tune.*]

"*In the day-time also He led them with a cloud, and all the night through with the light of fire.*"

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. AMEN.

[*Second Tune.*]

Hymn 513. C.

"*Let us labour to enter into that rest.*"

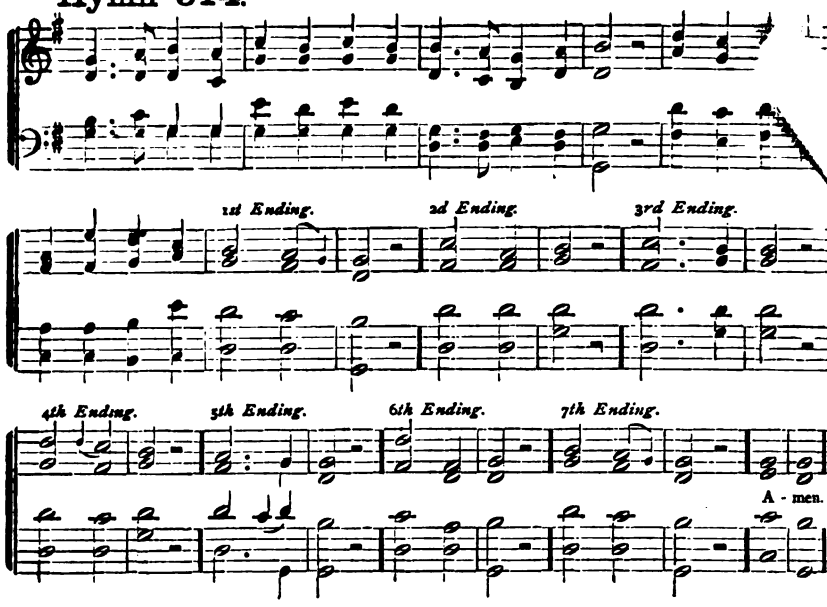
O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from Thy face,
For evermore undone. AMEN.

Hymn 514.

"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be."

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress'd?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

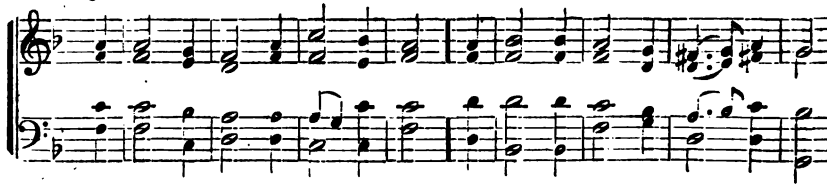
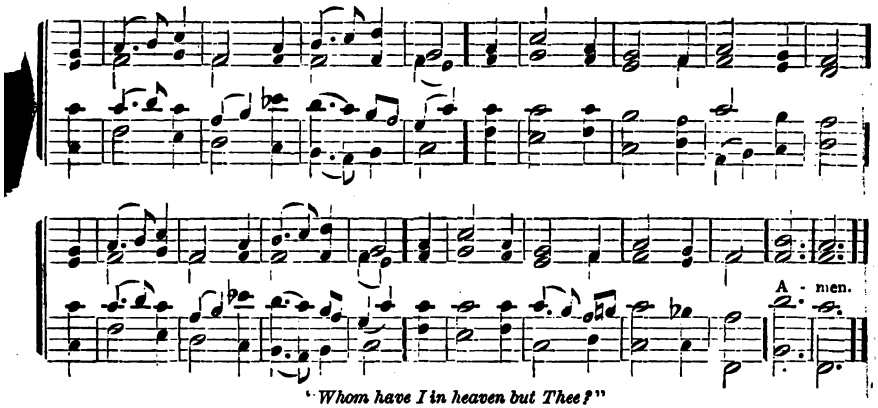
3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan pass'd."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes." AMEN.

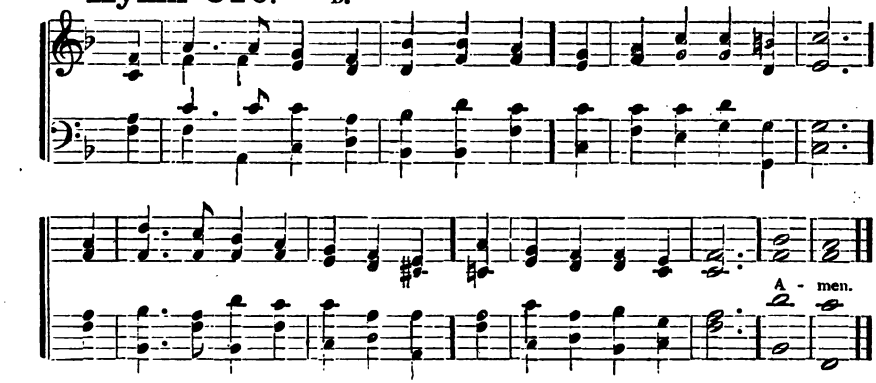
Hymn 515. E.

"*Whom have I in heaven but Thee?*"

THOU hidden love of God, Whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows:
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call:
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All:
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice. AMEN.

Hymn 516. B.

"*O Lord, how manifold are Thy works.*"

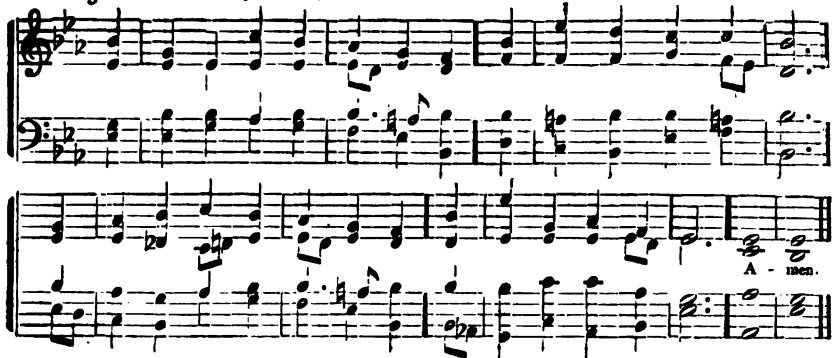
THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and, in His heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God. AMEN.

Hymn 517. P.

"*O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is Thy Name in all the world.*"

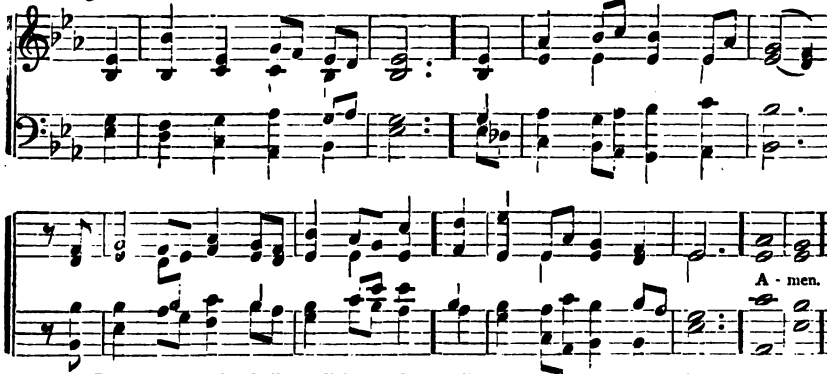
O THOU to Whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious is Thy Name!

3 In heaven Thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet Thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

3 When heaven, Thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

4 O what is man, that, Lord, Thou lov'st
To keep Him in Thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that Thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

5 O Thou to Whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious is Thy Name! AMEN.

Hymn 518. C.

"*Be strong, and He shall establish your heart, all ye that put your trust in the Lord.*"

MY hope, my steadfast trust,
I on Thy help repose;
That Thou, my God, art good and just,
My soul with comfort knows

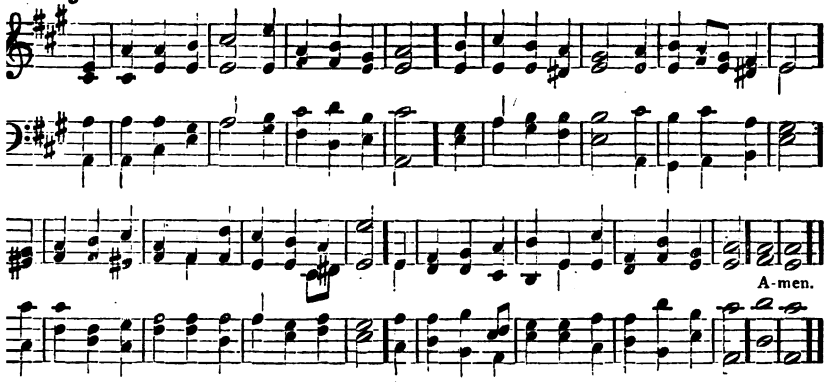
2 Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, Thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

3 The brightness of Thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose;
And as Thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

4 How great Thy mercies are
To such as fear Thy Name,
Which Thou, for those that trust Thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim!

5 O all ye saints, the Lord
With eager love pursue;
Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.

6 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed;
For He will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need. AMEN.

Hymn 519. 0.

"*O Lord, My God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.*"

O Worship the King,
All Glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour,
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light;
Whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

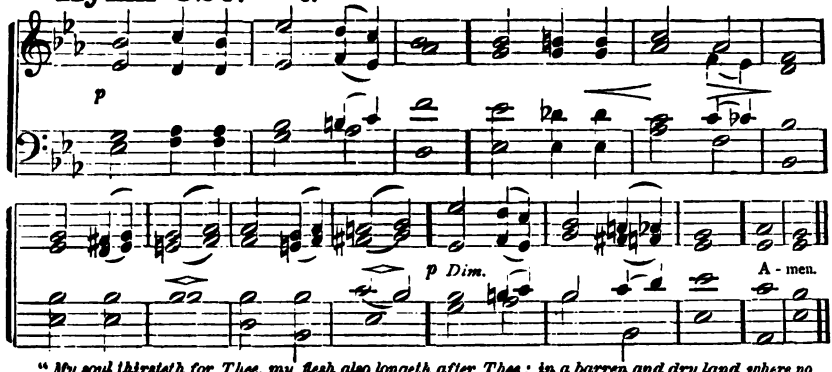
3 The earth, with its store,
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old—
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills;
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless might,
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise. AMEN.

Hymn 520. C.



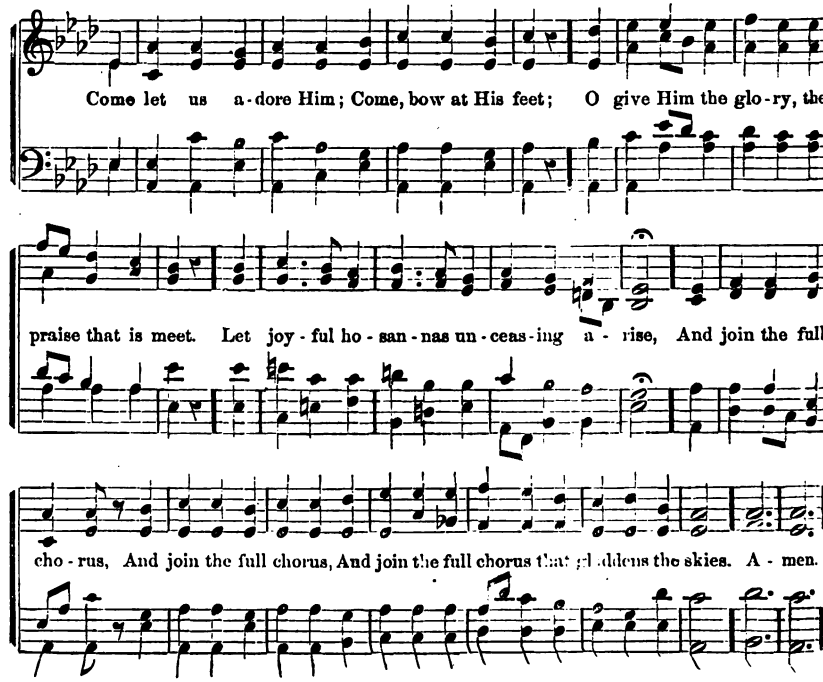
"My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also longeth after Thee; in a barren and dry land where no water is."

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last. AMEN.

"COME LET US ADORE HIM."

Come let us a-dore Him; Come, bow at His feet; O give Him the glo-ry, the
praise that is meet. Let joy-ful ho-san-nas un-ceas-ing a-rise, And join the full
cho-rus, And join the full chorus, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies. A-men.

GLORIA PATRI.

A. [L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. AMEN.

A.A. [L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. AMEN.

B. [C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. AMEN.

B.B. [D. C. M.

TO praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One
Let saints and angels join;—
Glory to Thee, bless'd Three in One,
The God Whom we adore,
As was, and is, and shall be done,
When time shall be no more. AMEN.

C. [S. M.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 't was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity. AMEN.

C.C. [D. S. M.

PRAISE as in ages past,
Praise as in glory now,
Praise while eternity shall last,
To Thee, O God, we bow;
Whom all the heavenly host
And saints on earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Be glory evermore. AMEN.

D. [8s. 6s.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more. AMEN.

E. [SIX 8s.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore. AMEN

F. [SIX 8s.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
And suffering Saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more. AMEN.

F.F. [8s. 7s. 8s.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confess'd,
Be highest glory given,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore,
By all in earth and heaven. AMEN.

G. [7s.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now, and evermore shall be! AMEN.

H. [SIX 7s.

PRAISE the Name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last. AMEN.

I. [7s. DOUBLE.

HOLY Father, Fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might;
Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel;
Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love;
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. AMEN.

N. B.—For metre Ten 7s. begin this doxology by prefixing the last two lines, thus:—

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy Father, etc,

J. [8s. 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days. AMEN.

K. [8s. 7s. DOUBLE.

LET the voice of all creation,
Earth and heaven's triumphant host,
Praise the God of our salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
See the heavenly elders casting
Golden crowns before His throne:
Hallelujahs everlasting
Be to Him, and Him alone. AMEN.

L. [8s. 7s. 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One. AMEN.

M. [8s. 7s. 7s.

TO the Father, throned in heaven,
To the Saviour, Christ, His Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One:
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipped, still shall be. AMEN.

N. [10s.

TO God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given. AMEN.

O. [5s. 6s. 5s.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd,
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be. AMEN.

P. [6s.

TO Father, and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be. AMEN.

P.P. [6s. DOUBLE.

TO Father and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be;
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before Thy throne we bow,
And Thee our God adore. AMEN.

Q. [7s. 6s. DOUBLE.

O FATHER ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice Holy Three in One,—
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore. AMEN.

Q.Q. [7s. 6s.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God Whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore. AMEN.

R. [6s. 4s.

TO Father and to Son
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given,
As hath been heretofore
And shall be evermore:
Let all His Name adore
In earth and heaven. AMEN.

S. [8s. 6s. 4

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, praise
From earth and heaven ascend:
The loftiest notes that saints can rais
World without end. AMEN.

T. [7s. 6

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in one,
Hallelujahs round Thy throne
Rise eternally. AMEN.

U. [6s. 4s. OR 6s. 8s

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. AMEN.

V. [6s. 5

GLORY to the Father,
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And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
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W. [8s. 4

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X. [8s.

O HOLY Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One
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Y. [8

ALL praise to the Father, the Son
And Spirit, thrice holy and bl
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'
A

Z. [11

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This life's a dream, an empty show	*Watts.*	96
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Thy presence, Lord, hath me supplied	*Met. Psalm.*	448
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	*Bonar.*	254
Thy word is to my feet a lamp	*Met. Psalm.*	366
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INDEX OF TUNES.

No.	*Designation.*	*Composer, or Source.*	*Metre.*
1	Helmsley	Rev. M. Madan, 1790	8s. 7s. 4.
2	Gotha	Cantional of Gotha, 1651	L. M.
3	Cannons	Handel, 1742, arr. by Rev. W. H. Havergal	L. M.
4	Hosanna, 1st tune / 2d tune	Rev. J. B. Dykes, / Henry Smart, 1868,	L. M., *with cho.*
5	Eisenach	John Sebastian Bach	7s. 6s. *double.*
6	Preston	Rev. H. L. Jenner	Six 8s.
7		"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holborn"	6s.
8	S. Leonard	H. Hiles	D. C. M.
9	No. 9, Ch. Hymnal	Rev. W. H. Bliss, Mus. Bac.	Six 8s.
10	Lancashire	Henry Smart	7s. 6s. *double.*
11	Preston	Rev. H. L. Jenner	Six 8s.
12	Winchester, New	Crasselius, 1650	L. M.
13 / 14	Veni Emmanuel	French Missal, arr. by W. H. Monk.	Six 8s.
15	Salford	Christopher Tye	C. M.
16	Trust	Mendelssohn	8s. 7s.
17	Mendelssohn	Mendelssohn	7s. *double.*
18	Anglia	Old Christmas Carol	D. C. M.
19	Adeste fideles	John Reading, ob. 1692	12, 11, 11, 10.
20		R. Redhead	8s. 7s.
21	Yorkshire	Dr. J. Wainwright	Six 10s.
22	Flensburg	Spohr	D. C. M.
23		Edward Hodges, Mus. Doc.	P. M.
24	Gilbert's, 1st tune / 2d tune	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac. / "Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holb."	8s. 7s. 4.
25	S. Mark		6s. 5s. *double.*
26	Nazareth	Spanish Air, har. by G. W. Torrance.	D. C. M.
27	Tiverton	Grigg	C. M.
28	Chalvey	Rev. L. G. Hayne	D. S. M.
29	Farrant	R. Farrant	C. M.
30	S. Ambrose	Anct. Melody, har. by W. H. Monk.	L. M.
31	Maidstone	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	7s. *double.*
32	S. Michael	Day's Psalter, 1588, arr. by W. H. Monk	S. M.
33	Sharon	Dr. Boyce	7s.
34	S. Cecilia	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	7s. 6s. *double.*
35	Houghton	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	5555, 65, 65.
36	Russian Hymn	A. Lovoff	10s.
37	Harvey	A. Harvey	11s. 10s.

No.	Designation.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
38	Cashel	G. W. Torrance	C. M.
39	.....	R. Redhead	8s. 7s. *double.*
40	S. Martin	Tansur	C. M.
41	Houghton	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	5555, 65, 65.
42	Hohenhole	"Ch. of England Choral Book"	7s. *double.*
43	Zurich	J. Schoss, 1640	7s. *double.*
44	Cambridge	Rev. R. Harrison	S. M.
45	Dix	German, har. by W. H. Monk	Six 7s.
46	Cana	Mozart, har. by G. W. Torrance	L. M.
47	Redhead, No. 45	R. Redhead	7s.
48	S. Mary	Playford's Psalter, 1671	C. M.
49	Hernlein	W. H. Monk	7s.
50	Narenza	Ancient German, har. by Rev. W. H. Havergal	S. M.
51	S. Agnes	Rev. J. B. Dykes	C. M.
52	Commandments	Old Melody	L. M.
53	Span. Chant, 1st tune.. / Lit. Hymn, 2d tune....	..... / J. Tilleard	7s. *double.*
54	Refuge	G. B. Chamberlain	7s. *double.*
55	Franconia	German, 1720	S. M.
56	Cashel	G. W. Torrance	C. M.
57	Hamburg	Dr. Lowell Mason	L. M.
58	Redhead, No. 47	R. Redhead	7s.
59			
60	S. Bride	Dr. Howard, 1770	S. M.
61	Carton	G. W. Torrance	C. M.
62	Cana	Mozart, har. by G. W. Torrance	L. M.
63	S. Philip	W. H. Monk	Three 7s.
64	No. 64, Ch. Hymnal	German	7s. 6s. *double.*
65	S. Leonard	H. Hiles	D. C. M.
66	Dublin	Isaac Smith, 1770, har. by J. Goss	C. M.
67	Weary of Earth	E. G. Monk, 1867	10s.
68	S. Andrew of Crete	Rev. J. B. Dykes	6s. 5s. *double.*
69	Boston	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac	C. M.
70	Adoration, 1st tune... / 2d tune...	Haydn / "Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holb."	Six 8s.
71	No. 71, Ch. Hymnal	C. H. Shepherd	L. M.
72	.....	"Catholic Hymns"	7s. 6s. *double.*
73	Rousseau	W. W. Rousseau	L. M.
74	.....	"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holborn"	6s. 5s. *double.*
75	Pange Lingua	Ancient Melody	8s. 7s. *six lines.*
76	S. Hilda	J. Barnby	8s. 7s. *double.*
77	.....1st tune... / 2d tune...	"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holb." / J. Tilleard	8s. 7s. 7s.
78	Breslau	Old German, har. by W. H. Monk	L. M.
79	Vexilla Regis	Ancient Melody	L. M.
80	S. John	Old Melody adapted	6664, 884.
81	Redhead, No. 47	R. Redhead	7s.
82	Corelli	Corelli	7s. *ten lines.*
83	Rockingham	Dr. Edward Miller	L. M.
84	Batty	German, W. H. Monk	8s. 7s.

No.	Designation.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
85	Hamburg	Dr. Lowell Mason	L. M.
86		Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ousely, Bart., 1868	Six 7s.
87	Passion Chorale	German, chiefly from Sebastian Bach	7s. 6s. *double.*
88		Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1868	8s. 7s. 4.
89	S. Cross	Rev. J. B. Dykes	L. M.
90	Cuthbert	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett, 1852	Six 7s.
91	Redhead, No. 47	R. Redhead	7s.
92	1st tune... / 2d tune...	"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holb." / J. Tilleard	87, 87, 77.
93	Barker		11s.
94	Ellesmere	A. R. Reinagle	L. M.
95		"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holborn"	C. M.
96	Hope	H. S. Irons	L. M.
97	No. 97, Ch. Hymnal	J. Heywood	S. M.
98	Worgan	W. H. Monk	7s. *with Allelu-*
99	Worgan	W. H. Monk	7s. *with Allelu-ias.*
100	Salzburg, 1st tune... / S. George, 2d tune...	Sebastian Bach / Dr. G. Elvey	7s. *double.*
101	Resurrection	Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1870	77, 77, 87.
102		Walter Macfarren, 1867	886, 886.
103	The strife is o'er	Henry Smart, 1870	888, 4.
104	S. Albinus	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	7, 8, 7, 8.
105	1st tune... / 2d tune...	"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holb." / L. A. Lovekin	7s. 6s. *double.*
106	Wirtemberg	German, W. H. Monk	7s. *with Allelu-*
107	He is risen	Gerard F. Cobb	87, 87, 77. *ias.*
108		German, "People's Hymnal"	Irregular.
109		Arr. by Rev. C. L. Hutchins	886, 886.
110	Tallis' Ordinal	T. Tallis, 1565	C. M.
111		J. Hallett Shepherd	7s. *six lines.*
112	Ladbroke	Dr. W. Hayes	C. M.
113	Trinity Chapel	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac	D. S. M.
114	Ascension, 1st tune... / S. Salvador, 2d tune...	R. Redhead / Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	7s. *with Allelu-*
115		Henry Smart, 1868	8s. 7s. 4. *ias.*
116	Diadematа, 1st tune... / Benedict, 2d tune...	Dr. G. J. Elvey / J. Benedict	D. S. M.
117	Hampton	Dr. S. S. Wesley, 1840	L. M.
118	S. Peter's, Manchester, 1st tune... / Gopsal, 2d tune...	R. R. Ross, 1851 / Handel	6s. 8s.
119	Walton	Beethoven	L. M.
120	Leipsic	W. H. Monk	L. M.
121	Salford	Christopher Tye	C. M.
122	Warrington	R. Harrison	L. M.
123	Burlington	J. Burrows	C. M.
124	Hampton	Dr. S. S. Wesley, 1840	L. M.
125	Tiverton	Grigg	C. M.
126	Rockingham	Dr. Edward Miller	L. M.
127	Evan	Rev. W. H. Havergal	C. M.
128	Wiltshire	Sir G. Smart	C. M.

No.	Designation.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
129	Preston	Rev. H. L. Jenner	Six 8s.
130	Pentecost	German, har. by Filitz	D. S. M.
131	Trinity	Pierracini	L. M.
132	S. Cuthbert, 1st tune..	Rev. J. B. Dykes	8, 6, 8, 4.
	Irene, 2d tune	Rev. J. B. Dykes	
133	Bonn	Adapted by Goss	L. M.
134	Aynhoe	Dr. Nares	S. M.
135			
136	Winchester, Old	Este, har. by W. H. Monk	C. M.
137	Come, Holy Ghost	Rev. John Henry Hopkins, Jr.	P. M.
138	Nicæa	Rev. J. B. Dykes	11, 12, 12, 11.
139	Wareham	Knapp, har. by W. B. Gilbert, Mu. Ba.	L. M.
140	Worship, 1st tune	Jerome Hopkins	Six 7s.
	Bach, 2d tune	J. S. Bach	
141	Leoni	Hebrew Melody	P. M.
142	Wareham	Knapp, har. by W. B. Gilbert, Mu. Ba.	L. M.
143	Bickleigh	Samuel Reay	6s. 8s.
144	Barnby	Joseph Barnby	7s. *double.*
145	Benediction	Haydn, arr. by W. H. Monk	8s. 7s. 4.
146	Calvary	W. S. Bambridge	664, 6664.
147	S. Timothy	Rev. G. J. Geer, D.D.	S. M.
148	Christchurch	Dr. Steggall	6s. 8s.
149	Concord	"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holborn"	C. M.
150	Quebec		L. M.
151	Adoration, 1st tune	Haydn	Six 8s.
	Coxe, 2d tune	"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holb."	
152	Darwell	Darwell	6s. 8s.
153	Mozart	Mozart	L. M.
154	Narraghmore	Rev. C. J. Dickinson	C. M.
155	As pants the wearied heart, 1st tune	Ancient Melody, adapted	10s.
	Dalkeith, 2d tune	J. Hewlett	
156	Jackson	Jackson	C. M.
157	Croft's 148th	Dr. William Croft, 1700	6s. 4s.
158	Zenus	H. Dix	L. M.
159	Sua ia	Lutheran, har. by Rev. W. H. Havergal	S. M.
160	Wordsworth, 1st tune.	"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holb."	7s. 6s. *double.*
	Dies Dominica, 2d tu.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1870	
161	Wareham	Knapp, har. by W. B. Gilbert, Mu. Ba.	L. M.
162			
163	Denny		7s.
164	S. Lucian	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	7s.
165	Sicilian Mariners, 1st tune	Arr. by Dr. Hodges	8s. 7s. 4.
	Lord, dismiss us, 2d t.	G. A. Macfarren, 1870	
166	Vespers	W. H. Hart	L. M.
167			
168	May the grace	"Narrative Hymns"	8s. 7s.
169	Pax Dei, 1st tune	Rev. J. B. Dykes	10s.
	Beaumaris, 2d tune	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	

No.	Designation.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
170	Moccas	Lyte's 137th Psalm, har. by W. H. Deane	S. M.
171	S. George	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	S. M.
172	Dedham	Gardner	C. M.
173	S. Mary	Playford's Psalter, 1671	C. M.
174			
175	Apostles, 1st tune	F. Weber	7s. 6s. *double.*
	Martyrs, 2d tune	Samuel Reay	
176	Old 81st	Day's Psalter, har. by Rev. W. H. Havergal	D. C. M.
177	Heavenly Home	Giornivichi	D. C. M.
178	S. Ignatius	Arr. by W. H. W	L. M.
179		"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holborn"	S. M.
180	Thetford	F. C. Atkinson	S. M.
181	S. George	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	S. M.
182	Lubeck	Ancient German, arr. and har. by Havergal and Monk	7s.
183	Emmanuel	Beethoven, har. by G. W. Torrance	C. M.
184	S. Clement	Dr. Clement, 1782	C. M.
185	Ravenscroft	T. Ravenscroft, 1623	C. M.
186	All Saints	Joseph Barnby	10, 10, 10, 4.
187			
188	Abridge	Isaac Smith, arr. by Goss	C. M.
189	Hark the sound, 1st tune	Gerard F. Cobb	8s. 7s. *double.*
	Gloria, 2d tune	Henry Smart	
190	Austria	Haydn	8s. 7s. *double.*
191	S. Thomas	A. Williams	S. M.
192	Coburg	From Bach, 1750	L. M.
193	Eaton	Wyvill	Six 8s.
194	Purleigh	A. H. Brown	886, 886.
195	Carlisle		S. M.
196	Nottingham	Jeremiah Clark	C. M.
197	S. Mildred	Dr. Steggall	6s. 8s.
198	Caput	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac	774, 6664.
199		"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holborn"	886, 886.
200	Maidstone	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac	7s. *double.*
201	Surrey	H. Cary	Six 8s.
202	Aurelia	Dr. S. S. Wesley	7s. 6s. *double.*
203	Bedford	Wheal	C. M.
204	Angels	Gibbons, har. by W. B. Gilbert, Mu. B.	L. M.
205	Rockingham	Dr. Edward Miller	L. M.
206	Dundee	Scotch Psalter	C. M.
207	S. Luke, 1st tune	H. G. Gilmore	9s. 8s.
	Sanctuary, 2d tune	Rev. C. J. Dickinson	
208	Bristol	Dr. Hodges	C. M.
209	Ratisbon	Werner	Six 7s.
210	Dublin	Isaac Smith, 1770, har. by J. Goss	C. M.
211	S. John's, Westminster.	James Turle	C. M.
212	Aynhoe	Dr. Nares	S. M.
213	Protection	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac	8s. 7s.

No.	Designation.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
214	Ravenscroft	T. Ravenscroft, 1623	C. M.
215	S. Vincent	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac	L. M.
216	Silver Street	.....	S. M.
217	S. Ann	Dr. Croft, 1712	C. M.
218	Tenby, 1st tune 2d tune	G. W. Torrance A. H. Brown	L. M.
219	Mehul	Mehul	7s. 6s. *double*
220	Nuremberg	German Choral, har. chiefly by Bach.	7s. [*with cho.*
221	.....	"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holborn"	C. M.
222	Balerma	Scottish Air	C. M.
223	.....	"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holborn"	8s. 7s.
224	Siloam	"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holborn"	C. M.
225	Merrial	J. E. Roe	6s. 5s.
226	Greek Air	.....	P. M.
227	Mabel	"Narrative Hymns"	8s. 7s. 4.
228	S. Ignatius	Arr. by W. H. W	L. M.
229	Jesu, Bone Pastor	Dr. J. H. Wilcox	8s. 7s. 4.
230	Nazareth	Spanish Air, har. by G. W. Torrance.	D. C. M.
231	There is a green hill	W. Horsley, Mus. Bac	C. M.
232	Onward, Christ'n Soldiers, 1st tune S. Alban, 2d tune Milburn, 3d tune	J. E. Roe Haydn, har. by Rev. J. B. Dykes W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac	6s. 5s. *double.*
233	Irby	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	8s. 7s. 7s.
234	S. Ann	Dr. Croft, 1712	C. M.
235	Duke Street	J. Hatton	L. M.
236	Sorrento, 1st tune S. Ambrose (Cecil) 2d tune	J. H. Deane Rev. R. Cecil	8s. 7s. *double.*
237	S. Saviour's	Charles H. Burbank	664, 6664
238	Evermore, 1st tune Ave Maria, 2d tune	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett Adapted by Rev. C. H. W. Stocking	7s.
239	Ravenscroft	T. Ravenscroft, 1623	C. M.
240	Fierenza	J. H. Deane	L. M.
241	Benediction	Rev. C. J. Dickinson	Six 8s.
242	Hayes	Beethoven	D. L. M.
243	Handel	Handel	S. M.
244	Franconia	German, 1720	S. M.
245	S. Ann	Dr. Croft, 1712	C. M.
246	S. George	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	S. M.
247	.....	J. Hallett Shepherd	Six 7s.
248	Aurelia, 1st tune 2d tune	Dr. S. S. Wesley Rev. A. Richardson	7s. 6s. *double.*
249	Fierenza	J. H. Deane	L. M.
250	Petersburgh	Bortnianski	Six 8s.
251	S. Agnes	Rev. J. B. Dykes	C. M.
252	Redhead, 47	R. Redhead	7s.
253	Castle Rising	F. A. J. Hervey, arr. by W. H. Walter	D. C. M.
254	S. Blaisè	T. B. Hosken	6s. *double.*
255	Palestine	.....	C. M.

Vo.	Designation.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
56	Tenby, 1st tune	Rev. H. Walter Miller, Mus. Bac.	777, 4.
	Troyte, No. 1 Chant, 2d tune	A. H. D. Troyte	Irregular.
	Neely, Chant, 3d tu.	H. G. Gilmore	Irregular.
57	Resignation	Lutheran, arr. by Rev. C. L. Hutchins.	86, 86, 44, 88.
58	Groom	Arr. by Rev. C. L. Hutchins	C. M.
59	S. Mary	Playford's Psalter, 1671	C. M.
60	Holly		L. M.
61		"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holborn"	C. M.
62	Safe Home, safe Home, in port	"Hymns of the Eastern Church"	6s. 8s.
63	Meinhold	German, founded on Bach	78, 78, 77.
64	Dundee	Scotch Psalter	C. M.
65	Fierce was the wild billow	Sarum Hymnal	6s. 4s. *double.*
66	When thro' the torn sail	Arthur S. Sullivan	12s.
67	Raleigh	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	Six 8s.
68	S. Bride	Dr. Howard, 1770	S. M.
69	Farrant	R. Farrant	C. M.
70	Worcester	Har. by Goss	L. M.
71	Wareham	Knapp, har. by W. B. Gilbert, Mu. Ba.	L. M.
72	Evangelists	German, chiefly from Bach	887, 887.
73	Luton, 1st tune	Rev. G. Burder	L. M.
	S. Aidan, 2d tune	German, arr. by W. H. Monk	
74	S. Leonard	H. Hiles	D. C. M.
75	Winchester New	Crasselius, 1650	L. M.
76	Commandments	Old Melody	L. M.
77	Old Hundredth	French Psalter, 1555	L. M.
78	London New	Dr. Croft	C. M.
79	Collipriest	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	6s. 8s.
80	Dundee	Scotch Psalter	C. M.
81	Mear	Welsh Air	C. M.
82	Oriel, 1st tune	W. H. Monk	8s. 7s. *six lines.*
	Regent Square, 2d tu.	Henry Smart	
83	Missionary, 1st tune	Arr. by Dr. Lowell Mason	7s. 6s. *double.*
	Teschner, 2d tune	Melchior Teschner	
84	S. Aidan	German, arr. by W. H. Monk	L. M.
85	Suabia	Lutheran, arr. by Rev. W. H. Havergal	S. M.
86	Martyrdom	Hugh Wilson, arr. by W. H. Monk	C. M.
87	Coburg	From Bach, 1750	L. M.
88	Tilleard	J. Tilleard	8s. 7s. 4.
89	Old Hundredth	French Psalter, 1555	L. M.
90	Missionary Chant	C. Zeuner	L. M.
91	Teschner	Melchior Teschner	7s. 6s. *double*
92	Tilleard	J. Tilleard	8s. 7s. 4.
	Saxe-Weimar	From a Melody of about A.D. 1648	
93	Treves	German Choral	886, 886.
94	The Holy Cross	J. Tilleard	L. M.
95			
96	Middlemore	Mendelssohn	C. M.
97			

No.	Designation.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
298	Moravia	Rev. L. West	S. M.
299	Telleffson	Telleffson	S. M.
300	Doane	From "Boosey's Collection"	D. C. M.
301	Truro	C. Burney	L. M.
302		J. Hallett Shepherd	Six 7s.
303	Nun danket alle Gott.	German, arr. by W. H. Monk	67, 67, 6666.
304	Truro	C. Burney	L. M.
305	Lubeck, 1st tune Monkland, 2d tune	Ancient German, arr. and har. by Havergal and Monk J. Wilkes	7s.
306	S. George (Elvey), 1st tune Thanksgiving, 2d tu.	Dr. G. Elvey W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac	7s. *double.*
307	Gopsal	Handel	6s. 4s.
308	Nun danket alle Gott.	German, arr. by W. H. Monk	67, 67, 6666.
309	America	Attributed to Purcell	664, 6664.
310	Dresden	German, arr. by L. G. Hayne, Mu. Doc.	8s. 7s.
311	S. Mary	Playford's Psalter, 1671	C. M.
312	Ellesmere	A. R. Reinagle	L. M.
313			
314	Compline	Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc	Six 8s.
315	Narenza	Ancient German, har. by Rev. W. H. Havergal	S. M.
316	Ladbroke	Dr. W. Hayes	C. M.
317	Pax, 1st tune Home, 2d tune	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac Beneker	6s. *double.*
318	Bonn	Adapted by Goss	L. M.
319	Christchurch	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart	Six 8s.
320			
321	S. Polycarp		L. M.
322	Redhead, 29	R. Redhead	C. M.
323	Eucharist	Rev. J. B. Dykes	86, 86, 88.
324	Bowen	Haydn	L. M.
325			
326	Tallis' Ordinal	T. Tallis, 1565	C. M.
327	S. Alban	"Chope's Hymn and Tune Book"	S. M.
328	Zenas	H. Dix	L. M.
329	Sweden, 1st tune Louvan, 2d tune	H. Hiles V. C. Taylor	L. M.
330	Come, my soul	Ps. 38, "Les Pseaumes mis en rime Française, par Cl. Marot et Theodore de Bèze," Lyons, 1563.	8, 7, 4, 8, 7, 4.
331	Verona	J. H. Deane	Six 7s.
332	Bartholemon	F. H. Bartholemon, Ob. 1808	L. M.
333	Tallis' Canon	T. Tallis, 1560	L. M.
334	Emmaus	Joseph Barnby, 1862	S. M.
335	Eventide, 1st tune Troyte, No. 1 Chant, 2d tune	W. H. Monk A. H. D. Troyte	10s. Irregular.
336	Hursley, 1st tune Vespers, 2d tune	German, W. H. Monk W. R. Hart	L. M.

No.	Designation.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
337	Castle Rising	F. A. J. Hervey, arr. by W. H. W.	D. C. M.
338	Stella	"Crown of Jesus"	Six 8s.
339	Devotion		8s.
340	Weber	Weber	7s.
341	S. Anatolius	Rev. J. B. Dykes	76, 76, 88.
342	Through the day	J. Tilleard	87, 87, 77.
343	Sweden	H. Hiles	L. M.
344	Southgate's	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	84, 84, 8884.
345	Twilight	Rev. S. Russell Davies	6, 4, 6, 6.
346	Trust	Alfred King	S. M.
347	Belmont	S. Webbe	C. M.
348	Hail, Gladden'g Light.	Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.	Irregular.
349	Wordsworth	Various	Six 10s.
350	Safely through another week	J. Hallett Shepherd	Six 7s.
351		Anct. Melody, arr. by W. H. Monk.	L. M.
352	Jesu, Shepherd	"Narrative Hymns"	8s. 7s.
353			
354	S. Ambrose	Anc. Melody, arr. by W. H. Monk.	
355	Ferial	Anc. Melody, ar. chiefly by Helmore	L. M.
356	Commandments	Old Melody	
357			
358	Belmont	S. Webbe	C. M.
359	Zenas	H. Dix	L. M.
360		"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holborn"	C. M.
361	Brockham	Jeremiah Clarke	L. M.
362	Zoan	Rev. W. H. Havergal	7s. 6s. *double.*
363	Nottingham	Jeremiah Clarke	C. M.
364	Moravia	Rev. L. West	S. M.
365	Jackson	Jackson	C. M.
366	Southwell	H. S. Irons	C. M.
367	S. Andrew	Cherubini	C. M.
368	Dedham	Gardner	C. M.
369	Salisbury	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	C. M., *with cho.*
370	Trust, 1st tune Beaufort, 2d tune	Mendelssohn G. W. Torrance	8s. 7s.
371	Bishop	John Bishop, 1730, ar. by W. H. Monk	L. M.
372	London New	Dr. Croft	C. M.
373	Innocents, 1st tune Ferrier, 2d tune	W. H. Monk Rev. J. B. Dykes	7s.
374	O could I speak	"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holborn"	886, 886.
375	Terracina	J. H. Deane	Six 8s.
376	Marshall		S. M.
377	Leipsic	W. H. Monk	L. M.
378	S. Mary	Playford's Psalter, 1671	C. M.
379	Litlington	Joseph Barnby	L. M.
380	Palestine		C. M.
381	Ave Verum	Mozart, arr. by G. W. Torrance	8s. 7s. 4.
382	S. Michael	Day's Psalter, 1588, ar. by W. H. Monk	S. M.
383	Martyrdom	Hugh Wilson, arr. by W. H. Monk	C. M.
384	Madison	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	Irregular.

No.	Designation.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
385	Burlington	J. Burrows	C. M.
386	Litlington	Joseph Barnby	L. M.
387	Ellesmere	A. R. Reinagle	L. M.
388	Redhead, 29	R. Redhead	C. M.
389	Hoyt	Hoyt	L. M.
390	S. Stephen	Rev. W. Jones, 1799	C. M.
391	Redhead, 76, 1st tune Rock of Ages, 2d tu.	R. Redhead Mendelssohn	Six 7s.
392	Confidence, 1st tune Trust, 2d tune	G. B. Chamberlain G. W. Torrance	888, 6.
393	S. Cyril, 1st tune Refuge, 2d tune	R. Haking Joseph Barnby	7s. *double.*
394	Gratitude, 1st tune S. Laurence, 2d tune.	Rev. J. B. Dykes E. H. Thorne	888, 4.
395	S. Peter	A. R. Reinagle	C. M.
396	Lichfield	Gilbert'sAnthems. Adapted by Rev. C. L. Hutchins	C. M.
397	Ein' feste burg	Chiefly from Bach, 1750	Irregular.
398	Datchet	Dr. G. J. Elvey	11s.
399	Groom	Adapted by Rev. C. L. Hutchins	C. M.
400	Redhead, 29	R. Redhead	C. M.
401	S. Lucian	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac	7s.
402	S. Agnes	Rev. J. B. Dykes	C. M.
403	German Air		L. M.
404	Belmont	S. Webbe	C. M.
405	Old Hundredth	French Psalter, 1555	L. M.
406	Hanover	Variously ascribed to Handel and Dr. Croft	5555, 65, 65.
407	Angels	Orlando Gibbons, har. by W. H. Monk	L. M.
408	Redhead, 45	R. Redhead	7s.
409	Old Hundredth	French Psalter, 1555	L. M.
410	Winchester New	Crasselius, 1650	L. M.
411	Croft's 148th	Dr. William Croft, 1700	6s. 4s.
412	Braun	Braun	L. M.
413	Suabia	Lutheran, har. by W. H. Havergal	S. M.
414	All Saints	W. Knapp	L. M.
415	Burlington	J. Burrows	C. M.
416	Redhead, 4	R. Redhead	L. M.
417	Parry	T. Gambier Parry	C. M.
418	Winchester New	Crasselius, 1650	L. M.
419	Pembroke	J. Foster	886, 886.
420	Switzerland	"Würtemburg Hymn Book"	Six 8s.
421	Cashel	G. W. Torrance	C. M.
422	Vienna, 1st tune Nettlecombe, 2d tune.	Rev. W. H. Havergal Rev. C. C. Wambey	7s. 7s. *double.*
423	Stutgard, 1st tune Holy Innocents, 2d tu.	German, har. by Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	8s. 7s. 8s. 7s. *double.*
424	Miles Lane, 1st tune Coronation, 2d tune	Shrubsole, har. by Rev. J. B. Dykes. O. Holden	C. M.
425	Troyte, No. 2	A. H. D. Troyte	Irregular.
426	Damer	Rev. C. J. Machin	C. M.

No.	Designation.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
427	German Air	.....	L. M.
428	Moscow	Giardini	664, 6664.
429	Wareham	Knapp, har. by W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac	L. M.
430	Alleluia, Song of Sweetness	Ancient Melody	8s. 7s. *six lines.*
431	Steibelt, 1st tune S. Augustine, 2d tune	Steibelt Watson	8s. 7s. *double.*
432	The Endless Alleluia	Joseph Barnby	10, 10, 7.
433	Deerhurst	Langran	8s. 7s. *double.*
434	Hebron	G. W. Torrance	D. S. M.
435	Middlemore	Mendelssohn	C. M.
436	Ravenscroft	T. Ravenscroft, 1623	C. M.
437	Hoyt	Hoyt	L. M.
438	Dundee	Scotch Psalter	C. M.
439	Hope	H. S. Irons	L. M.
440	Emmanuel	Beethoven, har. by G. W. Torrance	C. M.
441	Brattle Street	Arr. by Dr. Mason	D. C. M.
442	Purleigh	A. H. Brown	886, 886.
443	Magdalene	Rev. J. B. Dykes	6s. 5s. *double.*
444	Holy Cross	J. Tilleard	L. M.
445	Sharon	Dr. Boyce	7s.
446	Saxony	Moravian	L. M.
447	Beethoven	Beethoven, arr. by C. W. Beames	7s. 6s. *double.*
448	Mozart	Mozart	L. M.
449	Pleyel's Hymn	Pleyel	7s.
450	Wortham	Rev. B. H. Wortham	L. M.
451	Holy Trinity	Joseph Barnby	C. M.
452	As panting in the sultry beam	"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holborn"	Six 8s.
453	Leighland, 1st tune Compton, 2d tune	Rev. C. C. Wambey W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac	C. M. D. C. M.
454	Witima, 1st tune Alla Trinita beata, 2d tune	Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg, D.D. "Laudi Spirituali," arr. by W. H. Monk	8s. 7s. *double.*
455	Parry	T. Gambier Parry	C. M.
456	Weston	J. E. Roe	8s. 7s. *double.*
457	Laneton	.....	10, 6, 10, 6, 10, 10.
458	Carton	G. W. Torrance	C. M.
459	Hope	H. S. Irons	L. M.
460	Booterstown	H. Bussell	C. M.
461	Forgiveness, 1st tune. Maccabaeus, 2d tune.	Beethoven, arr. by G. W. Torrance. Handel. Adapted by Goss	Six 8s.
462	Moravia	Rev. L. West	S. M.
463	S. George	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	S. M.
464	Sychar	Rev. J. B. Dykes	8s. 7s.
465	S. John	.....	Six 7s.
466	Weber, 1st tune Mizpah, 2d tune	Weber Beethoven, arr. by G. W. Torrance.	7s.
467	Attwood	Attwood	C. M.
468	Spohr	Spohr	C. M.

No.	Designation.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
469	Trust, 1st tune	Mendelssohn	8s. 7s.
	Moultrie, 2d tune	Gerard Cobb	8s. 7s. *double.*
470	Laban	Dr. Lowell Mason	S. M.
471	Wiltshire	Sir G. Smart	C. M.
472	Mona	George Lomas	5555, 65, 65.
473	S. James	R. Courtville, 1680, har. by W. H. Monk	C. M.
474	Narenza	Anc. German, har. by W. H. Havergal	S. M.
475	Wiltshire	Sir G. Smart	C. M.
476	Christmas	Handel	C. M.
477	Redhead, 48	R. Redhead	7s.
478	Atonement	Bohemian.	76, 76, 78, 76.
479	Greenway	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac	S. M.
480	S. Polycarp		L. M.
481	Ashburton	Dr. S. S. Wesley, 1863	8s. 7s. 4.
482	Moccas	Lyte's 137th Psalm, har. by W. H. Deane	S. M.
483	Dies Irae	Rev. J. B. Dykes	Six 8s.
484	Luther	W. H. Monk	87, 87, 887.
485	Vox Angelica, 1st tu.	Rev. J. B. Dykes	11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11.
	Pilgrims, 2d tune	Henry Smart	
	Angels of Jesus, 3d tu.	Rev. C. C. Wambey	
486	Spohr	Spohr	C. M.
487	Siloam	"Tune Book of S. Alban's, Holborn"	C. M.
488	Westminster, 1st tu.	James Turle	C. M.
	Doane, 2d tune	"Boosey's Collection"	D. C. M.
489	S. Bride	Dr. Howard, 1770	S. M.
490	Pearsall	S. Gall. "Katholisches Gesangbuch"	7s. 6s. *double.*
491	Aurelia	Dr. S. S. Wesley	7s. 6s. *double.*
492	O Bona Patria	S. Reay	7s. 6s. *double.*
493	Ewing	Alexander Ewing	7s. 6s. *double.*
494	Rapture, 1st tune	Haydn	7s. *double.*
	Woodward. 2d tune	H. B. Woodward, Mus. Bac	
495	Ripon	G. W. Torrance	D. C. M.
496	Westlake	Frederick Westlake	D. C. M.
497	Whittingham	Arr. by Rev. C. L. Hutchins	106, 106, 76, 76.
498	Alstone	C. E. Willing	L. M.
499	Redhead, 4	R. Redhead	L. M.
500	S. Martin	Tansur	C. M.
501	S. James	R. Courtville, 1680, har. by W. H. Monk	C. M.
502	S. Clement	Dr. Clement, 1782	C. M.
503	Worcester	Har. by Goss	L. M.
504	S. Hermas	Haydn, arr. by G. W. Torrance	Six 8s.
505	Guide, 1st tune	German	8s. 7s. 4.
	Oakeley, 2d tune	H. S. Oakeley, 1868	
506	Lead us, Heavenly Father		8s. 7s. 4.
507	Nearer, my God, to Thee, 1st tune	Dr. Mason, har. by L. G. Chaffin	64, 64, 664.
	2d tune	A. B. Spratt	

No.	Designation.	Composer, or Source.	Metre.
508	Haydn	Haydn	D. S. M.
509	Paradise, 1st tune	Rev. J. B. Dykes	86, 86, 6666.
	Paradise, 2d tune	Joseph Barnby	
	Paradise, 3d tune	Henry	
	Paradise, 4th tune	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac	
510	S. Ann	Dr. Croft, 1712	C. M.
511	Sinai	O'Brien	87, 87, 887.
512	Lux Benigna, 1st tune	Rev. J. B. Dykes	10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.
	Lux Benigna, 2d tune	Joseph Barnby, 1868	
513	Thetford	F. C. Atkinson	S. M.
514	S. Stephen the Sabaite	"Hymns of the Eastern Church"	8, 5, 8, 3.
515	Benison	"Bamberg Hymn Book"	Six 8s.
516	Winchester Old	Este, har. by W. H. Monk	C. M.
517	Bedford	Wheal	C. M.
518	Carlisle		S. M.
519	Hanover	Variously ascribed to Handel and Dr. Croft	5555, 65, 65.
520	Sienna	W. H. Deane	S. M.
	Come, let us adore Him	Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg, D.D.	

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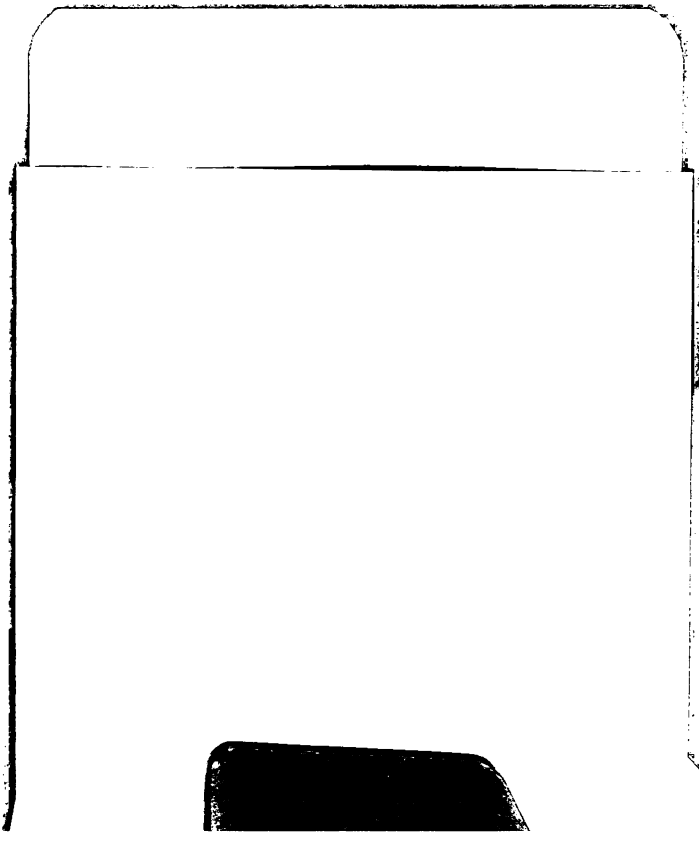

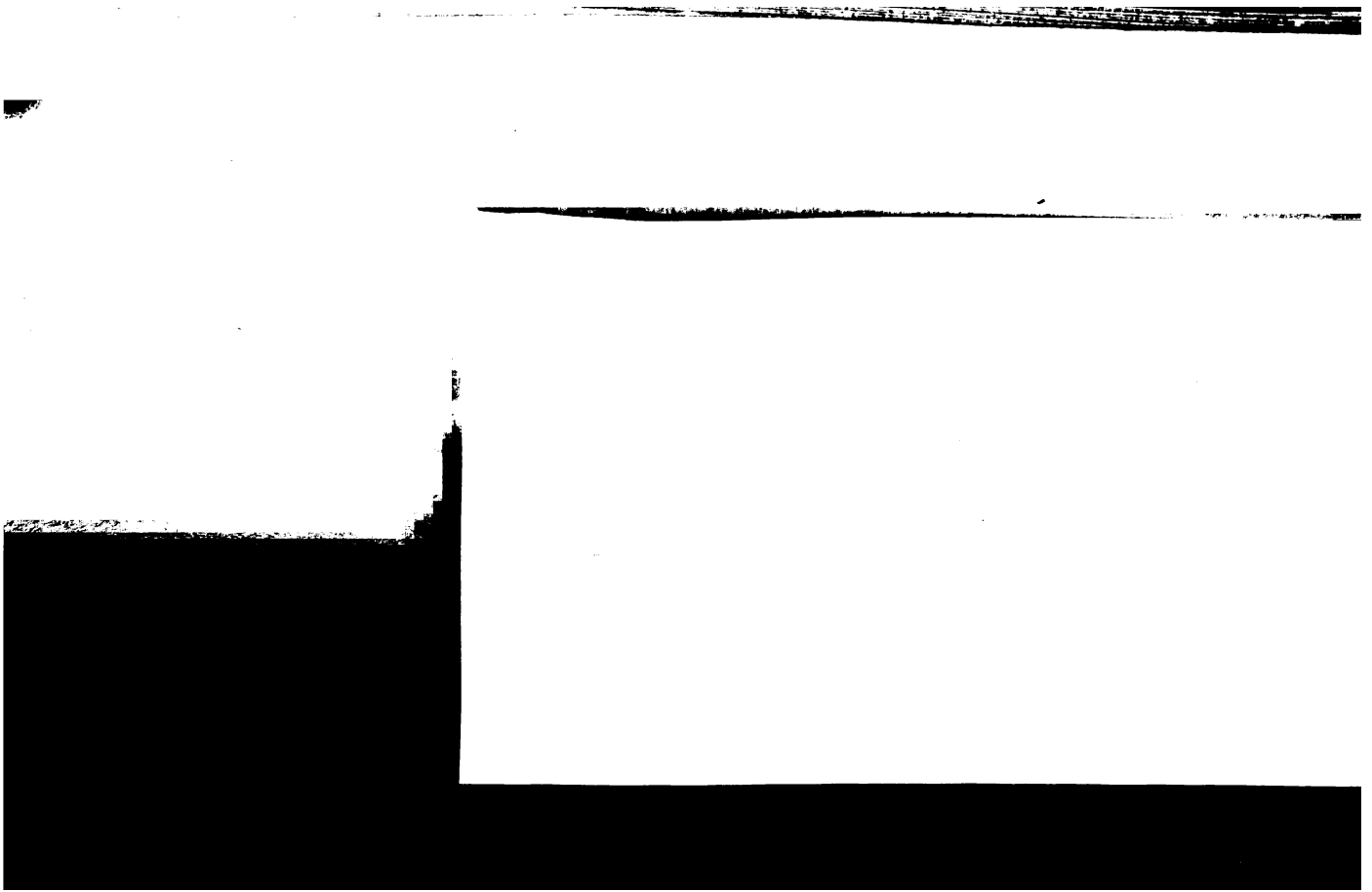

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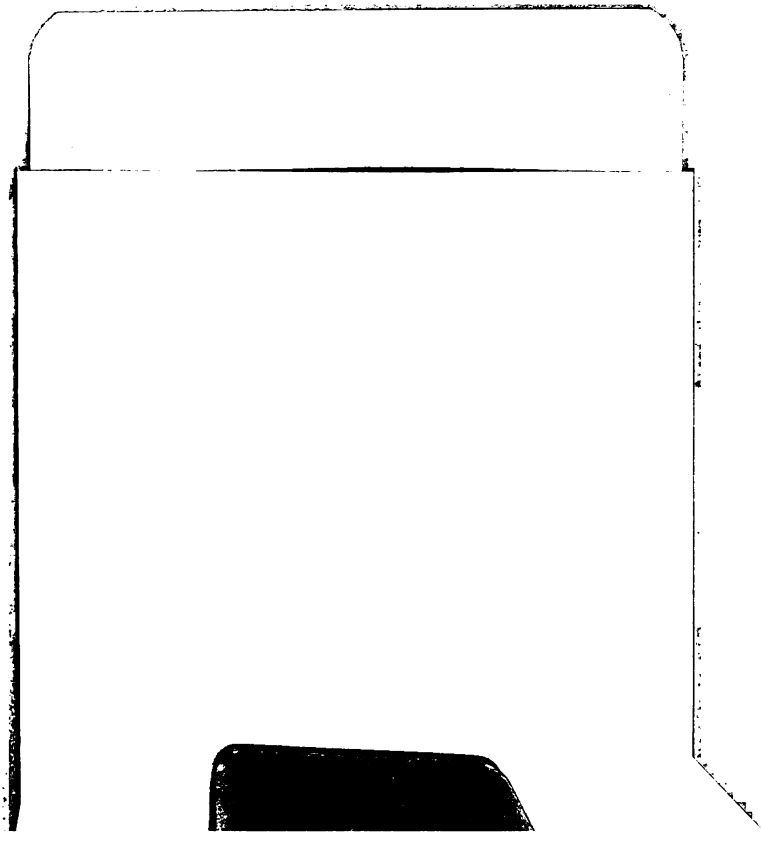

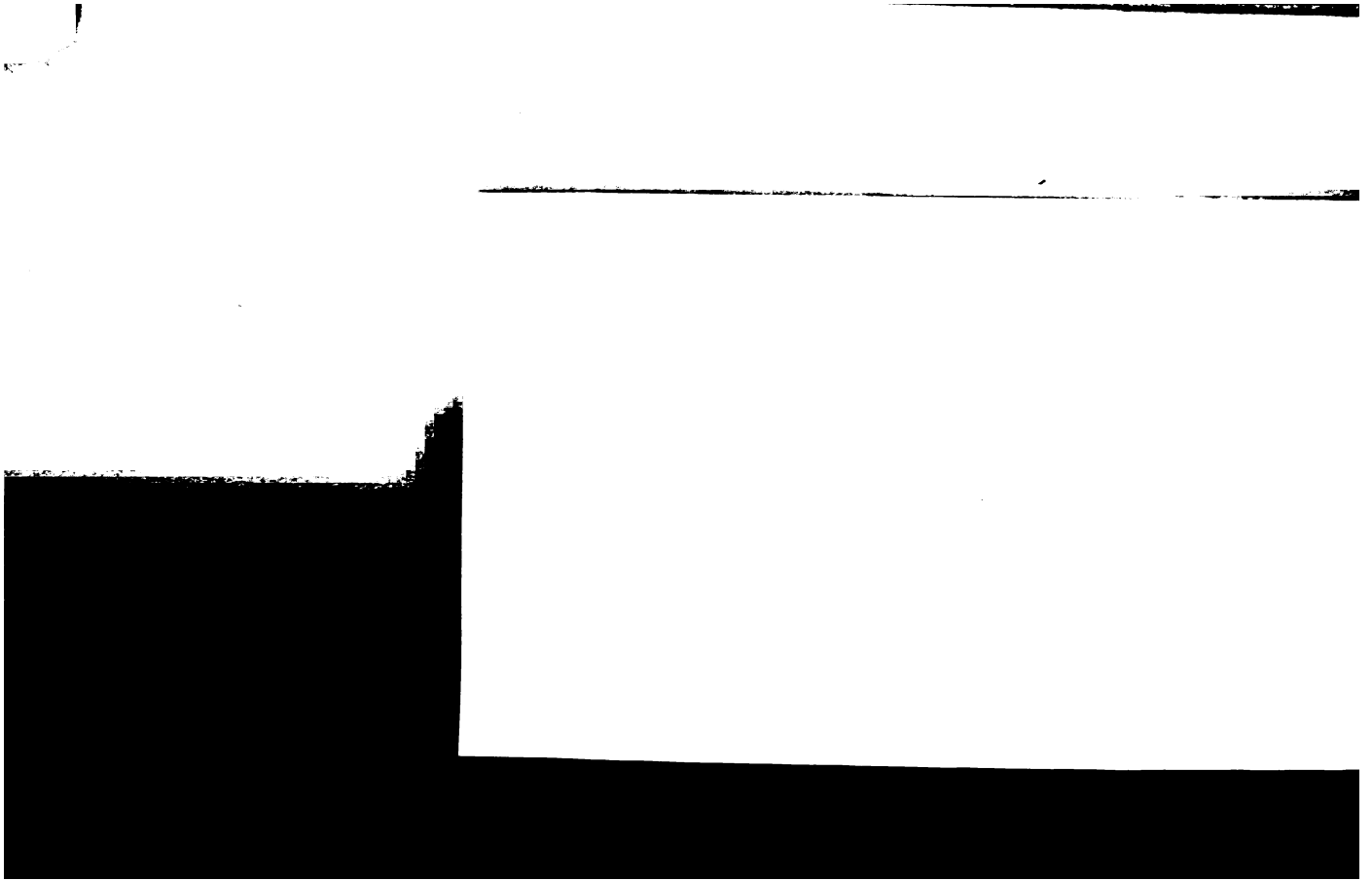
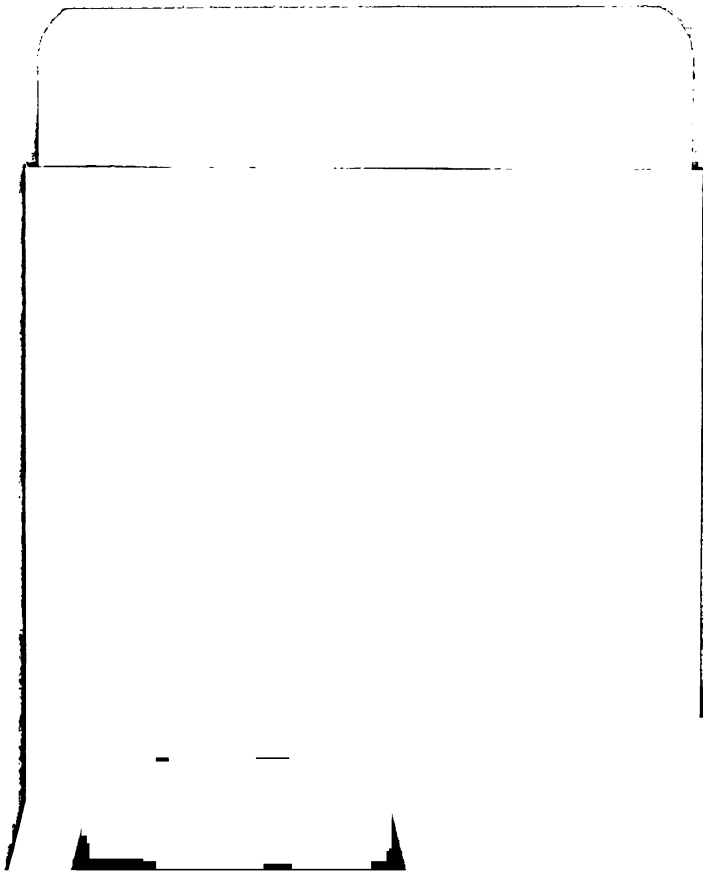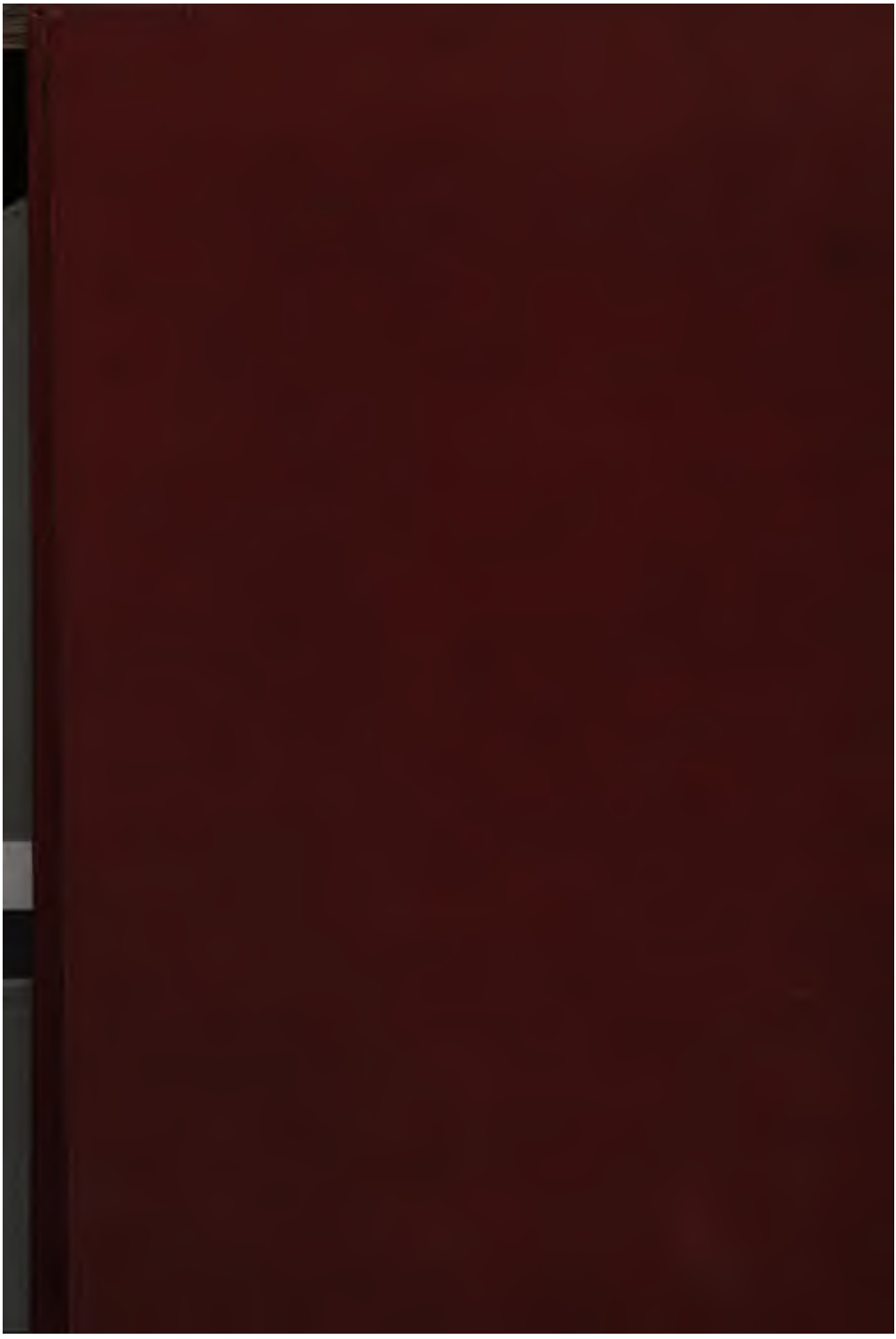
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